This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

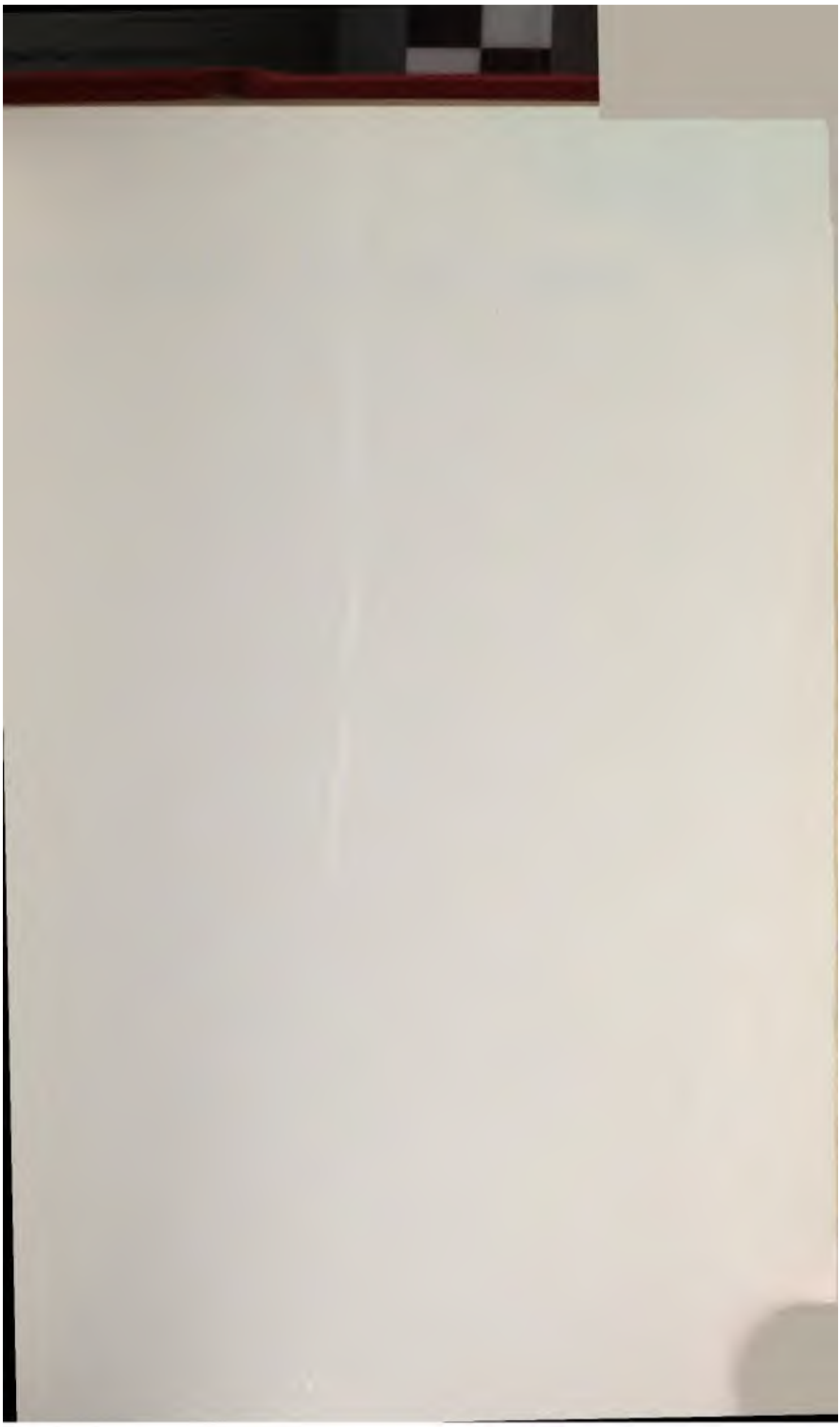
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

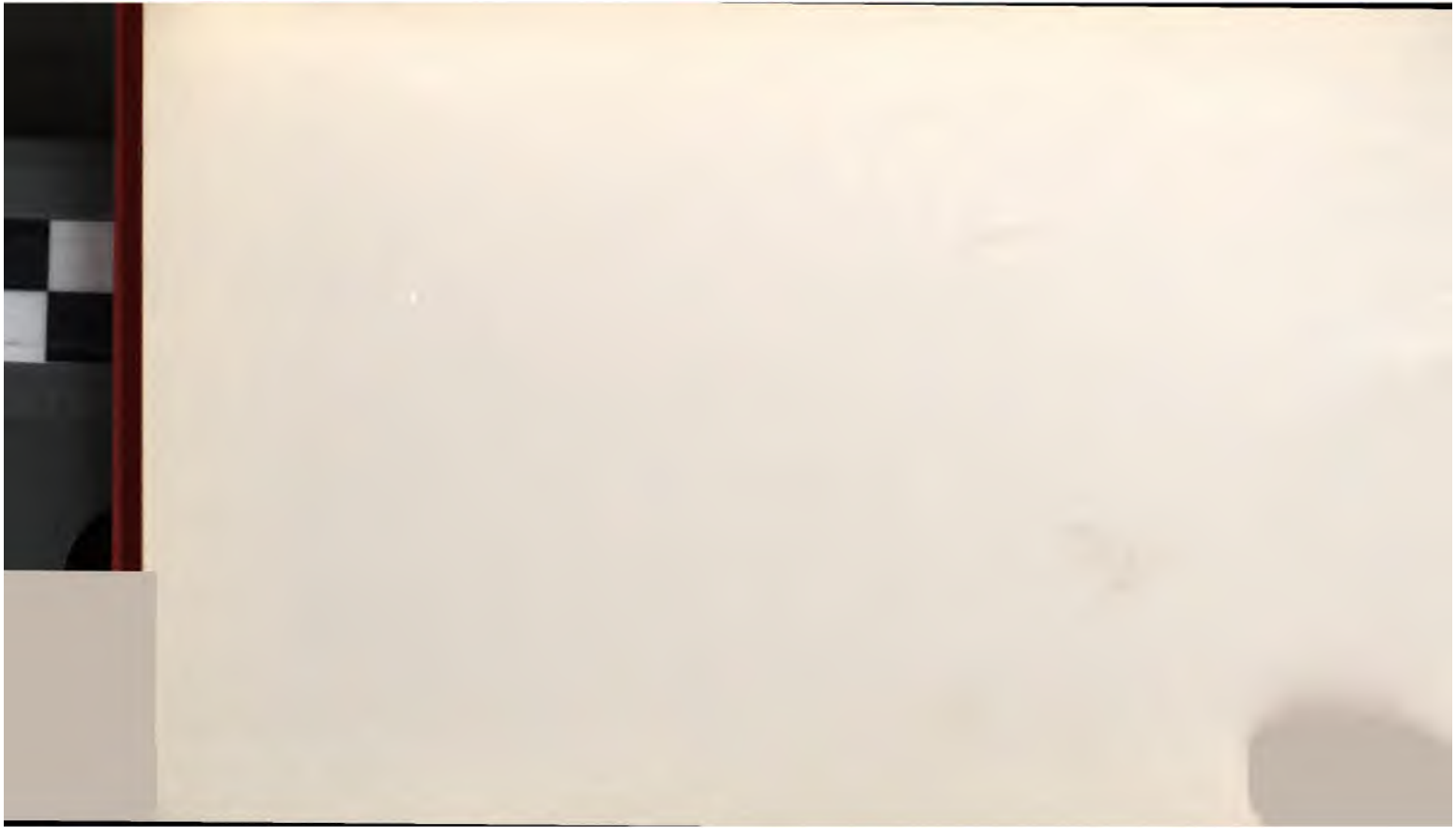
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
ORGANIZED 1891

STANFORD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
ORGANIZED 1891

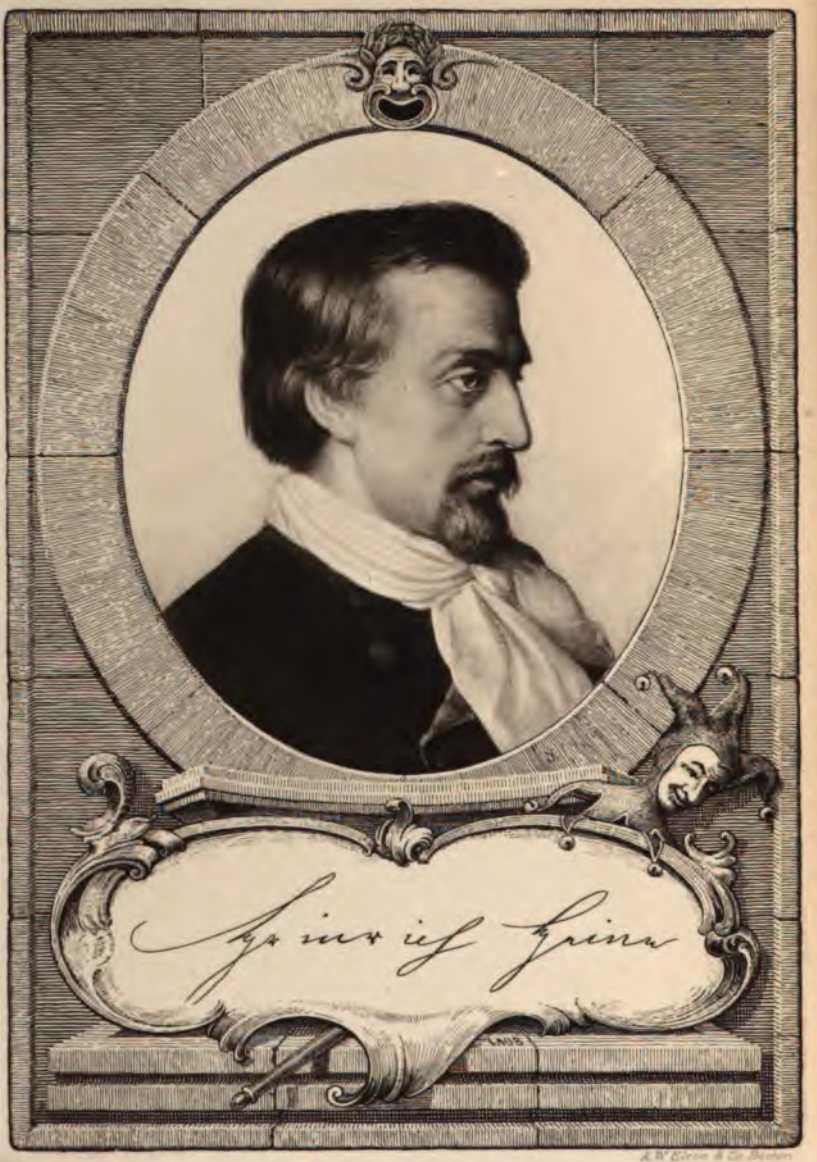




The World's Wit and Humor

The World's Wit and Humor

Capt & & Curry.


Ego sum qui sum

GERMAN

Eulenspiegel to Fulda

New York

1922

The World's Wit and Humor

GERMAN

Volume XII

Eulenspiegel to Fulda

STANFORD LIBRARY

New York
The Review of Reviews Company
1906

Copyright, 1906, by
THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY

662523

THE QUINN & BODEN PRESS
RAHWAY, N. J.

Table of Contents

PORTRAIT OF HEINRICH HEINE . . . *Frontispiece*

EULENSPIEGEL'S PRANKS (Current in the 15th Century). PAGE

The Golden Horseshoes.—Murner's Version . . 3

Paying with the Sound of a Penny.—Murner's Version 4

THE SCHILDBURGHERS (Published in the 16th Century).

The New Town Hall.—Tieck's Modern Version . 6

ULRICH MEGERLE, "Abraham a Sancta Clara" (1642–1709).

The Donkey's Voice.—"Judas, the Arch-Rogue" . 13

A Burdensome Wife.—"Hie! Fie!" 13

CHRISTOPH VON GRIMMELSHAUSEN (1625–1676).

Origin and Rearing of Simplicius.—"Simplicius Simplicissimus" 15

CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT (1715–1769).

The Patient Cured.—The *Fables* 21

EPHRAIM LESSING (1729–1781).

Chevalier Riccaut de la Marlinière.—"Minna von Barnhelm" 24

EPHRAIM LESSING (1729–1781)—*Continued.* PAGE

The Ape and the Fox.—The *Fables* 30
Zeus and the Horse.—The *Fables* 30
The Raven.—The *Fables* 31
The Decorated Bow.—The *Fables* 31
The Peacocks and the Crow.—The *Fables* . . 32
Epigrams 32
An Academical Lover.—"The Young Scholar" . . 34

ERICH RASPE (1737–1794).

The Lion and the Crocodile.—"Adventures of Baron Münchausen" 44
A Horse Tied to a Steeple.—"Adventures of Baron Münchausen" 48
The Frozen Tunes.—"Adventures of Baron Münchausen" 49
A Rather Large Whale.—"Adventures of Baron Münchausen" 51
The Siege of Gibraltar.—"Adventures of Baron Münchausen" 53

GOTTFRIED BÜRGER (1748–1794).

The Wives of Weinsberg.—The *Ballads* . . . 57

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS (1745–1815).

The Hen and the Egg.—The *Fables* 61

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805).

The Capuchin's Sermon.—"Wallenstein's Camp" . 62
Pegasus in the Yoke 66

Table of Contents

WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832). PAGE

Satanic Advice to a Student.—"Faust." Part I. . 70
Bruin's Embassy.—"Reynard, the Fox" . . . 76

AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE (1761–1819).

Henriette's Delinquency.—"Respectable Society" . 89

J. P. F. RICHTER, "Jean Paul" (1763–1825).

The Calico Dress.—"Life of Firmian Siebenkäs" . 93

HEINRICH VON KLEIST (1776–1811).

Ready for the Inspector.—"The Broken Jug" . 101

ARNOLD KORTUM (1745–1824).

The Examination in Theology.—"The Jobsiad" . 110

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO (1781–1838).

Sale of a Human Shadow.—"Peter Schlemihl" . 120
The Pigtail 127

KARL JULIUS WEBER (1767–1832).

Satire in the Middle Ages.—"Demokritos" . . 129

HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE (1771–1848).

A Night Watchman as Prince.—"Adventures of a New Year's Eve" 132
The Leg 152

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794–1827).

The Drunkard's Fancy 160

German Wit and Humor

FRIEDRICH SCHULTZE, "Friedrich Laun" (1770–1849). PAGE

The Incognito 162

WILHELM HAUFF (1802–1827).

Doctor Schnatterer Lectures upon the Devil.—"Memoirs of Satan" 181

M. G. SAPHIR (1794–1854).

Love at First Sight.—"My Memoirs" . . . 186

THE BROTHERS GRIMM (Between 1785 and 1863).

Hare and Hedgehog.—"Popular Tales" . . . 190

Clever Grethel.—"Popular Tales" 193

The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage.—"Household Tales" 197

Widow Fox's Suitors.—"Household Tales" . . 199

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866).

Artist and Public 203

AUGUST KOPISCH (1799–1853).

The Great Crab of Lake Mohrin 205

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1863).

The Town of Göttingen. "Journey in the Hartz," in "Travel Pictures" 208

The Disrespectful Guillotine.—"Germany" . . 210

Hirsch's Honesty.—"The Baths of Lucca," in "Travel Pictures" 212

Table of Contents

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1863)—*Continued.* PAGE

Marchese di Gumpelino.—"The Baths of Lucca," in "Travel Pictures" 215

Moses Lump's Religion.—"The Baths of Lucca," in "Travel Pictures" 219

Equality of Man and Beast.—"Atta Troll" . . 221

Linguistic Education.—"The Book le Grand" . 225

Rewards Hereafter.—"Confessions" 228

Observations 228

Ascension.—"Latest Poems" 230

The Song of Songs.—"Latest Poems" 234

An Asinine Election.—"Latest Poems" . . . 235

Whims of the Amorous.—"Latest Poems" . . 238

FRITZ REUTER (1810–1874).

Water Cure.—"My Farming Days" 242

GUSTAV FREYTAG (1816–1895).

Preparing for Publication.—"The Journalists" . 250

VIKTOR VON SCHEFFEL (1826–1886).

Temporal Power.—"Ekkehard" 253

STUDENTS' SONGS.

Pope and Sultan 259

Credo 260

GUSTAV VON MOSER (1825–).

An Exacting Uncle.—"The Private Secretary" . 262

German Wit and Humor

WILHELM RAABE, "Jacob Corvinus" (1831–). PAGE

Hans at School.—"The Infant Prodigy" . . . 265

WILHELM BUSCH (1832–).

Gunpowder as Tobacco.—"Max and Maurice" . 269

JULIUS STINDE (1841–).

In Society.—"The Buchholz Family" 272

EDUARD PÖTZL (1851–).

Art Criticism.—"Herr Nigerl" 278

LUDWIG FULDA (1862–).

Connubial Bliss.—"In Private" 281

GEORGE S. VIERECK, *German-American* (1885–).

The Modern Guinea-Pig.—The New York "Staats-Zeitung" 285

Acknowledgments

We beg to tender courteous acknowledgment to the following publishers for the use of extracts appearing in this volume:

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY: "The Leg," by HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY: Gunpowder as Tobacco, by WILHELM BUSCH, from "Max and Maurice."

THE NEW YORK STAATS-ZEITUNG: "The Modern Guinea-Pig," by GEORGE S. VIERECK.

German Wit and Humor

German Wit and Humor

Eulenspiegel's Pranks

The Golden Horseshoes

EULENSPIEGEL came to the court of the King of Denmark, who liked him well, and said that if he would make him some diversion, then might he have the best of shoes for his horse's hoofs. Eulenspiegel asked the king if he was minded to keep his word well and truly, and the king did answer most solemnly, "Yes."

Now did Eulenspiegel ride his horse to a goldsmith, by whom he suffered to be beaten upon the horse's hoofs shoes of gold with silver nails. This done, Eulenspiegel went to the king, that the king might send his treasurer to pay for the shoeing. The treasurer believed he should pay a blacksmith, but Eulenspiegel conducted him to the goldsmith, who did require and demand one hundred Danish marks. This would the treasurer not pay, but went and told his master.

Therefore the king caused Eulenspiegel to be summoned into his presence, and spoke to him:

"Eulenspiegel, why did you have such costly shoes? Were I to shoe all my horses thus, soon would I be without land or any possessions."

To which Eulenspiegel did make reply:

"Gracious King, you did promise me the best of shoes for my horse's hoofs, and I did think the best were of gold."

Then the king laughed:

"You shall be of my court, for you act upon my very word."

And the king commanded his treasurer to pay the hundred

marks for the horse's golden shoes. But these Eulenspiegel caused to be taken off, and iron shoes put on in their stead; and he remained many a long day in the service of the King of Denmark.—*Murner's Version.*

Paying with the Sound of a Penny

EULENSPIEGEL was at a tavern where the host did one day put the meat on the spit so late that Eulenspiegel got hungry for dinner. The host, seeing his discontent, said to him:

"Who cannot wait till the dinner be ready, let him eat what he may."

Therefore Eulenspiegel went aside, and ate some dry bread; after that he had eaten he sat by the fire and turned the spit until the meat was roasted. Then was the meat borne upon the table, and the host, with the guests, did feast upon it. But Eulenspiegel stayed on the bench by the fire, nor would he sit at the board, since he told the host that he had his fill from the odor of the meat. So when they had eaten, and the host came to Eulenspiegel with the tray, that he might place in it the price of the food, Eulenspiegel did refuse, saying:

"Why must I pay for what I have not eaten?"

To which the host replied, in anger:

"Give me your penny; for by sitting at the fire, and swallowing the savor of the meat, you had the same nourishment as though you had partaken of the meat at the board."

Then Eulenspiegel searched in his purse for a penny, and threw it on the bench, saying to the host:

"Do you hear this sound?"

"I do, indeed," answered the host.

Then did Eulenspiegel pick up the penny and restore it to his purse; which done, he spoke again:

"To my belly the odor of the meat is worth as much as the sound of the penny is to you."—*Murner's Version.*

The Schildburghers

The New Town Hall

In the mighty kingdom of Utopia, in the region of Calcutta, lies a little town called Schilda, whose inhabitants, after the fashion of other mortals, would have followed in the footsteps of their ancestors, had not necessity, which knows no law, ordered things otherwise.

The first Schildburgher, or inhabitant of Schilda, was an exceedingly wise and wary man, and you may imagine that he did not let his children grow up in ignorance or folly. Nor did he spare severity, and, in consequence, his children grew up to be incomparable for the possession of all possible virtues. Hence their fame and that of their admirable descendants spread to all parts of the world, and their wisdom was known and honored by distant princes and potentates. And a custom grew up for such princes and potentates to invite the citizens of Schilda to attend upon their various courts and assist them with counsel in the affairs of state, which counsel was always found to be most wise and salutary. The consequence was, that very soon there remained no male Schildburgher at Schilda, and the management of affairs was left to their wives and servants. For lack of culture, their fields ceased to yield fruit, their cattle became lean and ran wild, and, what was worse, children and servants, free from the authority of absent fathers and masters, grew unruly and wicked. . . .

To put an end to these untoward conditions, the Schildburghers assembled in their own town. How could princes

and chancellors be prevented from commanding their presence away from home? But as the hour was late, they deliberated only little on that day. Instead, they ate an excellent meal made savory with wise discourse, which is sweeter than honey and fairer than gold and silver.

But on the following day these grave gentlemen met under the linden-tree where they had always been wont to hold counsel in summer. In winter they assembled in their town hall. Now, when they had compared the losses which they had suffered by reason of their absence from home to the amount of the gifts that they had received from princes in reward of their wisdom, they found that the former by far exceeded the latter. And so they asked each other how the matter was to be mended. Many spoke, and wisdom and understanding were dispensed in great quantities. At last, however, one of the oldest of the Schildburghers arose, and spoke as follows:

"Since our wisdom is the sole cause why we are forced to abandon our homes, would it not be best to prevent further molestation by cultivating folly and stupidity? Just as we used to be called away on account of our wisdom, we should then be left at home on account of our folly. Therefore my advice is, that we, one and all, men, women, and children, behave as strangely and absurdly as possible, and leave undone no queer action that opportunity offers. This must be practised especially by those who are now the wisest, for it takes no little art to be a proper fool."

This advice was taken by the Schildburghers with the utmost seriousness, and, on account of the importance of the whole question, a vote was taken. The result was favorable to the adoption of the proposed plan, which they determined to carry out. Thereupon the assembly broke up, in order that

each one might have an opportunity to decide how best to fit the desired coxcomb on his head. To be sure, there was many a one who did not forsake without a pang the wisdom for which he had been noted so many years, and was loath to become a fool in his old age. But for the sake of the common weal, for which each man would willingly have sacrificed his life, they all determined in their hearts to be quit of sense and prudence forever. . . .

As the Schildburghers had fully agreed and determined to lead an entirely different life, upon an entirely different basis, it seemed to them that the first thing they would need would be a new town hall, airy and spacious, and dedicated to the deliberations of folly. But since they did not wish to make their assuming the coxcomb too immediately or glaringly noticeable, they determined to go to work with comfortable ease and slowness. This one fact they, however, all agreed upon, that a town hall was the most pressing of their needs.

When a list had been made of the materials necessary for the erection of the new building, it appeared that all that was lacking was some fiddler or flute-player, who might, in the manner of an Orpheus or Amphion of old, have persuaded the woods and stones to follow him to the appointed site by the alluring sweetness of his music. But as such a one was unfortunately not to be found, the good citizens of Schilda determined to go to work themselves, to help each other faithfully, and not to cease their labor until the new building should be entirely completed. The wisdom of the Schildburghers, though it was like a guttering candle, was obviously not yet quite extinguished, for they still knew that wood and stone were necessary to the erection of a building. Genuine fools would have begun building without

either stone, wood, or mortar. Hence, one and all, they made a pilgrimage to the wood that lay beyond the hills in the nearest vale, and felled trees according to the directions of their architect. Now, when the trees had been properly stripped of bark and branches, the Schildburghers wished for nothing so much as for a huge blunderbuss with which to shoot the trees home. Such an instrument, they averred, would save them untold toil and trouble. But no such weapon could be found; and so, not without mighty groaning and sweating, they pulled the trees up the hill, deposited them there, and then pulled and carried them down the other side, except one solitary log. This single log, which happened to be the last, they hoisted to the top of the hill with ropes and pulleys and great difficulty. They then proceeded, as they had done with all the others, to haul it down the other side of the hill. But their ropes and pulleys had weakened a little, something snapped, and behold, the log, unhelped, unpushed, rolled down the declivity of its own accord. The Schildburghers looked at the log in blank astonishment. They were dumfounded, in their now ripening stupidity, that a mere log should show such enterprise and good sense. At last one of them exclaimed, "What fools we were to drag the trees down the hill, and to wait for a log to teach us how easy our work might have been!" "That mistake of ours is easily remedied," said another. "All we have to do is to drag the logs up on the hill again, and then let them roll down. Thus shall we not only rehabilitate our characters as sensible people before them, but we shall also have as a further compensation the pleasure of seeing them roll down."

This piece of advice appealed profoundly to the Schildburghers, and each, indeed, was ashamed in his heart

that he had not offered it himself. If these good people had trouble enough to drag the great, heavy logs down the hill, you can imagine that now, when they were weary, they had thrice as much to get them up again. The one log alone, the one that had rolled down, they did not pull up again. They wanted to spare it the trouble on account of its cleverness. Then, after they had worked themselves half to death, they stood at the top of the hill, let the logs roll down the slope one by one, and were mightily pleased at the sight. Nay, so mightily proud were they of this first illustration of their successful folly, that they adjourned in a body to the inn, and ate and drank a great hole into the public purse.

The logs were now sawed and planed; stone, sand, and mortar were procured; and the Schildburghers began to build with such unanimous zeal, that any one could see how bitterly in earnest they were. In a few days the three walls had been erected, for, since they wished to have something peculiar and distinctive, the new town hall was to be triangular in shape. They made a great gate in one wall in order to cart in the hay and grain that was the legal portion of the town council, and the proceeds of which they hoped to expend at the inn. This gate would also do for another purpose, they discovered at the last moment—namely, that it would serve as an entrance to the good citizens themselves. That they needed a door, and would else have been obliged to climb in through the roof, had never really occurred to any one. They then proceeded to build the roof. This they constructed of three huge triangles, each of which tipped over its wall, so as to form a gable. The first day, however, they put up only the framework of this roof, and left the actual covering undone. And then

they went to the inn, and drank a new barrel that had just been opened.

The next morning the public bell was rung, advising the citizens of Schilda that a public duty called them together, and that no one should on that day perform any private work. So they all assembled at the new town hall, to cover which was the problem of the day. As the heap of shingles with which the roof was to be laid was at a considerable distance from the new building, the problem arose, how the workmen on the top of the walls could make use of them. The Schildburghers were not slow in solving this momentous problem. They formed a chain which extended from the heap of shingles to the new building, up its walls by means of ladders, and then to the framework of the roof, from beam to beam. Thus every individual shingle passed through the hand of each citizen, and no one was idle. This method had a further pleasant consequence. Those farthest from the building, who had come to work last and done least, were therefore those nearest to the inn, and quickest there at the hour of dinner, and sitting at the head of the table. All this was, of course, appropriate to the new manners and ideas of the Schildburghers. . . .

At last the building was finished. In solemn conclave, and with joy in their hearts, the citizens of Schilda proceeded to enter it. First went the mayor, then the beadle, then the gravedigger, who was held to be very grave indeed, then the other citizens in proper order of estates and dignities. And behold, it was pitch-dark in their new town hall, dark to such a degree that one could not hear, much less see. Astonishment and chagrin reigned supreme. They tried to find their way out again, and at last succeeded. From all sides they examined their new hall; regarded its

distinguished shape, its handsome walls; were inconsolable that it had so serious a fault. But it occurred to no one that each of the three walls was a solid mass, and that the builders had forgotten to put in any windows.

—Tieck's Modern Version.

Ulrich Megerle—"Abraham a Sancta Clara"

The Donkey's Voice

A CERTAIN singer was most vain of his voice, thinking it so enchanting it might allure the very dolphins, or if not them, the pike, from out of the deep. But it is an old custom of the Lord to punish the vain ones of the earth, who like nothing better than praise. So the Lord made this man sing false at Holy Mass, and the whole congregation was utterly displeased. Close by the altar there was kneeling an old woman, who wept bitterly during the Mass. The conceited songster, thinking that the old woman had been moved to those tears by the sweetness of his voice, after Mass approached the dame, asking her, in the presence of the congregation, why she had wept so sadly. His mouth watered for the expected praise, when, "Sir," said the woman, "while you were singing I remembered my donkey; I lost him, poor soul, three days ago, and his voice was very natural, like yours. Oh, heavenly Father, if I could only find that good and useful beast!"—*"Judas, the Arch-Rogue."*

A Burdensome Wife

A MAN set sail from Venice for Ancona, with his wife, both being minded to offer their devotions at the shrine of Santa Maria di Loreto. But during the voyage there arose such a great storm that all thought the ship in extreme peril

of sinking. The owner of the ship therefore gave his command that each traveler should forthwith throw his most burdensome possessions into the sea, so that the vessel might be made lighter. Some rolled casks of wine overboard, and others bales of cloth; the man from Venice, who did not desire to be found tarrying behind the rest, seized his wife, exclaiming, "Forgive me, Ursula mine, but this day you must drink to my health in salt water!" and would throw her into the sea. The frightened wife making a commotion with her screams, others ran up, and scolded the husband, asking him the cause of his action. "The owner of the ship," said he, "urgently commanded that we all should throw overboard our heaviest burdens. Now, throughout my whole life nothing has ever been so burdensome to me as this woman; hence I was gladly willing to make her over to Father Neptune."—*"Hie! Fie!"*

Christoph von Grimmelshausen

Origin and Rearing of Simplicius

In the present days, which many people believe to be the last, there is to be observed among common people a disease which manifests itself in the following manner: When the patients who suffer from it have scraped together or stolen enough for a dress in the newest fashion, tricked out with ribbons and spangles, straightway they would be thought noble and knightly persons of most ancient race; whereas, on the contrary, their forebears were usually day-laborers, hewers of wood and drawers of water, their present kinsmen are drivers of asses, their brothers executioners, their sisters and mothers witches of ill repute, and all their two-and-thirty ancestors equally filthy and degraded, even as the pots of the sugar-makers at Prague. Thus are these new noblemen ofttimes as black as though they had been born and bred in Guinea.

I would not be thought to be the like of such fools, although, truth to say, I have often enough imagined that I must be descended from some great lord, or, at least, some nobleman of meaner order, for I have ever felt a great liking, from my very nature, for the employments of noble youth, had I but had the wherewithal to get me the necessary accouterments. Yet, jest aside, my origin and breeding may not unfitly be compared to that of some lordly person, if one be but willing to pass over the difference. How? My father had a palace of his own, and a palace of such a kind as no king with his own hands could build, or would,

in all eternity. This palace was painted with clay, and, instead of barren slate, cold lead, or red copper, it was roofed with straw; and, in order that the nobility and wealth of my father be rightly apparent and visibly splendid, he did not have the wall about his castle built of stones, that are found by the wayside or dug from the waste places of the earth, far less with hastily baked bricks, that are heated and made complete in a brief space. Thus might others do; but he used for this purpose wood of the oak-tree, which noble and useful tree (upon the which grow sausages and fat hams) needs a hundred years to arrive at its full age. Where is the monarch who has equaled my father in this? His halls of state, rooms, and various chambers he caused to be blackened by smoke, for this reason, namely, that this color is the most durable in the world, and takes a longer time to come to its full perfection than any pigment a painter could apply, or unite in his most remarkable masterpieces. The tapestries were of the most delicate sort, if not of the rarest, for they were supplied by that wise animal, the spider, which aforetime dared even to spin her loom in opposition to the goddess Minerva. He dedicated his windows to Saint Not-Glass, not because he had not glass, but merely because he knew that a window-pane woven of hemp or of flax takes far longer to perfect, and is far more useful, than the most translucent and transparent Venetian glass. It was my father's opinion that that which it takes longest to make is also the more desirable, and therefore the more fit, for lordly persons to use. Instead of pages, lackeys, and grooms, he had sheep, goats, and sows, all attired in their proper and natural livery. These servitors waited upon me in the meadow until it was time for me to drive them home. Our armory was richly furnished with

axes, plowshares, hoes, spades, and pitchforks, with which my father daily exercised himself, for to hoe and sow was his conception of military discipline, as it was the practise of the old Romans in time of peace. To span oxen under the yoke was his especial act of high command; to stack dung, his method of throwing up fortifications; to cleanse stables was his most noble pleasure and pastime.

In these various methods he contended with the whole earth, so far as it fell in his domain, and at the time of the yearly harvest season gained from her a sufficient booty. All these matters I mention only, as it were, in passing, nor make any boast thereof, in order that none may have reason to mistake me for any of your upstart nobility, for I consider myself to be not better than was my father before me, who dwelt in the merry Spessart forest, there where the wolves say good night to one another. And that I do not enter upon any lengthy explication of my father's origin, ancestors, extraction, kith, kin, race, or name, is done merely for the sake of brevity, for the reason that this is no deed of endowment needing an oath, and, finally, because it is sufficient here to record the fact that I was born in the Spessart.

And now, since it is clear in how noble and lordly a fashion my father's house was arrayed and his household carried on, you may imagine that my breeding was in harmony with these. Indeed, at the age of ten I had already mastered the principles of all my father's hereinbefore-described occupations. In regard to other studies, however, I might justly have been compared to that Amphistides of whom Suidas relates that he could not count above five. For my father, like many noble persons of this time, considered, in his high spirit, that such studies and school learning were unbecoming a true nobleman, who could indeed have his people for

the performance of duties requiring such knowledge. On the other hand, I was no mean performer with the bagpipes, on which I could pipe many a melancholy song. As far as theology is concerned, I doubt whether any other of my age in whole Christendom was then my equal, for I knew neither of God nor of man, of heaven or hell, angels or devils, good or evil. Thus I lived, like our first parents in Paradise, knowing not of death or disease or sin. A noble life—an ass's life, you may say—in which no one took thought of such things as physic! And it is easy to understand my knowledge in the study of law, and whatever other sciences men rack their brains with; for so perfect and entire was my ignorance, that it was impossible for me to be aught but ignorant of the fact that I was ignorant of all. Once again, I exclaim, a noble life that I led then!

But my father would not let me taste longer of this extreme happiness, but judged rightly that, in conformity with my noble birth and breeding, it was now meet and fit for me to live a noble and active life; hence he began to train me to more difficult undertakings and give me deeper instruction.

He conferred upon me the highest dignity that is not only within his gift, but, indeed, within the world's—that of a herder of beasts. He entrusted me first with his sows, then with his goats, finally with his whole herd of sheep, which I was to take care of in the pasturage, and protect by means of my bagpipe (whose sound, as Strabo relates, fattens the sheep and lambs in Araby) from the ravages of the wolf. Thus I surely resembled David in all things but that he had a harp instead of the pipes; and this was a favorable omen, giving birth to the hope that, with other good fortune added to this, I might in time become a famous man. For from the very beginning of the world have shepherds been men of

high rank and estate, as we read in the Holy Script of Abel, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and his sons, and of Moses, who herded his father-in-law's sheep ere he became legislator and leader of the six hundred thousand men in Israel.

To be sure, one may reply that these were holy and God-fearing men, no peasant lads from the Spessart, ignorant of God. I confess the force of the objection; but was there no virtue in my then innocence? And among the heathens, too, not only among the chosen people of God, among the Romans there were right noble families, whose names show clearly that they are descended from shepherds. They called themselves Bubulcus, Vitullus, Vitellius, Taurus, because they had herded the cattle which these names signify. Of a truth Romulus and Remus were themselves shepherds; and so was Spartacus, before whom the might of Rome trembled; so were (as Lucian tells us in his dialogue on Helen) Paris, the son of Priam the king, and Anchises, the father of the Trojan prince Æneas. The lovely Endymion, of whom the chaste Luna was enamored, was a shepherd; and so was the horrid Polyphemus. Yea, the very gods themselves took no shame of this calling. Apollo herded the flocks of Admetus; Mercury, his son Daphnis, Pan, and Proteus, were arch-shepherds, and patrons of shepherds in foolish poets' verses; Mesa, king of Moab, and Cyrus, King of the Persians, and many others. So that it is well said that the office of a shepherd is the best preparation for that of kingship. Thus, as the warlike spirit is first exercised in hunting, so, too, in the shepherd's calling is the pacific nature and duty of a king to be exercised. All these matters my father understood full well, and to this hour have I not let go the hope of attaining the station of these early prognostications.

But to return to my flock. Learn, then, that I knew the appearance of a wolf as little as any other item in my huge ignorance. The more earnest were the instructions of my father. He said, "Boy, be industrious, and let not the sheep run amuck, and play the pipes steadily, that the wolf may not come and do them harm; for he is such a quadrupedantic rascal and thief, who eats men and beasts. But if thou art careless, I'll beat thee black and blue!"

I answered with equal sweetness of spirit, "Father, tell me how the wolf looks! I have never seen a wolf."

"Oh, thou ass's head!" he answered, "thou'lt be a fool thy life long. I wonder what will become of thee; thou art a great lout, and knowest not how the wolf looks, and what a rascal he is!"

He gave me more instruction, but became impatient at last, and went off murmuring, for he thought that my coarse mind could not catch his subtle instructions.

—*"Simplicius Simplicissimus."*

Christian Gellert

The Patient Cured

A MAN long plagued with aches in joint and limb
Did all his neighbors recommended him,
But, despite that, could nowise gain
Deliverance from his pain.
An ancient dame, to whom he told his case,
Cut an oracular grimace,
And thus announced a magic remedy:
"You must," said she,
Mysteriously hissing in his ear,
And calling him "My dear,"
"Sit on a good man's grave at early light,
And with the dew fresh-fallen over night
Thrice bathe your hands, your knee-joints thrice:
'Twill cure you in a trice.
Remember her who gave you this advice."

The patient did just as the grandam said.
(What will not mortals do to be
Relieved of misery?)
He went right early to the burying-ground,
And on a tombstone—'twas the first he found—
These words, delighted, read:
"Stranger, what man he was who sleeps below,
This monument and epitaph may show.
The wonder of his time was he,
The pattern of most genuine piety;

And that thou all in a few words may'st learn,
Him church and school and town and country mourn."

Here the poor cripple takes his seat,
And bathes his hands, his joints, his feet;
But all his labor's worse than vain:
It rather aggravates his pain.
With troubled mind he grasps his staff,
Turns from the good man's grave, and creeps
On to the next, where lowly sleeps
One honored by no epitaph.
Scarce had he touched the nameless stone,
When lo! each racking pain had flown;
His useless staff forgotten on the ground,
He leaves this holy grave, erect and sound.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "is there no line to tell
Who was this holy man that makes me well?"
Just then the sexton did appear,
Of him he asked, "Pray, who lies buried here?"
The sexton waited long, and seemed quite shy
Of making any sort of a reply.
"Well," he began at last with mournful sigh,
"The Lord forgive him, 'twas a man
Placed by all honest circles under ban;
Whom scarcely they allowed a decent grave;
Whose soul naught but a miracle might save;
A heretic, and, what is worse,
Wrote plays and verse!
In short, to speak my full conviction,
And without fear of contradiction,

Christian Gellert

He was an innovator and a scound—"
"No!" cried the man. "No, I'll be bound!
Not so, though all the world the lie repeat!
But that chap there, who sleeps hard by us,
Whom you and all the world call pious,
He was, for sure, a scoundrel and a cheat!"

—*"Fables."*

Ephraim Lessing

Chevalier Riccaut de la Marlinière

RICCAUT DE LA MARLINIÈRE, MINNA, *and* FRANZISKA.

Ric. (*before he enters*). Est-il permis, Monsieur le Major?

Fran. Who is that? Any one for us?

(*Going to the door.*)

Ric. Parbleu! I am wrong. Mais non—I am not wrong. C'est la chambre——

Fran. Without doubt, your Ladyship, this gentleman expects to find Major von Tellheim here still.

Ric. Oui, dat is it! Le Major de Tellheim. Juste, ma belle enfant, c'est lui que je cherche. Où est-il?

Fran. He does not lodge here any longer.

Ric. Comment? Dere is four-and-twenty hour ago he did lodge here, and not lodge here any more? Where lodge he den?

Min. Sir——

Ric. Ah! madame, mademoiselle, pardon!

Min. Sir, your mistake is quite excusable, and your astonishment very natural. Major von Tellheim has had the kindness to give up his apartments to me, as a stranger, who was not able to get any elsewhere.

Ric. Ah! voilà de ses politesses! C'est un très-galant homme que ce major!

Min. Where has he gone now? I am ashamed to say that I do not know.

Ric. Madame not know? C'est dommage! j'en suis fâché.

Min. I certainly ought to have inquired. Of course his friends will seek him here.

Ric. I am vary great his friend, madame.

Min. Franziska, do you not know?

Fran. No, your Ladyship.

Ric. It is vary nécessaire dat I speak him. I come and bring him a nouvelle, of which he will be vary much at ease.

Min. I regret it so much the more. But I hope to see him shortly, perhaps. If it is a matter of indifference from whom he hears this good news, I would offer, sir——

Ric. I comprehend. Mademoiselle parle français? Mais sans doute, telle que je la vois! La demande était bien impolie; vous me pardonnerez, mademoiselle.

Min. Sir——

Ric. No! You not speak French, madame?

Min. Sir, in France I would endeavor to do so; but why here? I perceive that you understand me, sir; and I, sir, shall doubtless understand you. Speak as you please.

Ric. Good! Good! I can also explain me in your langue. Sachez donc, mademoiselle, you must know, madame, dat I come from de table of de ministre, ministre, ministre— What is le ministre out dere, in de long street, on de broad place?

Min. I am a perfect stranger here.

Ric. Si, le ministre of de War Departement. Dere I have eat my dinner. I ordinary dine dere, and de conversation did fall on Major Tellheim; et le ministre m'a dit en confidence—car son Excellence est de mes amis, et il n'y a point de mystères entre nous—son Excellence, I say, has

trust to me, dat l'affaire from our major is on de point to end, and to end good. He has made a rapport to de king, and de king has resolved et tout à fait en faveur du major. "Monsieur," m'a dit son Excellence, "vous comprenez bien, que tout dépend de la manière dont on fait envisager les choses au roi, et vous me connaissez. C'est un très-joli garçon que ce Tellheim, et ne sais-je pas que vous l'aimez? Les amis de mes amis sont aussi les miens. Il coûte un peu cher au roi ce Tellheim, mais est-ce que l'on sert les rois pour rien? Il faut s'entr'aider dans ce monde; et quand il s'agit de pertes, que ce soit le roi qui en fasse, et non pas un honnête homme de nous autres. Voilà le principe dont je ne me dépars jamais." But what say madame to it? N'est ce pas, dat is a fine fellow! Ah! que son Excellence a le cœur bien placé! He assure me au reste, if de major has not reçu already une lettre de la main—a royal letter, dat to-day infailliblement must he receive one.

Min. Certainly, sir, this news will be most welcome to Major von Tellheim. I should like to be able to name the friend to him who takes such an interest in his welfare.

Ric. Madame, you wish my name? Vous voyez en moi —you see in me, le Chevalier Riccaut de la Marlinière, Seigneur de Prêt-au-Val, de la branche de Prens d'Or. You remain astonished to hear me from so great, great a family, qui est véritablement du sang royal. Il faut le dire: je suis sans doute le cadet le plus aventureux que la maison n'a jamais eu. I serve from my eleven year. Une affaire d'honneur make me flee. Den I serve de holy Pope of Rome, den de Republic St. Marino, den de Poles, den de States-General, till enfin I am brought here. Ah, mademoiselle, que je voudrais n'avoir jamais vu ce pays-ci! Had one left me in de service of de States-General, should I be now at least

colonel. But here always to remain capitaine, and now also a discharged capitaine!

Min. That is bad luck.

Ric. Oui, mademoiselle, me voilà réformé, et par là mis sur le pavé!

Min. I am very sorry for you.

Ric. Vous êtes bien bonne, mademoiselle. No, merit have no reward here. Réformer a man, like me. A man who also have ruin himself in dis service. I have lost in it so much as twenty thousand livres. What have I now? Tranchons le mot: not one sou have I, et me voilà exactement opposite to notting at all in my pocket.

Min. I am exceedingly sorry.

Ric. Vous êtes bien bonne, mademoiselle. But as one say, misfortune never come alone! Qu'un malheur ne vient jamais seul—so it arrive with me. What ressource rests for an honnête homme of my extraction, but cards? Now, I always played with luck, so long I not need her. Now I very much need her, je joue avec un guignon, mademoiselle, qui surpasse toute croyance. For fifteen days, not one is passed dat I always am broke. Yesterday I was broke dree times. Je sais bien, qu'il y avait quelque chose de plus que le jeu. Dere was also dere certaines dames. I will not speak more. One must be very galant to les dames. Dey have invite me again to-day, to give me revanche. Mais—vous m'entendez, mademoiselle—one must first have to live, before one can have to play.

Min. I hope, sir——

Ric. Vous êtes bien bonne, mademoiselle.

Min. (*takes* Franziska *aside*). Franziska, I really feel for the man. Would he take it ill if I offered him something?

Fran. He does not look to me like a man who would.

Min. Very well. Sir, I perceive that—you play, that you keep the bank, doubtless in places where something is to be won. I must also confess that I am very fond of cards—that——

Ric. Tant mieux, mademoiselle, tant mieux! Tous les gens d'esprit aiment le jeu à la fureur.

Min. —that I am very fond of winning; that I like to trust my money to a man who—knows how to play. Are you inclined, sir, to let me join you—to let me have a share in your bank?

Ric. Comment, mademoiselle, vous voulez être de moitié avec moi? De tout mon cœur!

Min. At first, only with a trifle.

(*Opens her desk and takes out some money.*)

Ric. Ah, mademoiselle, que vous êtes charmante!

Min. Here is what I won a short time ago—only ten pistoles. I am ashamed, so little——

Ric. Donnez toujours, mademoiselle, donnez. (*Takes it.*)

Min. Without doubt, your bank, sir, is very considerable.

Ric. Oh, yes, vary considerable. Ten pistoles! You shall have, madame, an interest in my bank for one-tird, pour le tiers. Yes, one-tird part it shall be—something more. With a beautiful lady one must not be too exac. I rejoice myself to make by dat a liaison avec madame, et de ce moment je recommence à bien augurer de ma fortune.

Min. But I cannot be present, sir, when you play.

Ric. For why it nécessaire dat you be present? We otter players are honorable people between us.

Min. If we are fortunate, sir, you will, of course, bring me my share. If we are unfortunate——

Ric. I come to bring recruits, n'est ce pas, madame?

Min. In time recruits might fail. Manage our money well, sir.

Ric. What does madame tink me—a simpleton, a stupid devil?

Min. I beg your pardon.

Ric. Je suis des bons, mademoiselle. Savez vous ce que cela veut dire? I am of de quite practised——

Min. But still, sir——

Ric. I know one trick or two——

Min. (*amazed*). Could you?

Ric. Je file la carte avec une adresse——

Min. Never!

Ric. Je fais sauter la coupe avec une dextérité——

Min. You surely would not, sir——

Ric. What not, madame—what not? Donnez-moi a pigeon for to be pluck, and——

Min. Play false? Cheat?

Ric. Comment, mademoiselle? You call dat to cheat? To correct de fortune, l'enchainer sous ses doigts, être sûr de son fait—dat you call to cheat? To cheat! Oh, what a poor langage is your langage! What an awkward langage!

Min. No, sir, if you think so——

Ric. Laissez-moi faire, mademoiselle, and be tranquille! What matter to you how I play? Enough! To-morrow, madame, you see me again or with hundred pistoles, or you see me no more. Votre très-humble, mademoiselle, votre très-humble.—"*Minna von Barnhelm.*"

The Ape and the Fox

"NAME me an animal, though never so skilful, that I cannot imitate!" So bragged the ape to the fox.

But the fox replied:

"And do thou name me an animal so humble as to think of imitating thee!"

Writers of my country, need I explain myself more fully?

—"*Fables.*"

Zeus and the Horse

"FATHER of beasts and of men"—so spake the horse, approaching the throne of Zeus—"I am said to be one of the most beautiful animals with which thou hast adorned the world; and my self-love leads me to believe it. Nevertheless, might not some things in me still be improved?"

"And what in thee, thinkest thou, admits of improvement? Speak! I am open to instruction," said the indulgent god with a smile.

"Perhaps," returned the horse, "I should be fleeter if my legs were taller and thinner. A long swan-neck would not disfigure me. A broader breast would add to my strength. And since thou hast once for all destined me to bear thy favorite, man, the saddle which the well-meaning rider puts upon me might be created a part of me."

"Good!" replied Zeus; "wait a moment."

Zeus, with earnest countenance, pronounced the creative word. Then flowed life into the dust; then organized matter combined; and suddenly stood before the throne the ugly camel.

The horse saw, shuddered, and trembled with fear and abhorrence.

"Here," said Zeus, "are taller and thinner legs; here is a long swan-neck; here is a broader breast; here is the created saddle! Wilt thou, horse, that I should transform thee after this fashion?"

The horse still trembled.

"Go!" continued Zeus. "Be instructed, for this once, without being punished. But to remind thee, with occasional compunction, of thy presumption, do thou, new creation, continue!"

Zeus cast a preserving glance on the camel: "Never shall the horse behold thee without shuddering."—*"Fables."*

The Raven

THE raven remarked that the eagle sat thirty days upon her eggs. "That, undoubtedly," said she, "is the reason why the young of the eagle are so all-seeing and strong. Good! I will do the same."

And, since then, the raven actually sits thirty days upon her eggs; but, as yet, she has hatched nothing but miserable ravens.—*"Fables."*

The Decorated Bow

A MAN had an excellent bow of ebony, with which he shot very far and very sure, and which he valued at a great price. But once, after considering it attentively, he said:

"A little too rude still! Your only ornament is your polish. It is a pity! However, that can be remedied," thought he.

"I will go and let a first-rate artist carve something on the bow."

He went, and the artist carved an entire hunting-scene upon the bow. And what more fitting for a bow than a hunting-scene?

The man was delighted. "You deserve this embellishment, my beloved bow." So saying, he wished to try it.

He drew the string. The bow broke!—*"Fables."*

The Peacocks and the Crow

A VAIN crow adorned herself with the feathers of the richly tinted peacocks which they had shed, and when she thought herself sufficiently tricked out, mixed boldly with these splendid birds of Juno.

She was recognized, and quickly the peacocks fell upon her with sharp bills, to pluck the lying disguise from her.

"Cease now!" she cried at length, "you shall have your own again!"

But the peacocks, who had observed some of the crow's own shining wing-feathers, replied:

"Be still, wretched fool! These, too, cannot be yours!"

And they continued to peck at her.—*"Fables."*

Epigrams

YOUNG Stirps as any lord is proud,
Vain, haughty, insolent, and loud;
Games, drinks, and in the full career
Of vice compares with any peer;

Ephraim Lessing

Seduces daughters, wives, and mothers;
Spends his own cash, and that of others;
Pays like a lord—that is to say,
He never condescends to pay,
But bangs his creditor in requital.
And yet this blockhead wears a title.

From the grave where dead Gripeall, the miser, reposes,
What a villainous odor invades all our noses!
It can't be his *body* alone—in the hole
They have certainly buried the usurer's *soul.*

While Fell was reposing himself on the hay,
A reptile conceal'd bit his leg as he lay;
But all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

So vile your grimace, and so croaking your speech,
One scarcely can tell if you're laughing or crying;
Were you fix'd on one's funeral sermon to preach,
The bare apprehension would keep one from dying.

How plain your little darling says "Mama,"
But still she calls you "Doctor," not "Papa."
One thing is clear: your conscientious rib
Has not yet taught the pretty dear to fib.

So slowly you walk, and so quickly you eat,
You should march with your mouth, and devour with your feet.

Quoth gallant Fritz, "I ran away
To fight again another day."
The meaning of his speech is plain,
He only fled to fly again.

"How strange, a deaf wife to prefer!"
"True, but she's also dumb, good sir."

An Academical Lover

ANTON, DAMIS, *and* LISETTE.

An. (*aside*). I cannot leave these people alone in this way.—Herr Valer asks whether you are in your room. Are you still here, Herr Damis?

Da. Just tell me, you ignorant lout, have you made it your special object to-day to annoy me?

Lis. Let him stay there, Herr Damis. He will not keep away, you'll see.

An. Yes, now I shall stay; now, perhaps, when what I must not hear or see is already over.

Da. What is over?

An. You know very well.

Lis. (*whispering*). Help me, Anton, to make Juliane as black as we can in your master's estimation. Will you?

An. Yes, very likely; by way of gratitude, perhaps——

Lis. Hold your tongue, then, at any rate. I am sure, Herr Damis, you will get on ill with Juliane. I feel pity for you beforehand. The whole world does not contain a worse girl——

An. Don't believe it, Herr Damis; Juliane is a right good girl. You could not get on better with any one in the world. I wish you happiness with her.

Lis. Really? You must be very kindly disposed toward your master, when you want to hang such an intolerable nuisance round his neck.

An. And you must be a good deal more kindly disposed toward your young mistress, when you grudge her so good a husband as Herr Damis will prove.

Lis. A good husband! To be sure, a good husband is all she desires. A man who will permit everything——

An. Ho-ho! Everything? Do you hear, Herr Damis, for what Lisette takes you? On this account you would like to be his wife yourself, I suppose? Everything, eh?

Da. But seriously, Lisette, do you believe your young lady will make a thoroughly bad wife? Has she really many bad qualities?

Lis. Many? She has all that any one can have, not excepting those which contradict one another.

Da. Will you not give me a list of them?

Lis. What shall I begin with? She is silly.

Da. A trifle.

An. And I say, a lie!

Lis. She is quarrelsome.

Da. A trifle.

An. And I say, a lie!

Lis. She is vain.

Da. A trifle.

An. A lie! say I.

Lis. She is not a good housekeeper.

Da. A trifle.

An. A lie!

Lis. She will ruin you by her extravagance, and by parties and suppers.

Da. A trifle.

An. A lie!

Lis. She will hang the anxiety of a host of children on your neck for you.

Da. A trifle.

An. The best wives are the first to do that.

Lis. But children who are not your own.

Da. A trifle.

An. And a trifle, too, that is fashionable!

Lis. A trifle? What do you mean, Herr Damis?

Da. I mean that Juliane cannot be bad enough. Is she silly? I am so much the more sensible. Is she quarrelsome? I am so much the calmer. Is she vain? I am so much the more philosophical. Is she lavish? She will stop when her money is gone. Is she prolific? Then let her see what she can do if she tries to get the better of me. One must immortalize oneself as one can—women through children, men through books.

An. But don't you see that Lisette must have an object in slandering Juliane in this way?

Da. Oh, of course, I do. She does not grudge me to her, and therefore describes her completely in accordance with my taste. She has no doubt concluded that I will only marry her mistress because she is the most unbearable of girls.

Lis. Only for that? Only for that? I have concluded that? I must have supposed you weak in the head, then. Just consider——

Da. You go too far, Lisette! Do you give me no credit for thinking at all? What I have said is the result of only too severe thought. Yes, it is settled. I mean to increase

the number of the apparently unhappy men of learning who have married bad wives. This resolution of mine is not sudden.

An. Well, really! What is there the devil can't do? Who ever would have dreamed of it? And now it is to become true! It makes me laugh! Lisette wanted to draw him out of the marriage, and only urged him the more to it, and I wanted to urge him into it, and would soon have dissuaded him from it.

Da. One must marry at some time or other. I cannot rely on getting a thoroughly good wife, so I choose a thoroughly bad one. A wife of the ordinary kind, who is neither cold nor warm, neither very good nor very bad, is of no use to a scholar, of no use whatever. Who will concern himself about her after his death? And yet he deserves that his whole house shall be immortal with himself. If I can't have a wife who will one day find a place in a treatise *De bonis eruditorum uxoribus,* I will at least have one with whose name an industrious man may enlarge his collection *De malis eruditorum uxoribus.* Yes, yes—besides, I owe it to my father, as his only son, to exercise the most careful consideration for the maintenance of his name.

Lis. I can hardly get over my astonishment! I used to consider you, Herr Damis, such a great soul——

Da. And not wrongly. In this very matter I consider that I give the strongest proof of it.

Lis. I could almost burst! Yes, yes, the strongest proof that no one is so hard to catch as a young scholar—not so much on account of his insight and shrewdness, as of his folly.

Da. What impertinence! A young scholar! A young scholar!

Lis. I will spare you any rebukes. Valer shall at once have intelligence of all. Your servant. (*Exit.*)

An. There! you see, she runs off now, as you won't dance to her piping.

Da. Mulier, non homo! I shall soon accept this paradox as truth. By what does one show that one is a human being —by reason? By what does one show that one has reason? When one knows how to value learning and the learned properly. A woman can never do this, and therefore she has no reason, and therefore is not a human being. Yes, indeed, yes. In this paradox lies more truth than in twenty manuals.

An. What was I saying? Did I not tell you that Herr Valer has been asking for you? Won't you go and speak to him?

Da. Valer? I will wait for him. The time when he stood high in my esteem is past. He has laid his books aside for some years. He has had the notion put into his head that one must give oneself the last finish by social intercourse and knowledge of the world, to render useful service to the state. What more can I do than pity him? And yet I shall at last have to feel ashamed of him too. I shall have to feel ashamed of having ever held him worthy of my friendship. Oh, how exacting one ought to be in one's friendships! Yet what has it availed me that I have been so in the highest degree? In vain have I avoided all acquaintance with mediocre persons, in vain have I striven to associate only with genius, only with original minds. Notwithstanding this, Valer deceived me under the mask of such a one. Oh, Valer, Valer!

An. Let it be loud enough, if he is to hear it.

Da. I could have burst with rage at his cold compliments.

What did he talk with me about? Frivolous trifles. And yet he came from Berlin, and might have been the first to inform me of the most pleasing of all news. Oh, Valer, Valer!

An. Hush! He is coming, really. You see he does not like to be called three times.

Enter VALER.

Va. Pardon me, dearest friend, for disturbing you in your studious tranquillity——

An. (*aside*). He had better say "idleness" at once.

Da. Disturbing? Do I imagine you would come to disturb me! No, Valer, I know you too well; you come to bring me the most pleasing news, which is worthy of the attention of a scholar who is expecting his reward.—A chair, Anton!—Sit down.

Va. You are mistaken, my dear friend. I come to complain of your father's fickleness. I come to ask an explanation from you, on which my whole happiness will depend.

Da. Oh, I could see at once, from your manner, that my father's presence had prevented you from speaking to me more confidentially, and expressing your joy to me, at the honor which the just decision of the Academy——

Va. No, my all too learned friend, let us speak for a moment of something less indifferent.

Da. Something less indifferent? Then is my honor a matter of indifference to you? False friend!

Va. That title will befit you if you keep me any longer from that which, for a tender heart, is all important. Is it true that you wish to marry Juliane, and that your father means to bind this too fond girl by bonds of gratitude

to act less freely in her choice? Have I ever made a secret with you of my love for Juliane? Have you not always promised me to assist my love?

Da. You are getting warm, Valer, and forget that the cause is a woman. Put this trifle out of your thoughts. You must have been in Berlin when the Academy adjudged the prize for this year. The subject was "The Monads." Did you not happen to hear that the motto——

Va. How cruel you are, Damis! Answer me, do!

Da. And you won't answer me? Think. Has not the prize been assigned to the motto *Unum est necessarium?* I flatter myself, at least——

Va. I shall soon flatter myself about nothing at all when I see you so evasive. I shall soon have to believe, too, that the report which I took for a joke of Lisette's is true. You consider Juliane unworthy of you, you hold her to be the shame of her sex, and for this very reason you are going to marry her. What a monstrous idea!

Da. Ha-ha-ha!

Va. Yes, laugh on, Damis, laugh on. I am a fool for being able to believe such folly of you for a moment. Either you have made fun of Lisette, or she has made fun of me. No; such a resolution could only enter a disordered brain. To hold it in abhorrence one would need only to think reasonably—without thinking nobly—as we know you are in the habit of doing. But, I implore you, solve this dreadful riddle for me!

Da. You will soon succeed, Valer, in drawing my attention to your gossip. So you really desire that I should subordinate my ambition to your silly fancy? My ambition! However, I prefer to believe you are joking. You wish to see if I, too, am unstable in my resolutions.

Va. I joking? Cursed be any joke that enters my mind!

Da. I shall be the better pleased if you will talk seriously. What I say to you is, the paper with the motto *Unum est necessarium*——

Enter CHRYSANDER.

Chrys. (*with a newspaper in his hand*). Well, is it not so, Herr Valer? My son is not to be dissuaded from the marriage. Don't you see that it is not so much I, as he, who is bent on this marriage?

Da. I! I bent on the marriage?

Chrys. Hist, hist!

Da. What does "Hist, hist!" mean? My honor suffers in this. Might not people think that I cared who knows how much for a wife?

Chrys. Hist, hist!

Va. Oh, pray don't stand upon ceremony! I see it well enough. You are both against me. What ill-fortune it is which brought me into this house! I meet an agreeable woman, I please her, and yet in the end I must relinquish all my hopes. Damis, if I ever had any right to your friendship——

Da. But isn't it so, Valer? For one thing one must complain of the Berlin Academy. Just think, in future the subjects for the prize essays will be made known two years previously. Why two years? Wasn't one enough? Are the Germans so slow? I have been sending in my treatise every year, but, without boasting, I have never worked at it more than a week.

Chrys. But do you know, you good people, what has occurred in the Netherlands? I have the very latest newspaper here. They have come to blows pretty smartly. I really

am quite angry with the allies. Haven't they made a strange business of it again?

An. Now, there they are, all three talking about different things. The one talks of love, another of his treatises, and the third of war. If I, too, am to talk about anything special, it shall be about supper. To fast from midday till six o'clock in the afternoon is no joke.

Va. Unhappy love!

Da. That blundering Academy!

Chrys. Those stupid allies!

An. The fourth voice is still wanting: that dawdling cook!

Enter LISETTE.

Lis. Well, Herr Chrysander, I thought you were gone to call the gentlemen to supper, but I see you want to be called yourself. Supper is already on the table.

An. It was high time. Heaven be praised!

Chrys. Quite true, quite true; I had almost forgotten it altogether. The newsman stopped me on the stairs. Come, Herr Valer; we will consider the present state of the country together over a glass of something. Put Juliane out of your head. And you, my son, may chat with your bride. You will have a capital wife; not such a Xantippe as——

Da. Xantippe? How do you mean? Are you, too, still under the popular delusion that Xantippe was a bad wife?

Chrys. Do you mean to consider her a good one, then? You surely are not going to defend Xantippe? Pshaw! That is a childish mistake. I believe the more you scholars learn, the more you forget.

Da. I maintain, however, that you cannot produce a single valid piece of evidence for your view. That is the first

thing which makes the whole matter suspicious, and for the rest——

Lis. This everlasting palaver!

Chrys. Lisette is right. My son, *contra principia negantem non est disputandum.* Come to supper!

—*"The Young Scholar."*

Erich Raspe

The Lion and the Crocodile

We sailed from Amsterdam with despatches from their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water. Some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth. However, as soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers. In this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees. The weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position; it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him on the spot. He had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened.

The word fortunate, here, requires some explanation.

The chief was a man of very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the

island were half starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber-gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for our destination.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness.

After we had resided there about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could. In our excursion he had made considerable progress through a thick wood, when I was only at the entrance.

Near the bank of a large piece of water I thought I heard a rustling noise behind me. On turning about, I was almost petrified (as who would not be?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my gun was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me. However, though I could have no chance of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I

had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach, and the report only enraged him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed. I attempted to escape, but that only added—if any addition could be made—to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his jaws wide open, ready to receive me.

On my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a hole at the bottom full of venomous creatures. In short, I gave myself up for lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me. I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterward appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment. After waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded. After listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth, which, as before observed, was wide open. The head of the one stuck in the throat of the other, and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my hunting-knife, which was by my side. With this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet. I then, with the butt-end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed

him by suffocation, for he could neither swallow nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for, finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant. One of them is, that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile, and was making his escape at the back door, when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it. Nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth, that he sometimes adds: "As soon as the crocodile missed his tail, he turned about, snatched the hunting-knife out of the baron's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart and killed him immediately!"

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts*

may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

—"*Adventures of Baron Münchausen.*"

A Horse Tied to a Steeple

I SET off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course improve the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of traveling. I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul. Though I felt the severity of the atmosphere myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying:

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on. Night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired out, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like the pointed stump of a tree which appeared above the snow. For the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and laid down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment at finding myself in the

midst of a village, lying in a churchyard. Nor was my horse to be seen; but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upward, I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple. Matters were now quite plain to me. The village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change in the weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard while asleep at the same rate as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration, I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey.—*"Adventures of Baron Münchausen."*

The Frozen Tunes

Peace having been concluded with the Turks, and I gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-Marshal Münnich, and many others, were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe, that, ever since, the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place, I felt greater inconveniences on the road than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bade the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might. But his endeavors were in vain; he could not

make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for, soon after, we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way. There was no possibility of proceeding. However, I got out of my carriage, and, being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head. I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage. I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, harnessed them, and went on to the inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old. In making my second jump over the hedge, he expressed a great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting. However, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat-pocket. After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves. He hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire. I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *Tereng-tereng-teng-teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn. His tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the good fellow entertained us for some time by a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn, such as *The King of Prussia's March, Up Hill and Down Dale,* and many other favorite airs.

Some travelers are apt to relate more than is perhaps strictly true. If any of the company entertain a doubt of my

veracity, I shall only say to such that I pity their want of faith.—*" Adventures of Baron Münchausen."*

A Rather Large Whale

I EMBARKED at Portsmouth, in a first-rate English man-of-war of one hundred guns and fourteen hundred men, for North America. Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived within three hundred leagues of the river St. Lawrence, when the ship struck with amazing force against (as we supposed) a rock. However, upon heaving the lead, we could find no bottom, even with three hundred fathoms. What made this circumstance the more wonderful, and indeed beyond all comprehension, was, that the violence of the shock was such that we lost our rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and split all our masts from top to bottom, two of which went by the board. A poor fellow, who was aloft furling the main-sheet, was flung at least three leagues from the ship; but he fortunately saved his life by laying hold of the tail of a large sea-gull, which brought him back and lodged him on the very spot whence he was thrown. Another proof of the violence of the shock was the force with which the people between decks were driven against the floors above them. My head particularly was pressed into my stomach, where it continued some months before it returned to its natural situation.

While we were all in a state of astonishment at the general and unaccountable confusion in which we were involved, the whole was suddenly explained by the appearance of a large whale, which had been basking, asleep, within sixteen feet of the surface of the water. This animal was so much

displeased with the disturbance which our ship had given him—for in our passage we had with our rudder scratched his nose—that he beat in all the gallery and part of the quarter-deck with his tail, and almost at the same instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was suspended, as it usually is, from the head, between his teeth, and ran away with the ship at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve leagues an hour, when, fortunately, the cable broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor. However, upon our return to Europe, some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water. It measured above half a mile in length. As we could take only a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with much difficulty cut off his head, where, to our great joy, we found the anchor, and above forty fathoms of the cable, concealed on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue. Perhaps this was the cause of his death, as that side of his tongue was much swelled with severe inflammation.

This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage. One part of our distress, however, I had like to have forgot. While the whale was running away with the ship she sprang a leak, and the water poured in so fast that all our pumps could not keep us from sinking. It was, however, my good fortune to discover it first. I found a large hole about a foot in diameter, and you will naturally suppose this circumstance gives me infinite pleasure, when I inform you that this noble vessel was preserved, with all its crew, by a most happy thought of mine. In short, I sat down over it, and could have covered it had it been even larger. Nor will you be surprised at this when I inform you that I am descended from Dutch parents.

My situation, while I sat there, was rather cool, but the carpenter's art soon relieved me.

—"*Adventures of Baron Münchausen.*"

The Siege of Gibraltar

DURING the late siege of Gibraltar I went with a provision fleet, under Lord Rodney's command, to see my old friend General Elliot, who has, by his distinguished defense of that place, won laurels that can never fade. After the usual joy which generally attends the meeting of old friends had subsided, I went to examine the state of the garrison and view the operations of the enemy, for which purpose the general accompanied me. I had brought a most excellent refracting telescope with me from London, purchased of Dollond, by the help of which I found the enemy were going to discharge a thirty-six-pounder at the spot where we stood. I told the general what they were about. He looked through the glass also, and found my conjectures right. I immediately, by his permission, ordered a forty-eight-pounder to be brought from a neighboring battery, which I placed with so much exactness (having long studied the art of gunnery) that I was sure of my mark.

I continued watching the enemy till I saw the match placed at the touch-hole of their piece. At that very instant I gave the signal for our gun to be fired also.

About midway between the two pieces of cannon the balls struck each other with amazing force, and the effect was astonishing! The enemy's ball recoiled back with such violence as to kill the man who had discharged it, by carrying

his head fairly off, with sixteen others which it met with in its progress to the Barbary coast, where its force, after passing through three masts of vessels that then lay in a line behind each other in the harbor, was so much spent, that it only broke its way through the roof of a poor laborer's hut about two hundred yards inland, and destroyed a few teeth an old woman had left, who lay asleep on her back with her mouth open. The ball lodged in her throat. Her husband soon after came home and endeavored to extract it; but finding that impracticable, by the assistance of a rammer he forced it into her stomach. Our ball did excellent service; for it not only repelled the other in the manner just described, but, proceeding as I intended it should, it dismounted the very piece of cannon that had just been employed against us, and forced it into the hold of the ship, where it fell with so much force as to break its way through the bottom. The ship immediately filled and sank, with above a thousand Spanish sailors on board, besides a considerable number of soldiers. This, to be sure, was a most extraordinary exploit. I will not, however, take the whole merit to myself; my judgment was the principal engine, but chance assisted me a little; for I afterward found that the man who charged our forty-eight-pounder put in, by mistake, a double quantity of powder, else we could never have succeeded so much beyond all expectation, especially in repelling the enemy's ball.

General Elliot would have given me a commission for this singular piece of service; but I declined everything, except his thanks, which I received at a crowded table of officers at supper on the evening of that very day.

As I am very partial to the English, who are beyond all doubt a brave people, I determined not to take my leave of

the garrison till I had rendered them another piece of service, and in about three weeks an opportunity presented itself. I dressed myself in the habit of a Romish priest, and at about one o'clock in the morning stole out of the garrison, passed the enemy's lines, and arrived in the middle of their camp, where I entered the tent in which the Prince d'Artois was, with the commander-in-chief and several other officers, in deep council, concerting a plan to storm the fortress next morning. My disguise was my protection. I was allowed to remain there, hearing everything that passed, till they went to their several beds. When I found the whole camp, and even the sentinels, were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, I began my work, which was that of dismounting all their cannon (above three hundred pieces), from forty-eight- to twenty-four-pounders, and throwing them three leagues into the sea. Having no assistance, I found this the hardest task I ever undertook, except swimming to the opposite shore with the famous Turkish piece of ordnance described by Baron de Tott in his *Memoirs*. I then piled all the carriages together in the center of the camp, which, to prevent the noise of the wheels being heard, I carried in pairs under my arms; and a noble appearance they made, as high at least as the rock of Gibraltar. I then produced a spark by striking a flint stone, situated twenty feet from the ground (in an old wall built by the Moors when they invaded Spain), with the breech of an iron eight-and-forty-pounder, and so set fire to the whole pile. I forgot to inform you that I threw all their ammunition wagons upon the top.

Before I applied the lighted match I had laid the combustibles at the bottom so judiciously, that the whole was in a blaze in a moment. To prevent suspicion, I was one of the first to express my surprise. The whole camp was, as you may

imagine, petrified with astonishment. The general conclusion was that the sentinels had been bribed, and that seven or eight regiments of the garrison had been employed in this horrid destruction of their artillery. Mr. Drinkwater, in his account of this famous siege, mentions the enemy sustaining a great loss by a fire which happened in their camp, but never knew the cause. How should he? I never divulged it before (though I alone saved Gibraltar by this night's business), not even to General Elliot. The Count d'Artois and all his attendants ran away in their fright, and never stopped on the road till they reached Paris, which they did in about a fortnight. This dreadful conflagration had such an effect upon them that they were incapable of taking the least refreshment for three months after, but, chameleon-like, lived upon air.

If any gentleman says he doubts the truth of this story, I will fine him a gallon of brandy, and make him drink it at one draft.—*"Adventures of Baron Münchausen."*

Gottfried Bürger

The Wives of Weinsberg

WHICH way to Weinsberg? Neighbor, say!
'Tis sure a famous city;
It must have cradled, in its day,
Full many a maid of noble clay,
And matrons wise and witty;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

King Conrad once, historians say,
Fell out with this good city;
So down he came, one luckless day,
Horse, foot, dragoons, in stern array,
And cannon, more's the pity!
'Around the walls the artillery roared,
'And bursting bombs their fury poured.

But naught the little town could scare;
Then, red with indignation,
He bade the herald straight repair
Up to the gates, and thunder there
The following proclamation:
"Rascals! when I your town do take,
No living thing shall save its neck!"

Now, when the herald's trumpet sent
These tidings through the city,
To every house a death-knell went;
Such murder-cries the hot air rent
Might move the stones to pity.
Then bread grew dear, and good advice
Could not be had for any price.

Then "Wo is me!" "Oh, misery!"
What shrieks of lamentation!
And "Kyrie Eleison!" cried
The pastors, and the flock replied,
"Lord, save us from starvation!"
"Oh, wo is me, poor Corydon!
My neck—my neck! I'm gone! I'm gone!"

Yet oft, when counsel, deed, and prayer
Had all proved unavailing,
When hope hung trembling on a hair,
How oft has woman's wit been there—
A refuge never failing;
For woman's wit and papal fraud
Of olden time were famed abroad.

A youthful dame—praised be her name!—
Last night had seen her plighted,
And whether in waking hour or dream,
Conceived a rare and novel scheme,
Which all the town delighted;
Which you, if you think otherwise,
Have leave to laugh at and despise.

Gottfried Bürger

At midnight hour, when culverin
    And gun and bomb were sleeping,
Before the camp, with mournful mien,
The loveliest embassy were seen,
    All kneeling low and weeping.
So sweetly, plaintively they prayed,
But no reply save this was made:

"The women have free leave to go,
    Each with her choicest treasure;
But let the knaves, their husbands, know
That unto them the king will show
    The weight of his displeasure."
With these sad terms the lovely train
Stole weeping from the camp again.

But when the morning gilt the sky,
    What happened? Give attention.
The city gates wide open fly,
And all the wives came trudging by,
    Each bearing—need I mention?—
Her own dear husband on her back,
All snugly seated in a sack!

Full many a sprig of court, the joke
    Not relishing, protested,
And urged the king; but Conrad spoke:
"A monarch's word must not be broke!"
    And there the matter rested.
"Bravo!" he cried. "Ha-ha! Bravo!
Our lady guessed it would be so."

He pardoned all, and gave a ball,
That night, at royal quarters.
The fiddles squeaked, the trumpets blew,
And up and down the dancers flew,
Court sprigs with city daughters.
The mayor's wife—oh, rarest sight!—
Danced with the shoemaker that night!

Ah, where is Weinsberg, sir, I pray?
'Tis sure a famous city;
It must have cradled, in its day,
Full many a maid of noble clay,
And matrons wise and witty;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

—*"Ballads."*

Matthias Claudius

The Hen and the Egg

A FAMOUS hen's my story's theme,
Who ne'er was known to tire
Of laying eggs, but then she'd scream
So loud o'er every egg, 'twould seem
The house must be on fire.
A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,
A wiser bird, and older,
Could bear't no more, so off did stalk
Right to the hen, and told her:
"Madam, that scream, I apprehend,
Does not affect the matter;
It surely helps the eggs no whit;
So, lay your egg—and done with it!
I pray you, madam, as a friend,
Cease that superfluous clatter.
You know not how't goes through my head!"
"Humph! Very likely!" madam said,
Then, proudly putting forth a leg:
"Uneducated barnyard fowl,
You know no more than any owl
The noble privilege and praise
Of authorship in modern days!
I'll tell you why I do it:
First, you perceive, I lay my egg,
And then—review it."

—*"Fables."*

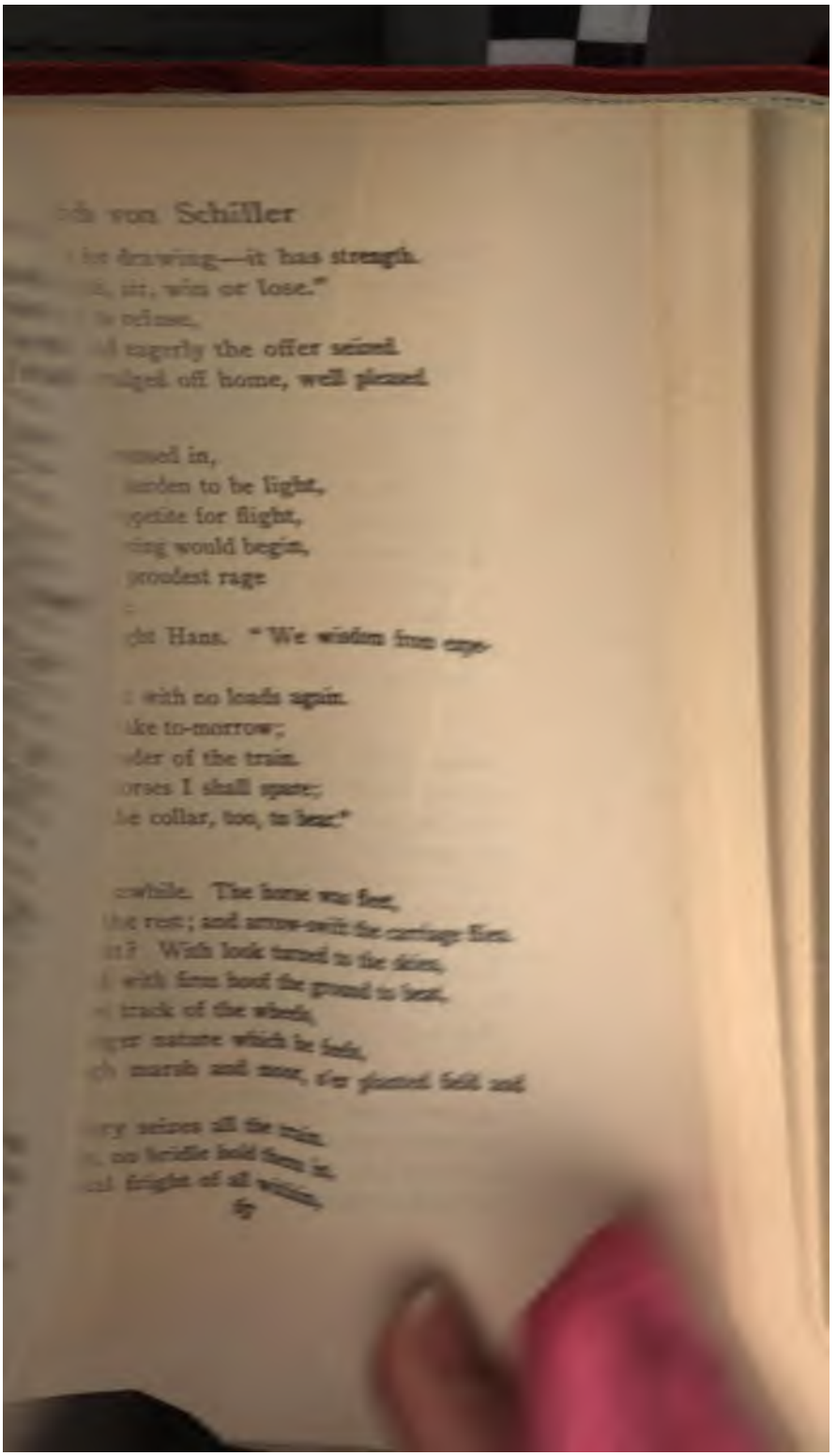
Friedrich von Schiller

The Capuchin's Sermon

CAPUCHIN *and* SOLDIERS.

Cap. HURRAH! Hullo! Tol, lol, de rol, le!
The fun's at its height! I'll not be away!
Is't an army of Christians that joins in such works?
Or are we all turned Anabaptists and Turks?
In the Sabbath a day for this sport in the land,
As though the great God had the gout in His hand,
And thus couldn't smite in the midst of your band?
Say, is this a time for your reveling shouts,
For your banquetings, feasts, and holiday bouts?
Quid hic statis otiosi? Declare
Why, folding your arms, stand ye lazily there?
While the furies of war on the Danube now fare,
And Bavaria's bulwark is lying full low,
And Ratisbon's fast in the clutch of the foe,
Yet the troops they lie here in Bohemia still,
And caring for naught, so their paunches they fill!
Bottles far rather than battles you'd get,
And your bills than your broadswords more readily
wet.
With the wenches, I ween, is your dearest concern,
And you'd rather roast oxen than Oxenstiern.
In sackcloth and ashes while Christendom's grieving,
No thought has the soldier his guzzle of leaving.
'Tis a time of misery, groans, and tears!
Portentous the face of the heavens appears!

And forth from the clouds, behold blood-red,
The Lord's war-mantle is downward spread,
While the comet is thrust, as a threatening rod,
From the window of heaven by the hand of God.
The world is but one vast house of wo;
The ark of the church stems a bloody flow;
The Holy Empire—God help the same!—
Has wretchedly sunk to a hollow name.
The Rhine's gay stream has a gory gleam;
The cloisters' nests are robbed by roisters;
The church-lands now are changed to lurch-lands;
Abbacies, and all other holy foundations,
Now are but robber-sees—rogues' habitations.
And thus is each once-blest German state
Deep sunk in the gloom of the desolate!
Whence comes all this? Oh, that will I tell:
It comes of your doings, of sin, and of hell;
Of the horrible, heathenish lives ye lead,
Soldiers and officers, all of a breed.
For sin is the magnet, on every hand,
That draws your steel throughout the land!
As the onion causes the tear to flow,
So vice must ever be followed by wo.
The W duly succeeds the V,
This is the order of A, B, C.
Ubi erit victoriæ spes,
Si offenditur Deus? which says,
How, pray ye, shall victory e'er come to pass,
If thus you play truant from sermon and mass,
And do nothing but lazily loll o'er the glass?
The woman, we're told in the Testament,
Found the penny in search whereof she went;



...for drawing—it has strength.
..., sir, win or lose."
...to refuse,
...d eagerly the offer seized.
...ulged off home, well pleased.

...ussed in,
...urden to be light,
...petite for flight,
...ing would begin,
...proudest rage
...
...ght Hans. "We wisdom from expe-

...t with no loads again.
...ke to-morrow;
...der of the train.
...orses I shall spare;
...he collar, too, to bear."

...ewhile. The horse was fleet,
...the rest; and arrow-swift the carriage flies.
...t? With look turned to the skies,
...d with firm hoof the ground to beat,
...l track of the wheels,
...ger nature which he feels,
...gh marsh and moor, o'er planted field and

...ry seizes all the train.
..., no bridle hold them in,
...al fright of all within,

Saul met with his father's asses again,
And Joseph his precious fraternal train;
But he who 'mong soldiers shall hope to see
God's fear, or shame, or discipline, he
From his toil, beyond doubt, will baffled return,
Though a hundred lamps in the search he burn.
To the wilderness preacher, th' evangelist says,
The soldiers, too, thronged to repent of their ways,
And had themselves christened, in former days.
Quid faciemus nos? they said—
Toward Abraham's bosom what path must we tread?
Et ait illis, and, said he,
Neminem concutiatis;
From bother and wrongs leave your neighbors free.
Neque calumniam faciatis;
And deal nor in slander nor lies, d'ye see?
Contenti estote—content ye, pray—
Stipendiis vestris—with your pay—
And curse forever each evil way.
There is a command, thou shalt not utter
The name of the Lord thy God in vain;
But where is it men most blasphemies mutter?
Why, here, in Duke Friedland's headquarters, 'tis plain.
If for every thunder, and every blast,
Which blazing ye from your tongue-points cast,
The bells were but rung in the country round,
Not a bellman, I ween, would there soon be found;
And if for every unholy prayer
Which to vent from your jabbering jaws you dare,
From your noddles were plucked but the smallest hair,
Ev'ry crop would be smooth ere the sun went down,
Though at morn 'twere as bushy as Absalom's crown.

Now, Joshua, methinks, was a soldier as well;
By the arm of King David the Philistine fell;
But where do we find it written, I pray,
That they ever blasphemed in this villainous way?
One would think ye need stretch your jaws no more,
To cry, "God help us!" than "Zounds!" to roar.
But, by the liquor that's poured in the cask, we know
With what it will bubble and overflow.
Again, it is written, "Thou shalt not steal,"
And this you follow, i' faith, to the letter,
For open-faced robbery suits you better!
The gripe of your vulture claws you fix
On all, and your wiles and rascally tricks
Make the gold unhid in our coffers now,
And the calf unsafe while yet in the cow.
Ye take both the egg and the hen, I vow!
Contenti estote, the preacher said;
Which means: be content with your army bread.
But how should the slaves not from duty swerve?
The mischief begins with the lord they serve;
Just like the members, so is the head.
I should like to know who can tell me his creed.
Ne custodias gregem meam!
An Ahab is he, and a Jeroboam,
Who the people from faith's unerring way,
To the worship of idols would turn astray.
Such a Bramarbas, whose iron tooth
Would seize all the strongholds of earth, forsooth!
Did he not boast, with ungodly tongue,
That Stralsund must needs to his grasp be wrung,
Though to heaven itself with a chain 'twere strung?
A wizard he is—and a sorcerer Saul—

Holofernes—a Jehu—denying, we know,
Like St. Peter, his Master and Lord below!
And hence must he quail when the cock doth crow.
He's a fox more cunning than Herod, I trow,
A Nebuchadnezzar in towering pride,
And a vile and heretic sinner beside!
He calls himself rightly the stone of a wall,
For, faith, he's a stumbling-stone to us all!
And ne'er can the emperor have peace indeed,
Till of Friedland himself the land is freed!

—"*Wallenstein's Camp.*"

Pegasus in the Yoke

Into a public fair—a cattle-fair, in short,
Where other things are bought and sold—ah, sad to tell!
A hungry poet one day brought
The Muse's Pegasus, to sell.

Shrill neighed the hippogriff and clear,
And pranced, and reared, displaying his proud frame,
Till all exclaimed in wonder, who stood near,
"The noble, royal beast! But what a shame
His slender form by such a hateful pair
Of wings is spoiled! He'd set off a fine post-team well."
"The race," say others, "would be rare;
But who'd go posting through the air?"
And lose his money no one will.
A farmer mustered courage, though, at length,
"The wings, indeed," he says, "will be no profit;
But them one might tie down, or crop them off; it

Then were a good horse for drawing—it has strength.
I'll give you twenty pounds, sir, win or lose."
The seller, too delighted to refuse,
Cried out, "Agreed!" and eagerly the offer seized.
Hans with his bargain trudged off home, well pleased.

The noble beast was harnessed in,
But felt th' unwonted burden to be light,
And off he set with appetite for flight,
And soon his wild careering would begin,
And hurled the cart in proudest rage
Over a precipice's edge.
"Well done!" thought Hans. "We wisdom from experience borrow;
I'll trust the mad beast with no loads again.
I've passengers to take to-morrow;
He shall be put in leader of the train.
By using him, two horses I shall spare;
He'll learn in time the collar, too, to bear."

They went on well awhile. The horse was fleet,
And quickened up the rest; and arrow-swift the carriage flies.
But now, what next? With look turned to the skies,
And unaccustomed with firm hoof the ground to beat,
He leaves the sure track of the wheels,
True to the stronger nature which he feels,
And runs through marsh and moor, o'er planted field and plain;
And the same fury seizes all the train.
No call will help, no bridle hold them in,
Till, to the mortal fright of all within,

The coach, well shaken and well smashed, brings up
In sad plight on a steep hill's top.

"This is not quite the thing! No, no!"
Says Hans, considering, with a frown.
"In this way I shall never make it go.
Let's see if 'twill not tame the wild-fire down,
To work him hard, and keep him low."
The trial's made. The beast, so fair and trim,
Before three days are gone looks gaunt and grim,
And to a shadow shrunk. "I have it! I have found it now!"
Cries Hans. "Come on, now. Yoke me him
Beside my strongest ox before the plow."

So said, so done. In droll procession now,
See ox and wingèd horse before the plow.
Unwilling steps the griffin, strains what little might
Of longing's left in him, to take his fond old flight.
In vain: deliberately steps his neighbor,
And Phœbus' high-souled steed must bend to his slow labor,
Till now, by long resistance spent his force,
His trembling limbs he can no longer trust,
And, bowed with shame, the noble, godlike horse
Falls to the ground, and rolls him in the dust.

"You cursèd beast!" Hans breaks out furious now,
And scolds and blusters, while he lays the blows on;
"You are too poor, then, even for the plow!
You rascal, so my ignorance to impose on!"

And while in this way angrily he goes on,
And swings the lash, behold! upon the way
A pleasant youth steps up so smart and gay.
  A harp shakes ringing in his hand,
And through his glossy, parted hair
  Winds glittering a golden band.
"Where now, friend, with that wondrous pair?"
  From far off to the boor he spoke.
"The bird and ox together in that style?
  I pray you, man, why, what a yoke!
But come, to try a little while,
  Will you entrust your horse to me?
  Look well: a wonder you shall see."

The hippogriff's unyoked, and with a smile
  The youth springs lightsomely upon his back.
Scarce feels the beast the master's certain hand,
But gnashes at his wings' confining band,
  And mounts, with lightning-look, the airy track.
No more the being that he was, but royally,
A spirit now, a god, up mounteth he;
  Unfurls at once, as for their far storm-flight,
His splendid wings, and shoots to heaven with fierce, wild neigh;
And ere the eye can follow him, away
  He melts into the clear blue height.

Wolfgang von Goethe

Satanic Advice to a Student

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in Faust's Gown, and* STUDENT.

Stu. But recently I've quitted home;
Full of devotion am I come,
A man to see and hear, whose name—
With reverence—is known to fame.

Meph. Your courtesy much flatters me!
A man like other men you see;
Pray, have you yet applied elsewhere?

Stu. I would entreat your friendly care!
I've youthful blood and courage high;
Of gold I bring a fair supply;
To let me go, my mother was not fain;
But here I longed true knowledge to attain.

Meph. You've hit upon the very place.

Stu. And yet my steps I would retrace.
These walls, this melancholy room,
O'erpower me with a sense of gloom.
The space is narrow; nothing green,
No friendly tree is to be seen;
And in these halls, with benches lined,
Sight, hearing, fail; fails, too, my mind.

Meph. It all depends on habit. Thus, at first,
The infant takes not kindly to the breast,
But before long, its eager thirst
Is fain to slake with hearty zest.

Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day
With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.

Stu. Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy;
To reach her, say, what means must I employ?

Meph. Explain, ere further time we lose,
What special faculty you choose.

Stu. Profoundly learnèd I would grow;
What heaven contains would comprehend;
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend;
Nature and science I desire to know.

Meph. You are upon the proper track, I find;
Take heed, let nothing dissipate your mind.

Stu. My heart and soul are in the chase!
Though, to be sure, I fain would seize
On pleasant summer holidays
A little liberty and careless ease.

Meph. Use well your time, so rapidly it flies.
Method will teach you time to win;
Hence, my young friend, I would advise,
With logic's study to begin.
Then will your mind be so well braced,
In Spanish boots so tightly laced,
That on 'twill circumspectly creep,
Thought's beaten track securely keep;
Nor will it, *ignis-fatuus* like,
Into the path of error strike.
Then many a day they'll teach you how
The mind's spontaneous acts, till now
As eating and as drinking free,
Require a process: one, two, three!
In truth, the subtle web of thought
Is like the weaver's fabric wrought:

One treadle moves a thousand lines,
Swift dart the shuttles to and fro,
Unseen the threads together flow,
A thousand knots one stroke combines.
Then forward steps your sage to show,
And prove to you, it must be so;
The first being so, and so the second,
The third and fourth deduc'd we see;
And if there were no first and second,
Nor third nor fourth would ever be.
This, scholars of all countries prize,
Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise.
He who would know and treat of aught alive,
Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive;
Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,
There only fails, alas! the spirit-band.
This process, chemists name, in learned thesis,
Mocking themselves, *Naturæ encheiresis.*

Stu. Your words I cannot fully comprehend.

Meph. In a short time you will improve, my friend,
When of scholastic forms you learn the use,
And how by method all things to reduce.

Stu. So doth all this my brain confound,
As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

Meph. And next, before aught else you learn,
You must with zeal to metaphysics turn.
There see that you profoundly comprehend
What doth the limit of man's brain transcend;
For that which is or is not in the head,
A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.
But, before all, strive this half year
From one fix'd order ne'er to swerve.

Five lectures daily you must hear;
The hour always punctually observe!
Yourself with studious zeal prepare,
And closely in your manual look;
Hereby may you be quite aware
That all the lect'rer utters standeth in the book.
Still, write away without cessation,
As at the Holy Ghost's dictation!

Stu. This, sir, a second time you need not say.
Your counsel I appreciate quite;
What we possess in black and white,
We can in peace and comfort bear away.

Meph. A faculty I pray you name.

Stu. For jurisprudence some distaste I own.

Meph. To me this branch of science is well known,
And hence I cannot your repugnance blame.
Customs and laws in every place,
Like a disease, an heirloom dread,
Still trail their curse from race to race,
And furtively abroad they spread.
To nonsense, reason's self, they turn;
Beneficence becomes a pest;
Wo unto thee, that thou'rt a grandson born!
As for the law born with us, unexpressed,
That law, alas, none careth to discern!

Stu. You deepen my dislike. The youth
Whom you instruct, is blest, in sooth.
To try theology I feel inclined.

Meph. I would not lead you willingly astray,
But as regards this science, you will find,
So hard it is to shun the erring way,

And so much hidden poison lies therein,
Which scarce you can discern from medicine.
Here, too, it is the best to listen but to one,
And by the master's words to swear alone.
To sum up all: To words hold fast!
Then the safe gate securely pass'd,
You'll reach the fane of certainty at last.

Stu. But then, some meaning must the words convey.

Meph. Right! But o'eranxious thought you'll find of no avail,
For there, precisely where ideas fail,
A word comes opportunely into play.
Most admirable weapons words are found;
On words a system we securely ground;
In words we can conveniently believe,
Nor of a single jot can we a word bereave.

Stu. Your pardon for my importunity,
Yet once more must I trouble you:
On medicine, I'll thank you to supply
A pregnant utterance or two.
Three years! How brief the appointed tide!
The field, Heaven knows, is all too wide!
If but a friendly hint be thrown,
'Tis easier then to feel one's way.

Meph. (*aside*). I'm weary of the dry pedantic tone,
And must again the genuine devil play.—
Of medicine the spirit's caught with ease;
The great and little world you study through,
That things may then their course pursue,
As Heaven please.
In vain abroad you range through science' ample space;

Wolfgang von Goethe

Each man learns only that which learn he can;
Who knows the moment to embrace,
He is your proper man.
In person you are tolerably made,
Nor in assurance will you be deficient;
Self-confidence acquire; be not afraid;
Others will then esteem you a proficient.
Learn chiefly with the other sex to deal!
Their thousand "Ahs" and "Ohs,"
These the sage doctor knows,
And only from one point need heal.
Assume a decent tone of courteous ease;
You have them, then, to humor as you please.
First a diploma must belief infuse
That you in your profession take the lead;
You then at once those easy freedoms use
For which another many a year must plead.
Learn how to feel with nice address
The dainty wrist, and how to press,
With ardent, furtive glance, the slender waist,
To feel how tightly it is laced.

Stu. There is some sense in that! One sees the how and why.

Meph. Gray is, young friend, all theory,
And green of life the golden tree.

Stu. I swear it seemeth like a dream to me.
May I some future time repeat my visit,
To hear on what your wisdom grounds your views?

Meph. Command my humble service when you choose.

—*"Faust," Part I.*

Bruin's Embassy

Now with his trusty staff the Bear set forth,
And with his best grease larded the lean earth;
Through forests vast he went, and deserts drear;
But his bold heart knew neither doubt nor fear.
At length the mountain region he approached,
Wherein Sir Reynard generally poached;
But Bruin would not tarry or delay;
Tow'rd Malepartus held he on his way,
The fav'rite fastness of the robber chief,
And there he hoped to catch the wily thief;
Thither for safety usually he fled,
When threat'ning danger overhung his head.
At length Sir Bruin stood before the gate,
And, finding it was shut, he scratched his pate,
Not knowing whether best to go or wait.
Then he began to cry, with mighty din:
"What, Cousin Reynard, ho! are you within?
Bruin the Bear it is who calls! I bring
A missive from our sovereign lord, the king!
He orders you, all business laid aside,
Repair to court and there your doom abide;
That equal right and justice may be done,
And satisfaction given to every one.
I am to fetch you. If you hesitate,
The gallows or the wheel will be your fate.
Better to come at once, fair cousin, sith
The king, you know, will not be trifled with."
Reynard from the beginning to the end

Had heard this summons, and did now perpend
In what way he might punish his fat friend.
Into a private corner he had fled,
Where he could hear securely all was said.
His keep was built with many a secret door,
With traps above and pits beneath the floor;
With labyrinthine passages and channels,
With secret chambers and with sliding panels.
There he would often hide, the cunning hound,
When he was wanted, and would not be found.
Amid this intricate obscurity,
Where none could safely find his path but he,
Full many a simple beast has lost his way,
And to the wily robber fall'n a prey.
  Reynard suspected there might be some cheat,
For the deceitful always fear deceit.
Was Bruin quite alone? He felt afraid
There might be others hid in ambuscade.
But soon as he was fully satisfied
His fears were vain, forth from the door he hied,
And, "Welcome, dearest uncle, here!" quoth he,
With studied look of deep humility,
And the most jesuitical of whispers,
"I heard you call, but I was reading vespers.
I am quite grieved you should have had to wait,
In this cold wind, too, standing at my gate.
How glad I am you're come! for I feel sure,
With your kind aid, my cause will be secure;
However that may be, at least, I know
More welcome nobody could be than you.
But truly 'twas a pity, I must say,
T' have sent you such a long and tedious way.

Good heavens! how hot you are! You're tired to death!
How wet your hair is, and how scant your breath!
Although no slight our good king could have meant,
Some other messenger he might have sent
Than Bruin, the chief glory of his court,
His kingdom's main adornment and support.
Though I should be the last to blame his choice,
Who have, in sooth, no cause but to rejoice.
How I am slandered well aware am I,
But on your love of justice I rely,
That you will speak of things just as you find them.
As for my enemies, I need not mind them;
Their malice vainly shall my cause assail;
For truth, we know, is great, and must prevail.
To court to-morrow we will take our way.
I should myself prefer to start to-day,
Not having cause—why should I have?—to hide;
But I am rather bad in my inside.
By what I've eaten I am quite upset,
And nowise fitted for a journey yet."
"What was it?" asked Sir Bruin, quite prepared,
For Reynard had not thrown him off his guard.
"Ah," quoth the Fox, "what boots it to explain?
E'en your kind pity could not ease my pain.
Since flesh I have abjured, for my soul's weal,
I'm often sadly put to't for a meal.
I bear my wretched life as best I can;
A hermit fares not like an alderman.
But yesterday, as other viands failed,
I ate some honey—see how I am swelled!
Of that there's always to be had enough.
Would I had never touched the cursed stuff!

I ate it out of sheer necessity;
Physic is not so nauseous near to me."
"Honey!" exclaimed the Bear; "did you say honey!
Would I could any get for love or money!
How can you speak so ill of what's so good?
Honey has ever been my fav'rite food;
It is so wholesome, and so sweet and luscious,
I can't conceive how you can call it nauseous.
Do get me some o't, and you may depend
You'll make me evermore your steadfast friend."
"You're surely joking, uncle!" Reynard cried.
"No, on my sacred word!" the Bear replied;
"I'd not, though jokes as blackberries were rife,
Joke upon such a subject for my life."
"Well, you surprise me!" said the knavish beast.
"There's no accounting, certainly, for taste;
And one man's meat is oft another's poison.
I'll wager that you never set your eyes on
Such store of honey as you soon shall spy
At Gaffer Joiner's, who lives here hard by."
In fancy o'er the treat did Bruin gloat,
While his mouth fairly watered at the thought.
"Oh, take me, take me there, dear coz," quoth he,
"And I will ne'er forget your courtesy!
Oh, let me have a taste, if not my fill;
Do, cousin." Reynard grinned, and said, "I will.
Honey you shall not long time be without.
'Tis true just now I'm rather sore of foot;
But what of that? The love I bear to you
Shall make the road seem short, and easy too.
Not one of all my kith or kin is there
Whom I so honor as th' illustrious Bear.

Come, then, and in return I know you'll say
A good word for me on the council day.
You shall have honey to your heart's content,
And wax, too, if your fancy's that way bent."
Whacks of a different sort the sly rogue meant.
  Off starts the wily Fox, in merry trim,
And Bruin blindly follows after him.
"If you have luck," thought Reynard, with a titter,
"I guess you'll find our honey rather bitter."
  When they at length reached Goodman Joiner's yard,
The joy that Bruin felt he might have spared.
But hope, it seems, by some eternal rule,
Beguiles the wisest as the merest fool.
  'Twas ev'ning now, and Reynard knew, he said,
The goodman would be safe and sound in bed.
A good and skilful carpenter was he;
Within his yard there lay an old oak-tree,
Whose gnarled and knotted trunk he had to split.
A stout wedge had he driven into it;
The cleft gaped open a good three foot wide;
Toward this spot the crafty Reynard hied.
"Uncle," quoth he, "your steps this way direct;
You'll find more honey here than you suspect.
In at this fissure boldly thrust your pate;
But I beseech you to be moderate.
Remember, sweetest things the soonest cloy,
And temperance enhances every joy."
  "What!" said the Bear, a shock'd look as he put on
Of self-restraint; "d'ye take me for a glutton?
With thanks I use the gifts of Providence,
But to abuse them count a grave offense."
  And so Sir Bruin let himself be fooled—

As strength will be whene'er by craft 'tis ruled.
Into the cleft he thrust his greedy maw
Up to the ears, and either foremost paw.
Reynard drew near, and tugging might and main
Pulled forth the wedge, and the trunk closed again.
By head and foot was Bruin firmly caught,
Nor threats nor flatt'ry could avail him aught.
He howled, he raved, he struggled, and he tore,
Till the whole place reechoed with his roar,
And Goodman Joiner, wakened by the rout,
Jumped up, much wond'ring what 'twas all about.
He seized his ax, that he might be prepared,
And danger, if it came, might find him on his guard.
  Still howled the Bear, and struggled to get free
From the accursed grip of that cleft tree.
He strove and strained, but strained and strove in vain;
His mightiest efforts but increased his pain;
He thought he never should get loose again.
And Reynard thought the same, for his own part,
And wished it, too, devoutly from his heart.
And as the joiner coming he espied,
Armed with his ax, the jesting ruffian cried:
  "Uncle, what cheer? Is th' honey to your taste?
Don't eat too quick; there's no such need of haste.
The joiner's coming, and I make no question,
He brings you your dessert, to help digestion."
  Then, deeming 'twas not longer safe to stay,
To Malepartus back he took his way.
  The joiner, when he came and saw the Bear,
Off to the ale-house did with speed repair,
Where oft the villagers would sit and swill;
There a good many sat carousing still.

"Neighbors," quoth he, "be quick! In my courtyard
A Bear is trapped! Come, and come well prepared.
I vow 'tis true." Up started every man,
And pell-mell, helter-skelter off they ran,
Seizing whatever handiest they could take,
A pitchfork one, another grasps a rake,
A third a flail; and armed was ev'ry one
With some chance weapon, stick or stake or stone.
The priest and sacristan both joined the throng,
One with a mattock, t'other with a prong.
The parson's maid came, too, Judith her name,
And fair was she of face and fair of fame.
(His Rev'rence could not live without her aid;
She cooked his victuals, and she warmed his bed.)
She brought the distaff she had used all day,
With which she hoped the luckless Bear to pay.
Bruin with terror heard th' approaching roar,
And with fresh desperation tugged and tore.
His head he thus got free from out the cleft;
But hide and hair, alack! behind he left;
While from the hideous wound the crimson blood
Adown his breast in copious currents flow'd.
Was never seen so pitiable a beast!
It holp him naught his head to have released!
His feet still being fastened in the tree,
These with one more huge effort he set free.
But than his head no better fared his paws,
For he rent off alike the skin and claws.
This was, in sooth, a different sort of treat
From what he had expected there to meet.
He wished to Heav'n he ne'er had ventured there;
It was a most unfortunate affair!

Bleeding upon the ground he could but sprawl,
For he could neither stand nor walk nor crawl.
The joiner now came up with all his crew;
To the attack with eager souls they flew:
With thwacks and thumps belaboring the poor wight,
They hoped to slay him on the spot outright.
The priest kept poking at him with his prong,
From afar off—the handle being long.
Bruin in anguish rolled and writhed about;
Each howl of his called forth an answering shout.
On every side his furious foemen swarmed,
With spits and spades, with hoes and hatchets armed;
Weapons all wielded, too, by nerves of pith.
His large sledge-hammer bore the sinewy smith.
They struck, they yelled, they pelted, and they hallooed,
While in a pool of filth poor Bruin wallowed.

To name these heroes were too long by half:
There was the long-nosed Jem, the bandy Ralph;
These were the worst; but crooked-fingered Jack,
With his flail fetched him many a grievous thwack.
His stepbrother, hight Cuckelson the Fat,
Stood, but aloof, with an enormous bat.
Dame Judith was not idle with her distaff,
While Gaffer Grumble stirred him with his staff;
And men and women many more were there,
All vowing vengeance 'gainst th' unhappy Bear.

The foremost—in the noise—was Cuckelson;
He boasted that he was Dame Gertrude's son;
And all the world believed that this was true,
But who his father no one ever knew.
Fame, indeed, said—but fame is such a liar—
That Brother Joseph, the Franciscan friar,

Might, if he chose, claim the paternity,
Or share the same with others, it might be.
Now stones and brickbats from all sides were shower'd,
And Bruin, tho' he scorned to die a coward,
Was by opposing numbers all but overpower'd.
The joiner's brother then, whose name was Scrub,
Whirling around his head a massive club,
Rushed in the midst, with execrations horrid,
And dealt the Bear a blow, plump on the forehead.
That blow was struck with such tremendous might,
Bruin lost both his hearing and his sight.
One desp'rate plunge he made, though, and, as luck
Would have it, 'mong the women ran amuck.
Ye saints! how they did scream and shriek and squall!
Over each other how they tumbled all!
And some fell in the stream that ran hard by,
And it was deep just there, unluckily.
The pastor cried aloud, "Look, neighbors, look!
See, yonder, in the water, Jude, my cook,
With all her wool—she's left her distaff here!
Help! Save her! You shall have a cask of beer,
As well as absolution for past crimes,
And full indulgence for all future times!"
Fired with the promised boon, they left the Bear,
Who lay half dead, all stunned and stupid there;
Plunged to the women's rescue, fished out five—
All that had fallen in, and all alive.
The miserable Bear, while thus his foes
Were busied, finding respite from their blows,
Managed to scramble to the river's brim;
Then in he rolled—but not with hopes to swim,
For life a very burden was to him.

Those shameful blows no more could he abide;
They pierced his soul more than they pained his hide.
He wished to end his days in that deep water,
Nor feared t' incur the perils of self-slaughter.
But no! against his will he floated down;
It seemed, in truth, he was not born to drown.

Now when the Bear's escape the men descried,
"Oh, shame, insufferable shame!" they cried;
Then in a rage began to 'rate the women:
"See where the Bear away from us is swimming!
Had you but stayed at home—your proper place—
We should not have encountered this disgrace."

Then to the cleft tree turning, they found there
The bleeding strips of Bruin's hide and hair.
At this into loud laughter they broke out,
And after him thus sent a jeering shout:
"You'll sure come back again, old Devil-spawn,
As you have left your wig and gloves in pawn."

Thus insult added they to injury,
And Bruin heard them, and sore hurt was he.
He cursed them all, and his own wretched fate;
He cursed the honey that had been his bait;
He cursed the Fox who led him in the snare;
He even cursed the king who sent him there.

Such were his prayers as quick he swept along,
For the stream bore him onward, swift and strong.
So, without effort, in a little while
He floated down the river near a mile;
Then with a heavy heart he crawled on shore,
For he was wet and weary, sick and sore.
The sun throughout his course would never see
A beast in such a shocking plight as he.

Hard and with pain he fetched his lab'ring breath,
And every moment looked and wished for death.
His head swam round with a strange sort of dizziness,
As he thought o'er the whole perplexing business.
"Oh, Reynard!" he gasped out, "thou traitor vile!
Oh, scoundrel, thief!" and more in the same style.
He thought upon the tree, the gibes and knocks
He had endured, and once more cursed the Fox.
Reynard, well pleased t' have cozened Uncle Bruin,
And lured him, as he thought, to his sure ruin,
Had started off upon a chicken-chase;
He knew, close by, a tried and fav'rite place.
A fine fat pullet soon became his prey,
Which in his felon clutch he bore away;
This he devoured, bones and all, right speedily,
And, if the truth be spoken, somewhat greedily.
Prepared for any chance that might betide,
He slowly sauntered by the riverside,
Stopping from time to time to take a draft;
And thought aloud, while in his sleeve he laugh'd:
"How pleased I am t' have trick'd that stupid Bear!
Honey he longed for, and has had his share.
I'm not to blame; I warned him of the *wax*.
By this he knows how tastes a joiner's ax.
I'm glad t' have shown him this good turn, as he
Has ever been so good and kind to me.
Poor uncle! Well, by chance should he be dead,
I'll for his soul have scores of masses said.
It is the least, methinks, that I can do."
While musing thus, he chanced to look below,
And saw Sir Bruin on the other shore,
Writhing and welt'ring in a pool of gore.

Reynard could scarce, so great was his surprise,
Believe the evidence of his own eyes.
"Bruin alive! And in this place!" quoth he.
"Why, joiner, what a booby you must be!
A Bear's hams make the most delicious food!
You could not surely know they were so good.
A dish by which a duke would set vast store,
To be so slighted by a stupid boor!
My friend has left, though, I am glad to see,
A pledge for your kind hospitality."
Thus spake the Fox, as he beheld the Bear,
Lying all weary-worn and bleeding there.
Then he called out, "Why, uncle, is that you?
What upon earth can you have here to do?
You've something at the joiner's left, I fear;
Shall I run back and let him know you're here?
Prithee, is stolen honey very sweet?
Or did you pay, as right was, for your treat?
How red your face is! You have ate too quick;
I trust you have not gorged till you are sick.
Really you should have been more moderate;
I could have got you lots at the same rate.
Nay, I declare—I trust there is no harm in't—
You seem t' have on some sort of priestly garment,
With scarlet gloves, and collar, too, and hat;
Rather a dangerous prank to play is that!
Yet, now I look more close, your ears are gone, sure;
Have you of late submitted to the tonsure,
And did the stupid barber cut them off?"
Thus did the cruel-hearted Reynard scoff,
While Bruin, all unable to reply,
Could only moan with grief and agony.

No longer could he these sharp gibes sustain,
So crept into the water back again.
He floated downward with the stream once more,
And again landed on the shelving shore.
There in a miserable state he lay,
And piteously unto himself did say:
"That some one would but slay me here outright!
Ne'er shall I reach the court in this sad plight,
But on this spot in shame and grief shall die,
A mortal proof of Reynard's treachery.
Oh, I will have a dire revenge, I swear,
If it please Providence my life to spare."
With firm resolve his pain to overcome,
At length he started on his journey home;
And after four long toilsome days were past,
Crippled and maimed, he reached the court at last.
When the king saw the Bear so sorely maimed,
"Great Heaven! is this Sir Bruin?" he exclaimed—
"My trusty messenger in such a state!"
"Ah, Sire!" said Bruin, "and is this the fate
That should a king's ambassador befall?
But spare my breath—the Fox has done it all."

—*"Reynard the Fox."*

August von Kotzebue

Henriette's Delinquency

MADAM OLDGIRL, MADAM BONES, MADAM LIMP, MADAM PALSY, *old Ladies;* SHAKY, SNOWHAIR, ANCIENT, WISE, *old Gentlemen;* HENRIETTE.

Old. Come, Henriette, here is a letter for you.

Bones. A letter?

(*All the old Ladies and Gentlemen, except* WISE, *put on their glasses or spectacles and look at the letter.*)

Limp. Who would have thought it!

Palsy. So the young lady corresponds!

Old. Do you know the handwriting?

Hen. No, dear grandmama. But if you will permit me to read it——

Old. It will be read to you.

Hen. But the letter is probably meant for my eyes alone.

Old. Silence! Read it, please, gentlemen.

(*She hands the letter to* SHAKY *and* SNOWHAIR.)

Shaky. Just as you command.

(*Both gentlemen seize the letter, each at one corner, and try to read it at the same time. One of them wants to bring it near his eyes, the other to hold it at a distance.*)

Snow. Permit me, I am near-sighted.

Shaky. But I am far-sighted.

Snow. I must have the letter near my eyes.

Shaky. I must keep it as far away as possible.

(*In trying to adjust the position of the letter to their different needs, they tear it into halves.*)

Snow. Oh, I beg your pardon!

Shaky. It does not matter. We are both suited now. Do you read your part of the letter, and I will read mine. (*Reads.*) "Most charming"

Snow. "of your sex,"

Shaky. "I love you unspeak-"

Snow. "ably, with the whole"

Shaky. "fire of youth."

Old. Confusion to youth!

Wise (*aside*). I'm afraid it is my nephew.

Snow. (*reads*). "If I may indulge the hope"

Shaky. "that I am not entirely indifferent to you,"

Snow. "pay no heed to your antiquated grandmother,"

Shaky. "and still less the other old monsters"

Snow. "who surround her." Monsters! No doubt he means us!

Shaky. That, my dear sir, is unhappily only too apparent.

Snow. (*reads*). "Like a rosebud"

Shaky. "amid withered nettles,"

Snow. "thus do you seem, sweetest girl,"

Shaky. "amid those antiquated relics"

Snow. "of the middle of last century!"

Bones. Withered nettles!

Limp. Antiquated relics!

Palsy. It seems that these epithets are aimed at us!

Shaky (*reads*). "Break your fetters,"

Snow. "and flee to my arms!"

Old. Oh, you fiend!

Shaky (*reads*). "I have an excellent uncle,"

Wise (*aside*). Now comes my turn!

Snow. "who will assure you of the purity of my in-"

Shaky. "tentions. Your charms are a sufficient pledge of my e-"

Snow. "ternal love." That's all.

Bones. What is the villain's name?

Old. There is no signature.

Wise (*aside*). That was sensible, at least.

Old. Without doubt my granddaughter knows.

Hen. No, dear grandmama, I do not know.

Old. Last night she talked at the garden gate to an officer.

The Ladies. To an officer!

Old. If only it had been a man of mature and discreet years! But no, it was a young fellow.

Bones. A young fellow—that's worse still!

Old. And she stretched out her hand through the fence.

All. Her hand?

Old. And he kissed it. I saw it all with my own eyes. Now we must decide, my friends, what is to be done.

Shaky. Did you really stretch out your hand?

Hen. Yes.

Snow. Without a glove?

Hen. Yes.

Anc. And why did you do it?

Hen. To pick a flower that was growing there.

Old. And why did you withdraw your hand so quickly when you saw me?

Hen. There was a spider on the flower.

Snow. And while you were trying to pluck the said flower, your hand was kissed?

Hen. I believe so.

Snow. She believes so!

Shaky. And what did you feel?

Hen. A soft touch.

Shaky. Touch?

Snow. Emotion, rather?

Anc. And did the said emotion confine itself to the hand, or did it ascend to the heart?

Hen. I believe it ascended.

Shaky. And did your heart beat noticeably?

Hen. Very noticeably.

Shaky. The symptoms are complete.

Snow. Entirely! Entirely!

Old. You perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that this person, whom we hitherto considered a child, has now fallen a prey to the follies and misfortunes of youth, and must therefore be removed, as soon as possible, from our honorable circle.

Bones. Yes, she must be removed.

Limp. As soon as possible.

Palsy. The sooner——

Hen. The better!—*"Respectable Society."*

J. P. F. Richter—"Jean Paul"

The Calico Dress

FIRMIAN SIEBENKÄS finished his critique in the forenoon, and sent it to Pelzstiefel, his chief, who wrote back that he would bring the money for it himself in the evening, for he now seized upon every possible opportunity of paying a visit. At dinner, Firmian (in whose head the sultry, fetid vapor of ill-temper would not dissolve and fall) said to Lenette, "I can't understand how you come to care so very little about cleanliness and order. It would be better even if you rather overdid your cleanliness than otherwise. People say, What a pity it is such an orderly man as Siebenkäs should have such a slovenly kind of wife!" To irony of this sort, though she knew quite well it was irony, she always opposed regular formal arguments. He could never get her to enjoy these little jests instead of arguing about them, or join him in laughing at the masculine view of the question. The fact is, a woman abandons her opinion as soon as her husband adopts it. Even in church, the women sing the tunes an octave higher than the men, that they may differ from them in all things.

In the afternoon the great, the momentous hour approached in which the ostracism, the banishment from house and home, of the checked calico gown was at last to be carried out—the last and greatest deed of the year 1785. Of this signal for fight, this Timur's and Mohammed's red battle-flag, this Ziska's hide, which always set them by the ears, his very soul was sick; he would have been delighted if somebody

had stolen it, simply to be quit of the wearisome, threadbare idea of the wretched rag for good and all. He did not hurry himself, but introduced his petition with all the wordy prolixity of a parliamentarian addressing the house (at home). He asked his wife to guess what might be the greatest kindness, the most signal favor, which she could do him on this last day of the old year. He said he had an hereditary enemy, an Antichrist, a dragon, living under his roof; tares sown among his wheat by an enemy, which she could pull up if she chose; and at last he took the checked calico gown out of the drawer, with a kind of twilight sorrow. "This," he said, "is the bird of prey which pursues me; the net which Satan sets to catch me; his sheepskin, my martyr-robe, my Cassim's slipper. Dearest, do me but this one favor—send it to the pawn-shop!"

"Don't answer just yet," he continued, gently laying his hand on Lenette's lips; "let me just remind you what a stupid parish did when the only blacksmith there was in it was going to be hanged in the village. This parish thought it preferable to condemn an innocent master tailor or two to the gallows, because they could be better spared. Now, a woman of your good sense must surely see how much easier and better it would be to let me take away this mere piece of tailor's patchwork, than metal things which we eat out of every day. The mourning calico won't be wanted, you know, as long as I'm alive."

"I've seen quite clearly for a long while past," she said, "that you've made up your mind to carry off my mourning dress from me, by hook or by crook, whether I will or no. But I'm not going to let you have it. Suppose I were to say to you, 'Pawn your watch,' how would you like that?" Perhaps the reason why husbands get into the way of issu-

ing their orders in a needlessly dictatorial manner is, that they generally have little effect, but rather confirm opposition than overcome it.

"Damnation!" he cried; "that'll do, that's quite enough! I'm not a turkey-cock, nor a bonassus neither, to be continually driven into a frenzy by a piece of colored rag. It goes to the pawn-shop to-day, as sure as my name's Siebenkäs."

"Your name is Leibgeber as well," said she.

"Devil fly away with me, if that calico remains in this house!" said he. On which she began to cry, and lament the bitter fortune which left her nothing now, not even the very clothes for her back. When thoughtless tears fall into a seething masculine heart, they often have the effect which drops of water have when they fall upon bubbling molten copper; the fluid mass bursts asunder with a great explosion.

"Heavenly, kind, gentle devil," said Firmian, "do please come and break my neck for me! May God have pity on a woman like this! Very well, then, keep your calico; keep this Lenten altar-cloth of yours to yourself. But may the devil fly away with me, if I don't cock the old deer's horns that belonged to my father on to my head this very day, like a poacher on the pillory, and hawk them about the streets for sale in broad daylight! Yes, I give you my word of honor it shall be done, for all the fun it may afford every soul in the place. And I shall simply say that it is your doing. I'll do it, as sure as there's a devil in hell." . . .

Pelzstiefel entered with all solemnity of deportment, and with a church-visitation countenance full of inspection-sermons. Lenette scarcely turned her swollen eyes toward the windward side of her husband as he came in at the

door. Pelzstiefel kept the strings tight which held the muscles of his knit face, lest it might unbend before Firmian's, which was all beaming soft with kindliness, and thus commenced:

"I came to this house to hand you the money for your review of Professor Lang; but friendship demands of me a duty of a far more serious and important kind, that I should exhort you and constrain you to conduct yourself toward this poor unfortunate wife of yours here like a true Christian man to a true Christian woman. Or even better, if you like," he added.

"What is it all about, wife?" asked Firmian.

Lenette preserved an embarrassed silence. She had asked Pelzstiefel's advice and assistance, less for the sake of obtaining them than to have an opportunity of telling her story. The truth was, that when the school inspector came unexpectedly in while her burst of crying was at its bitterest, she had really just that very moment sent her checked, spiny, outer caterpillar-skin (the calico dress, to wit) away to the pawn-shop; for her husband having pledged his honor, she felt sure that, beyond a doubt, he would stick those preposterous horns on his head and really go and hawk them all over the town; for she well knew how sacredly he kept his word, and also how utterly he disregarded "appearances," and that both of these peculiarities of his were always at their fellest pitch at a time of domestic difficulty like the present. Perhaps she would have told her spiritual counselor and adviser nothing about the matter, but contented herself with having a good cry when he came, if she had had her way—and her dress! But having sacrificed both, she needed compensation and revenge. At first she had merely reckoned up difficulties in indeterminate quantities to him; but when

he pressed her more closely, her bursting heart overflowed and all her woes streamed forth. Pelzstiefel, contrarily to the laws of equity and of several universities, always held the complainant in any case to be in the right, simply because he spoke first; most men think impartiality of heart is impartiality of head. He swore that he would tell her husband what he ought to be told, and that the calico should be back in the house that very afternoon.

So this father confessor began to jingle his bunch of binding-and-loosing keys in the advocate's face, and reported to him his wife's general confession and the pawning of the dress. When there are two diverse actions of a person to be given account of—a vexatious and an agreeable one—the effect depends on which is spoken of first; it is the first one narrated which gives the ground-tint to the listener's mind, and the one subsequently portrayed only takes rank as a subdued accessory figure. Firmian should first have heard that Lenette pawned the dress, while he was still out of doors, and of her talebearing not till afterward. But you see how the devil brought it about, as it really did all happen.

"What!" (Siebenkäs felt, if not exactly thought). "What! She makes my rival her confidant and my judge! I bring her home a heart all kindness and reconciliation, and she makes a fresh cut in it at once, distressing and annoying me in this way, on the very last day of the year, with her confounded chattering and taletelling." By this last expression he meant something which the reader does not yet quite understand; for I have not yet told him that Lenette had the bad habit of being rather ill-bred; wherefore she made common people of her own sex, such as the bookbinder's wife, the recipients of her secret thoughts

—the electric discharging-rods of her little atmospheric disturbances, while at the same time she took it ill of her husband that, though he did not, indeed, admit serving-men and maids and "the vulgar" into his own mysteries, he yet accompanied them into theirs.

Pelzstiefel, like all people who have little knowledge of the world, and are not gifted with much tact, who never assume anything as granted in the first place, but always go through every subject from the very beginning, now delivered a long, theological, matrimonial-service sort of exhortation concerning love as between Christian husband and wife, and ended by insisting on the recall of the calico—his Necker, so to say. This address irritated Firmian, and that chiefly because, irrespectively of it, his wife thought he had not any religion, or, at all events, not so much as Pelzstiefel. "I remember," said Firmian, "seeing in the history of France that Gaston, the first prince of the blood, having caused his brother some little difficulties or other of the warlike sort on one occasion, in the subsequent treaty of peace bound himself, in a special article, to love Cardinal Richelieu. Now I think there is no question but that an article to the effect that man and wife shall love one another ought to be inserted as a distinct, separate, secret clause in all contracts of marriage; for though love, like man himself, is by origin eternal and immortal, yet, thanks to the wiles of the serpent, it certainly becomes mortal enough within a short time. But, as far as the calico's concerned, let's all thank God that that apple of discord has been pitched out of the house."

Pelzstiefel, by way of offering up a sacrifice, and burning a little incense before the shrine of his beloved Lenette, insisted on the return of the calico, and did so very firmly;

for Siebenkäs's gentle, complaisant readiness to yield to him, up to this point, in little matters of sacrifice and service, had led him to entertain the deluded idea that he possessed an irresistible authority over him. The husband, a good deal agitated now, said, "We'll drop the subject, if you please." "Indeed, we'll do nothing of the kind," said the other; "I must really insist upon it that your wife have her dress back." "It can't be done." "I'll advance you whatever money you require," cried Pelzstiefel, in a fever of indignation at this striking and unwonted piece of disobedience. It was now, of course, more impossible than ever for the advocate to retire from his position, and he shook his head eighty times. "Either you are out of your mind," said Pelzstiefel, "or I am; just let me go through my reasons to you once more." "Advocates," said Siebenkäs, "were fortunate enough, in former times, to have private chaplains of their own; but it was found that there was no converting any of them, and therefore they are now exempt from being preached at."

Lenette wept more bitterly, and Pelzstiefel shouted the louder on that account. In his annoyance at his ill success, he thought it well to repeat his commands in a ruder and blunter form. Of course Siebenkäs resisted the more firmly. Pelzstiefel was a pedant, belonging to a class of men surpassing all others in barefaced, blind self-conceit, just like a violent wind blowing from all the points of the compass at once —for a pedant even makes an ostentatious display of his own personal idiosyncrasies. Like a careful and conscientious player, he felt it a duty to thoroughly throw himself into the part he was representing, and carry it out in all its details, and say, "Either the mourning gown comes, or I go. My visits cannot be of much consequence, it is true,

still they have, I consider, a certain value, if it were but on your wife's account."

Firmian, doubly irritated, firstly at the imperious rudeness and conceit of an alternative of the sort, and secondly at the lowness of the market price for which the inspector threatened to abandon his society, could but say, "Nobody can influence your decision on that point now but yourself. I most certainly cannot. It will be an easy matter for you to give up our acquaintance, though there is no real reason why you should; but it will not be easy for me to give up yours, although I shall have no choice."

Pelzstiefel, from whose brow the sprouting laurels were thus so unexpectedly shorn, had nothing to do but take his leave.—*"Life of Firmian Siebenkäs."*

Heinrich von Kleist

Ready for the Inspector

ADAM, *Village Magistrate, and* LICHT, *Clerk of Court.*

Licht. Eh, what in the world has come over you, friend Adam? Do you know how you look?

Adam (*sitting and bandaging his leg*). Oh, yes. In order to stumble, all that one needs are feet, especially on this slippery floor. I slipped down here. The occasion for such a mishap each man bears in himself.

Licht. What, my friend? In himself?

Adam. Yes, in himself.

Licht. Upon my word!

Adam. What do you mean?

Licht. You are descended from a pretty wild ancestor. He fell at the very beginning of things, and became famous through his fall. Have you, too——

Adam. Well?

Licht. Fallen?

Adam. I? But I tell you, here I slipped—right here.

Licht. Not metaphorically? Actually fell down?

Adam. That would be a poor enough metaphor. Yes, actually!

Licht. And how did it happen?

Adam. Just now, as I was getting out of bed. I was singing a cheerful morning song, and before I had begun my day I fell, and wrenched my foot.

Licht. The left one, to boot?

Adam. The left one?

Licht. Yes, this one here!

Adam. To be sure!

Licht. A pity! For that foot walks the ways of sin with some difficulty at best.

Adam. That foot? With difficulty? Why?

Licht. Why, your clubfoot!

Adam. Clubfoot? Lumpfoot! One foot is as much of a lump as the other!

Licht. Pardon me. You wrong your right foot, which can hardly boast of equal size, and risks less going on slippery places.

Adam. Pshaw! Where one dares to go, the other follows too.

Licht. And what has injured your face so?

Adam. My face?

Licht. What, you do not know?

Adam. I believe you are lying! How does it look?

Licht. How it looks?

Adam. Yes, friend, how?

Licht. Frightful!

Adam. Explain yourself.

Licht. It's flayed most horribly. A piece of your cheek is missing, so big that it would need scales to estimate it.

Adam. The devil it is!

Licht (*brings a mirror*). Here, convince yourself! A sheep driven by wolves, that forces its way through a hedge of thorns, leaves not more wool behind than you.

Adam. Hm, hm! You are right. It looks unlovely enough. The nose has suffered too.

Licht. And the eye.

Adam. Not the eye!

Licht. Yes; right across here is a mark as bloody—so help me Heaven!—as though a giant had laid a club across it.

Adam. Hm, hm! You see, I did not note all that.

Licht. Yes, under fire one does not feel one's wounds.

Adam. Fire? What, with the stove I fought? Yes, now I know. I lost my balance, clutched about in the air for some support, and caught hold of the trousers—which had got wet last night, and which I had hung beside the stove—thinking to save myself. But the band snapped, and trousers and I together came down, I with my forehead against the stove, on the stove's sharpest corner.

Licht (*laughs*). Good! Good!

Adam. Cursed, rather!

Licht. The first fall of Adam in such conditions——

Adam. Well, well, but what's the news?

Licht. The news—the news! I had almost forgot to tell you.

Adam. Well?

Licht. Prepare for unexpected company from Utrecht.

Adam. Indeed?

Licht. The inspector of village courts is coming.

Adam. Who is coming?

Licht. The inspector from Utrecht. He is traveling about to see how justice is administered. He will be here to-day.

Adam. To-day? Are you in your right mind?

Licht. True as I live! He was at Holla, the nearest place, yesterday, and looked into the workings of the court there. A farmer saw the fresh horses hitched up. He's coming now to us at Huisum.

Adam. To-day? The inspector from Utrecht? The good man grinds his own ax as well as any other, and hates a fuss. He will not come to Huisum to annoy us.

Licht. If he went as far as Holla, he'll go on to Huisum. Take care!

Adam. Go to with your fairy tales, I tell you.

Licht. The farmer saw him.

Adam. Who can tell whom the squinting rascal saw! These fellows cannot tell a face from a bald head. Put a three-cornered hat on a cane, throw a cloak about it, and such a lout will take it for any one you please.

Licht. Very well, go on doubting until the inspector is at the door.

Adam. What, at the door, without warning us by so much as a word?

Licht. Stupid! It's not the old inspector, Wachholder. Then all would be well. It is the counselor, Walther.

Adam. Even so! Leave me in peace! Like us, the man has taken his oath, and, like us, is ruled by the edicts and traditional observances.

Licht. Well, listen to me. Inspector Walther appeared in Holla yesterday quite unexpectedly. He inspected the books and the treasury of the court, and suspended judge and clerk summarily from office. Why, I cannot tell.

Adam. The devil! Did the farmer say that too?

Licht. This, and more.

Adam. Oh!

Licht. If you want to know, early this morning the judge was looked for. He had been arrested in his house. They found him in the barn. He had hung himself from a cross-beam.

Adam. What is it you say?

Licht. They cut him down, rubbed him all over, poured water on him, and finally managed to bring him back to life.

Adam. Oh, did they?

Licht. Now, everything in his house is sealed for official examination, as though he really were a corpse, and another has already been put in his place.

Adam. Shocking! Shocking! A careless fellow he was, true, yet otherwise honest, sure as I live. A fellow he was who was good company, but very careless, that I'll not deny. If the inspector really was in Holla, I have no doubt that our poor friend fared badly.

Licht. And it is only owing to this circumstance that the inspector is not here yet. At noon he will be, that's certain.

Adam. At noon? Very well. Now true friendship will show itself. You know how two hands can help each other. You, too, I know, would like to be a magistrate, and you deserve to be as much as any one. But the proper time has not yet come.

Licht. I a magistrate? What are you thinking of?

Adam. You are a friend of reasonable, measured speech; you have studied your Cicero thoroughly, in spite of the fellows who lecture at Amsterdam. But hold down your ambition for to-day, do you hear? Other and more fitting times will come for you to exercise your art.

Licht. Why, we're the closest friends! You have nothing to fear from me.

Adam. For, at the proper time, you remember, even the great Demosthenes was silent. Follow the master now. And though I am no king of Macedon, I show gratitude in my own way.

Licht. But why are you so suspicious? Have I ever——

Adam. True, true! Only remember, not everything will bear the light of day. It was only a jest. Is there any reason why a judge must always be as grave as a polar bear?

Licht. I quite agree with you.

Adam. Well, then, let's to the courtroom, and put the records in order.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Inspector Walther sends greetings; he'll be here in a moment.

Adam. Gracious Heaven! Has he done his business at Holla?

Ser. Yes, he's at Huisum.

Adam. Ho! Lieschen! Gretchen!

Licht. Not so loud!

Adam. Tut!

Licht. Send the inspector thanks for his courtesy.

Ser. To-morrow we pass on to Hussahe.

Adam. What am I to do? How shall I be ready in time?

(*Fumbles about for his clothes.*)

Lies. (*entering*). Here I am.

Licht. Put on your trousers! Are you mad?

Gret. (*entering*). Here I am, judge!

Licht. Here, take your coat.

Adam. Who came in then—the inspector?

Licht. Nonsense, the maids.

Adam. Aha! My cravat, my collar, my cloak!

Lies. First you need your waistcoat.

Adam. Take the coat off again! Quick!

Licht (*to the* SERVANT). The inspector will be very welcome here. We shall be ready to receive him presently. Tell him that.

Adam. No, no! Say that Judge Adam asks to be excused.

Licht. Excused!

Adam. Yes, excused. Is he already on the way?

Ser. He's at the inn. He sent for the smith to mend his carriage.

Adam. Good! My compliments to him. Say I must be excused. I nearly broke my neck. See for yourself how I look! And then, every fright or shock acts on me like a purgative. Say that I'm ill.

Licht. Are you quite mad? Say that we await the inspector's visit with pleasure.

Adam. The devil!

Licht. What!

Adam. I feel as if I had swallowed a rhubarb pill!

Licht. Are you determined to betray yourself?

Adam. Gretchen, you scarecrow! Lieschen!

Lies. and *Gret.* Here we are!

Adam. Away, I say! Get sausage, cheese, ham, and bottles out of the courtroom! Quick! Not you—the other!

Lies. What else do you want?

Adam. Silence! Run, and get me my wig out of the bookcase! (*Exeunt* LIESCHEN *and* GRETCHEN.)

Licht (*to* SERVANT). I hope the inspector did not hurt himself on the journey.

Ser. The carriage ran into a ditch.

Licht. Into a ditch, you say? And was no one hurt?

Ser. No one badly. A shaft broke, and the inspector sprained his hand slightly.

Adam. Oh, that he had broken his neck!

Licht. Sprained his hand! Dear me, did the smith come?

Ser. To mend the shaft, yes.

Licht. What?

Adam. You mean the doctor!

Licht. What?

Ser. For the shaft.

Adam. No, for the hand.

Ser. Good-by, gentlemen. (*Aside.*) Surely those fellows must be mad. (*Exit.*)

Licht. I meant the smith.

Adam. You betray yourself, my friend.

Licht. How so?

Adam. You are all confused!

Licht. I?

Reenter LIESCHEN.

Adam. Well, what have you there?

Lies. A roll of Brunswick sausage.

Adam. No; those are rolled-up documents.

Licht. I in confusion?

Adam. You must take those back to the courtroom.

Lies. The sausages?

Adam. No, these things here.

Licht. It was a misunderstanding.

Reenter GRETCHEN.

Gret. I can't find your wig in the bookcase.

Adam. Why not?

Gret. Because——

Adam. Well?

Gret. Last night, at eleven——

Adam. Well, go on!

Gret. You came home without a wig.

Adam. I! Without a wig?

Gret. There's Lieschen here will bear me out. Your other wig is at the hairdresser's.

Adam. I came without——

Gret. Yes, it's true. You were quite bald when you came home. You said you had had a fall, don't you remember? And you bade me wash the blood from your face?

Adam. The shameless creature!

Gret. It's true, though!

Adam. Silence, I tell you! Not a word of it is true!

Licht. I thought you had a fall this morning?

Adam. So I did. To-day the wound, and yesterday the wig. I had it freshly powdered on my head, and took it off with my hat. Go, Gretchen, to my friend the parson, and ask him to lend me his wig. I believe the cat, pig that she is, littered in mine. Now it is lying dirty under the bed. That's it—I remember now!

Licht. The cat! Are you mad?

Adam. True as I live! Five kittens, black and yellow, and one white.

Licht. Littered in the wig?

Adam. To be sure! I hung the wig on a nail, brushed against it by accident, and it fell down——

Licht. Whereupon the cat, no doubt, took it in its mouth——

Adam. No, no!

Licht. Carried it under the bed, and littered in it.

Adam. I did not say so!

Licht. Well, what happened then?

Adam. I pushed the wig under the bed this morning.

Licht. So that the cat could litter there last night!

Gret. (*giggling*). Am I to go?

Adam. Yes, and my compliments to the parson's wife. I'll send back the wig in good condition. You need not ask the parson.—"*The Broken Jug.*"

Arnold Kortum

The Examination in Theology

Hieronimus stuck to his determination,
And the clerisy held a convocation,
  And every one came in his wig and robes
  To the examination of Hieronimus Jobs.

But how he felt in face of his danger,
Being to learning an utter stranger,
  And what an anxious face he made,
  The reader will not comprehend, I'm afraid.

The scene is beyond my power of painting:
If he ever in his life saw the hour for fainting,
  That hour at last was approaching now,
  Alas! thou poor Hieronimus, thou!

Begin now, Miss Muse, an enumeration
Of the clerical gentlemen whom the examination
  Brought hither on the appointed day
  From every quarter of Suabia.

The first, that was the Herr Inspector,
In doctrine strong as a second Hector,
  A stately, pot-bellied man was he,
  Whom you saw at a glance an inspector to be.

This post was accorded to his singular merit;
Its burdens he bore with a patient spirit,
And, to say the truth, with a cheerful mood,
And daily ate and drank what was good.

And after him came the spiritual assessor,
A man whose breadth was somewhat lesser,
But height much greater; he was spare of limb,
And his disposition exceedingly grim.

He not only the spiritual interests defended,
But to matters of economy also attended,
And drank only bad wine and beer,
For his income was small and his habit severe.

Then came Herr Krager, an oldish man rather,
Who was very well versed in many a church father,
And to prove a point could readily quote
Whatever any one of 'em wrote.

Next, Herr Krisch, polite as a Castilian,
Who was, in postils, a perfect postilion;
Posted up in them as well as the best
Parson the Swabian land possessed.

Next, Herr Beff, a linguist of great reputation,
And a tolerable Christian in walk and conversation,
In lecturing a terrible bore,
But always orthodox to the core.

Next, Herr Schreier, a man of great notoriety
Alike in the pulpit and in general society,
Free and easy; had no wife,
And led with his cook an exemplary life.

Next, Herr Plötz, an angelic creature,
In his youth of a somewhat genial nature,
But when to preach he once began
He became a very pious man.

He kept his belovèd congregation
From vice and evil communication;
Faithful in season and out was he
To admonish, when he had opportunity.

Next, Herr Keffer, who never could tire
In following his sheep through mud and mire.
But alas! in his flock, besides the lambs
Were likewise many stiff-necked old rams.

Sometimes, to get them to follow his leadings,
He instituted legal proceedings,
For he understood the law of the state
As well as the very best advocate.

Besides those named in the above enumeration,
Other clerical gentlemen attended the examination,
Whom I neither need nor can
Particularly designate man by man.

Now when the reverend and pious faces
Had all come together in their places,
Præmissis præmittendis they
Round a great table sate straightway.

With trembling and quaking came Hieronimus
Before this assembly of white bands so ominous,
And scraped a greeting submissively.
Oh, wo, Hieronimus, wo on thee!

Arnold Kortum

First and foremost inquired the examiners
About his previous morals and manners,
  And presently asked him whether he
  Had a certificate from the university?

Hieronimus, without hesitation,
Handed the inspector the attestation,
  Who read the same immediately.
  Alas, Hieronimus, wo on thee!

'Tis true, the document was worded
In Latin and Greek, as here recorded,
  And consequently not easy to read,
  But, unfortunately, as ill luck decreed,

The inspector made out, in a free translation,
To give a substantial interpretation,
  For no other clergyman in the hall
  Dared undertake the task at all.

To leave no breach in this narration,
I will now give the reader full information
  What Hieronimus's certificate,
  Word for word, did properly state.

First, the name and title of the professors,
And then, in larger hand, the letters
  L. B. S., and the meaning of them
  Was Lectori Benevolo Salutem!

"Forasmuch as Master Hieronimus Jobsius
As Theologiæ Studiosus,
  During three years' and some weeks' space
  Had his residence in this place;

"And the same now has it in contemplation
To take his leave, and has made application
For a written certificate to me—
A step of great propriety—

"I could not refuse his reasonable desires,
But give hereby the attest he requires:
That the same did every quarter of a year
Once in my lecture-room appear.

"Whether the rest was devoted to study,
Himself knows better than anybody,
For I in this official report
Assert and testify nothing of the sort.

"And as to general behavior,
There is not much to be said in his favor;
Entire silence on that point would be
The part of Christian charity.

"For the rest I have only to say, God speed him
On his journey home, and may Heaven lead him,
When all these earthly troubles are past,
To the place where he belongs at last!"

How the eyes of the learned body distended
When the reading of this document ended!
And that Herr Hieronimus did not laugh,
The reader can imagine readily enough.

However, on all hands, it seemed better
For this once to overlook the matter,
And for charity's sake to find all the good
In the testimonial that they could.

Arnold Kortum

For the gentlemen wisely recollected
How many of *their* tricks had not been detected,
And how, if they had, it had fared with them,
And so they proceeded at once *ad rem.*

The Herr Inspector he led off,
Clearing the way with a mighty cough
Repeated thrice; thrice did he stroke
His portly paunch, and then he spoke:

"I, as you see, *pro tempore* inspector,
And of the clergy present director,
Ask you, 'Quid fit episcopus?'"
Straightway replied Hieronimus:

"A bishop is, as I conjecture,
An altogether agreeable mixture
Of sugar, pomegranate juice, and red wine,
And for warming and strengthening very fine."

The candidate Jobs this answer making,
There followed of heads a general shaking,
And first the inspector said, "Hm, hm!"
Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

And now the assessor began to inquire:
"Herr Hieronimus, tell me, I desire,
Who the apostles may have been?"
Hieronimus quick made answer again:

"Apostles they call great jugs, I'm thinking,
In which wine and beer are kept for drinking
In the villages, and from them oft
By thirsty students liquor is quaffed."

The candidate Jobs this answer making,
There followed of heads a general shaking,
And first the inspector said, "Hm, hm!"
Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

Herr Krager now in his turn stood ready—
And "If you please, Master Candidate," said he,
"Inform me who was St. Augustine?"
Hieronimus answered with open mien:

"The only Augustine of whom I've any knowledge
Is the one I used to know at college,
Augustine, the beadle of the university,
Who often before the president cited me."

The candidate Jobs this answer making,
There followed of heads a general shaking,
And first the inspector said, "Hm, hm!"
Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

Now followed Herr Krisch at once, and requested
To know "Of how many parts a sermon consisted?
In other words, how many divisions may there be,
When it is written by rule?" said he.

Hieronimus, having taken a moment to determine,
Replied, "There are two parts to every sermon;
The one of these two parts no man
Can understand, but the other he can."

The candidate Jobs this answer making,
There followed of heads a general shaking,
And first the inspector said, "Hm, hm!"
Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

Herr Beff, the linguist, continued the examination,
And desired of Master Hieronimus information:
"What the Hebrew Kibbutz might be?"
Hieronimus's answer was somewhat free:

"I find in a book to which I've paid attention,
Sophia's tour from Memel to Saxony mention:
That she to the surly Kibbutz fell,
Because she refused the rich old swell."

The candidate Jobs this answer making,
There followed of heads a general shaking,
And first the inspector said, "Hm, hm!"
Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

Next in turn it came to Herr Schreier,
Who did of Hieronimus inquire,
"How many classes of angels he
Considered there might properly be?"

Hieronimus answered, "He never pretended
With all the angels to be acquainted,
But there was one of them he knew
On the Angel Tavern sign, painted blue."

The candidate Jobs this answer making,
There followed of heads a general shaking,
And first the inspector said, "Hm, hm!"
Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

Herr Plötz proceeded with the interrogation:
"Can you give, Sir Candidate, an enumeration
Of the *concilia œcumenica?*"
And Hieronimus answered, "Sir,

"When I at the university did study,
I was often cited before a body
Called a council, but it never seemed to me
To have anything to do with economy."

The candidate Jobs this answer making,
There followed of heads a general shaking,
And first the inspector said, "Hm, hm!"
Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

Then followed his spiritual lordship, Herr Keffer;
The question he started seemed somewhat tougher,
It related "to the Manichean heresy,
And what their faith was originally."

Answer: "Yes, these simple devils
Did really think that without any cavils,
Before my departure my debts I'd pay off,
And in fact I did cudgel them soundly enough."

The candidate Jobs this answer making,
There followed of heads a general shaking,
And first the inspector said, "Hm, hm!"
Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

The remaining questions that received attention,
For want of room I omit to mention;
For otherwise the protocol
Would exceed seven sheets, if given in full.

For there were many questions, dogmatical,
Polemical, and hermeneutical,
To which Hieronimus made reply
In the manner above, successively.

And likewise many questions in philology,
And other sciences ending in *ology,*
  And whatever else to a clergyman may
  Be put on examination day.

When the candidate Jobs his answer was making,
There would follow of heads a general shaking,
  And first the inspector would say, "Hm, hm!"
  Then the others, *secundum ordinem.*

Now when the examination had expired,
Hieronimus by permission retired,
  That the case might be viewed on every side,
  And the council carefully decide

If conscience would advise the admission
Of Hieronimus to the position
  And class of candidates for the
  Holy Gospel ministry.

Immediately they proceeded to voting,
But very soon, without much disputing,
  The meeting was unanimous
  That, under the circumstances, Hieronimus

Would not persist in his application
As a candidate for ordination,
  But for special reasons they thought it best
  To let the matter quietly rest.

In fact, for years it was kept so private,
No stranger ever heard anything of it,
  But everybody, early and late,
  Held Hieronimus for a candidate.

—*"The Jobsiad."*

Adelbert von Chamisso

Sale of a Human Shadow

THE porter announced me, and I had the honor to be summoned into the park, where Mr. Jones was walking with a small company. I knew him instantly by his portly self-complacency. He received me tolerably well—as a rich man is wont to receive a poor dependent devil—looked toward me, but without turning from the rest of the company, and took from me the letter I held in my hand. "Aye, aye, from my brother! I have not heard from him this long time. Is he well?—There," he continued, addressing the company without waiting for an answer, and pointed with the letter to a hill—"there I have ordered a new building to be erected."

He broke the seal, but not the conversation, of which wealth became the subject. "He who is not the master of at least a million," he interposed, "forgive the expression, is a ragamuffin." "That is true, indeed!" exclaimed I, with full, overflowing feeling. He must have been pleased with the expression of my concurrence, for he smiled on me, and said, "Remain here, my young friend; I shall perhaps have time to tell you by and by what I think of it." He pointed to the letter, put it into his pocket, and turned again to the company. He then offered his arm to a young lady; other gentlemen were busy with other fair ones; every one found some one to whom he attached himself, and they walked toward the rose-encircled hill. I lingered behind, for not a soul deemed me worthy of notice. The company was ex-

tremely cheerful, jocular, and witty; they spoke seriously of trifles, and triflingly of serious matters; and I observed they unconcernedly directed their satires against the persons and the circumstances of absent friends. I was too great a stranger to understand much of these discussions, too much distressed and self-centered to enter into the full merit of the conversation.

We reached the rose-grove. The lovely Fanny, the queen, as it seemed, of the day, was capricious enough to pluck off a twig; a thorn pricked her, and a stream as bright as if from damask roses flowed over her delicate hand. This accident put the whole company in motion. English court-plaster was instantly inquired after. A silent, meager, pale, tall, elderly man, who stood next to me, and whom I had not before observed, instantly put his hand into the close-fitting breast-pocket of his old-fashioned, gray taffeta coat, took out a small pocketbook, opened it, and with a lowly bow gave the lady what she had wished for. She took it without any attention to the giver, and without a word of thanks. The wound was bound up, and the company ascended the hill, from whose brow they admired the wide prospect over the park's green labyrinth, extending even to the immeasurable ocean.

It was indeed a grand and noble sight. A light speck appeared on the horizon between the dark waters and the azure heaven. "A telescope here!" cried the merchant; and before any one from the crowds of servants appeared to answer his call, the gray man, as if he had been applied to, had already put his hand into his coat-pocket. He took from it a beautiful Dollond, and handed it over to Mr. Jones; who, as soon as he had raised it to his eye, informed the company that it was the ship which had sailed yesterday, driven back by con-

trary winds. The telescope passed from hand to hand, but never returned to its owner. I, however, looked on the old man with astonishment, not conceiving how the large instrument had come out of the tiny pocket. Nobody else seemed surprised, and they appeared to care no more about the gray man than about me.

Refreshments were produced; the rarest fruits of every climate, served in the richest dishes. Mr. Jones did the honors with easy, dignified politeness, and for the second time addressed me: "Eat some; I am sure you got none on your voyage." I bowed, but he did not observe me; he was talking to somebody else.

They would willingly have remained longer on the sod of the sloping hill, and have stretched themselves over the outspread turf, had they not feared its dampness. "Now it would be delightful," said somebody in the company, "if we had Turkey carpets to spread out here." The wish was hardly expressed ere the man in the gray coat had put his hand into his pocket, and with modest, even humble demeanor, began to draw out a rich embroidered Turkey carpet. It was received by the attendants as a matter of course, and laid down on the appointed spot. Without further ceremony the company took their stand upon it. I looked with new surprise on the man, the pocket, and the carpet, which was about twenty paces long by ten broad. I rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think, and especially as nobody else seemed moved by what had passed. I longed to learn something about the man, and to inquire who he was; but I knew not to whom to apply, for I really was more afraid of the gentlemen servants than of the gentlemen served. I mustered up courage at last, and addressed myself to a young man who seemed less conceited than the rest, and who had

oftener been left to himself. I gently asked him who that courteous gentleman was in gray clothes. "Who—he that looks like an end of thread blown away from a tailor's needle?" "Yes, he that stands alone." "I do not know him," he answered; and, determined as it seemed to break off the discussion with me, he turned away, and entered into a trifling conversation with somebody else.

The sun now began to shine more hot, and to inconvenience the ladies. The lovely Fanny carelessly addressed the gray man, whom, as far as I know, nobody had addressed before, with the frivolous question, "Had he a tent?" He answered with a low reverence, as if feeling an undeserved honor had been done him; his hand was already in his pocket, from which I perceived canvas, bars, ropes, iron work, everything, in a word, belonging to the most sumptuous tent, issuing forth. The young men helped to erect it. It covered the whole extent of the carpet, and no one appeared to consider all this as at all extraordinary. If my mind was confused, nay, terrified, with these proceedings, how was I overpowered when the wish next expressed brought from his pocket three riding-horses—three fine, noble steeds, all saddled and bridled! Imagine for a moment, I ask you, three saddled horses from the same pocket which had before produced a pocketbook, a telescope, an ornamented carpet twenty paces long by ten broad, and a tent of the same size, with bars and iron work! If I did not solemnly assure you that I had seen it with my own eyes, you would certainly doubt the story.

Though there was so much of embarrassment and humility in the man, and he excited so little attention, yet his appearance to me had in it something so appalling that I was not able to turn away my eyes from him. At last I could bear it

no longer. I determined to steal away from the company; and this was easy for one who had acted a part so little conspicuous. I wished to hasten back to the city, and to return in pursuit of my fortune the following morning to Mr. Jones, and, if I could muster up courage enough, to inquire about the extraordinary gray man. I had hastily glided through the rose-grove, descended the hill, and found myself on a wide grass-plot, when, thinking of the possibility of being discovered wandering from the beaten path, I looked about with inquiring apprehension. How was I startled when I saw the old man in the gray coat advancing toward me! He immediately took off his hat, and bowed to me more profoundly than any one had ever done before. It was clear he wished to address me, and without extreme rudeness I could not avoid him. I in my turn uncovered, made my bow, and stood still with bare head in the sunshine as if rooted there. I shook with terror while I saw him approach. I felt like a bird fascinated by a rattlesnake. He appeared sadly perplexed, kept his eyes on the ground, made several more bows, came closer, and with a low and trembling voice, as if he were asking alms, thus accosted me:

"Will the gentleman forgive the intrusion of one who has stopped him in this unusual way? I have a request to make, but pray pardon—" "In the name of Heaven, sir!" I cried out in my anguish, "what can I do for one who—" We both started back, and I believe both blushed deeply. After a momentary silence he began again: "During the short time that I enjoyed the happiness of being near you, I observed, sir—will you allow me to say so—I observed, with unutterable admiration, the beautiful, beautiful shadow in the sun, which with a certain noble contempt, and perhaps without being aware of it, you threw off from your feet.

Forgive my venturesome intrusion—but would you be inclined to transfer it to me?"

He was silent, and my head turned round like a water-wheel. What could I make of this singular proposal for disposing of my shadow? "He is crazy," thought I; and with an altered tone, yet more forcible as contrasted with the humility of his own, I replied: "How is this, my friend? Is not your own shadow enough for you? This seems to me a whimsical sort of bargain indeed." He spoke again: "I have in my pocket many articles which might not be quite unacceptable to the gentleman; for this invaluable shadow I deem no price too large."

A chill came over me. I remembered what I had seen, and knew not how to address him whom I had just ventured to call my friend. I spoke again, and assumed an extraordinary courtesy to set matters to rights.

"Pardon, sir, pardon your most humble servant, I do not quite understand your meaning. How can my shadow—" He interrupted me: "I only beg your permission to be allowed to lift up your noble shadow and put it in my pocket; how to do it is my own affair. As a proof of my gratitude to the gentleman, I leave him the choice of all the jewels which my pocket affords; the genuine divining-rods, mandrake-roots, change pennies, money-extractors, the napkins of Rolando's Squire, and divers other miracle-workers—a choice assortment. But all this is not enough for you; better that you should have Fortunatus's wishing-cap, spick and span and new, and also a fortune-bag which belonged to him." "Fortunatus's fortune-bag!" I exclaimed; and great as had been my terror, all my senses were now enraptured by his words. I became dizzy, and saw nothing but double ducats sparkling before my eyes.

"Condescend, sir, to inspect and make a trial of this bag." He put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a moderately sized, firmly stitched purse of thick cordovan, with two convenient leather cords hanging to it, which he presented to me. I instantly dipped into it, drew from it ten pieces of gold, and ten more, and ten more, and yet ten more. I stretched out my hand. "Done! The bargain is made. I give you my shadow for your purse!" He grasped my hand and knelt down behind me, and with wonderful dexterity I perceived him loosening my shadow from the ground from head to foot. He lifted it up, rolled it together, folded it, and at last put it into his pocket. He then stood erect, bowed to me again, and returned back to the rose-grove. I thought I heard him laughing softly to himself. I, however, held the purse tight by its strings. The earth was sun-bright all around me, and I swooned away.

At last I came to, and hastened from a place where apparently I had no further business. I first filled my pockets with gold, then firmly secured the strings of the purse round my neck, taking care to conceal the purse itself in my bosom. I left the park unnoticed, reached the highroad, and bent my way to the town. I was walking thoughtfully toward the gate, when I heard a voice behind me: "Hullo, young gentleman! Hullo! Don't you hear?" I looked round. An old woman was calling after me. "Take care, sir, take care—you have lost your shadow!" "Thanks, good woman." I threw her a piece of gold for her well-meant counsel, and walked away under the trees.

At the gate I was again condemned to hear from the sentinel, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" And immediately afterward a couple of women exclaimed, "Good heavens! the poor fellow has no shadow!" I began to be

vexed, and carefully avoided walking in the sun. This I could not always do—for instance, in Broad Street, which I was next compelled to cross, and, as ill-luck would have it, at the very moment when the boys were being released from school. A confounded hunchbacked vagabond—I see him at this moment—had observed that I wanted a shadow. He instantly began to bawl out to the young scamps of the suburbs, who first reviled me, and then bespattered me with mud. "Respectable people usually take their shadows with them when they go into the sun!" I scattered handfuls of gold among them to divert their attention, and, with the assistance of some compassionate souls, sprang into a hackney-coach.—"*Peter Schlemihl.*"

The Pigtail

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found;
I'll turn me round." He turned him round,
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out, and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out
He turned. But still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and whirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him!

Karl Julius Weber

Satire in the Middle Ages

THE Middle Ages brought forth a great quantity of satirical writings in Latin, which have sunk into dead obscurity. Generous matter was afforded by the canting, puffed-up clerics, waddling behind their fat paunches, blunt to all human sympathy and open to every vice; after them, the courts and courtiers, the pedants, and the women were taken in turn. Satire was then as rough as the language of a day when, instead of saying, "Pray, pardon me," or "With your kind permission," you boxed a man's ears—in compliance with those good old German maxims: "An *et cetera* calls for a slap in the face," and "A slap in the face calls for a dagger." Freedom and rudeness are always faithful cousins; ribaldry and filth count for wit in unpolished times, as is proved even by Boccaccio, Rabelais, and Luther—a shining example of the Middle Ages.

A learned jurist made an inquiry into the subject of face-slapping, employing the precise classification of slaps complete and incomplete, faint and resounding, jocular and severe, punitive and praising. He set up the questions: Can a hand without fingers administer a box on the ear? May a father box the ears of a son older than twelve, or a husband his wife's, without incurring a suit for divorce? (This last he answers in the affirmative, on the ground that the biblical "one flesh" is only meant figuratively.) Is it allowed to box people's ears by prearrangement, or to follow out the popular saying, "A slap in the face for a lie"? If

a girl declines to dance at a ball when challenged by the master of ceremonies, or if a man refuses to answer a pledge in drinking, may a box on the ear be applied? When a right worshipful magistrate imposes a fine of ten Thaler for boxing a man's ears, is one, by paying ten Thaler more, entitled to the privilege of boxing his Worship's own ears?

In those dark ages Emperor Frederick II, a liberal-minded monarch, who was above the superstitious follies of his day and laughed at them, was banished to the infernal regions by Dante as a heretic, for saying, "God cannot have known Naples, or He would not have chosen the miserable Palestine for the heritage of His people." King John of England was hated by the clergy, not because he was a bad man, but because he had exclaimed, on seeing a fine, well-fed stag, "How sleek and fat, and never goes to Mass!" Luther pursued the clerical quarry routed out by Brother Philip Melanchthon—who was less steeped in monkish prejudice—in a wild, furious spirit; Erasmus was subtle and smiling; Hutten was mordantly satirical. But Luther knew nothing else than vilification, like the other polemical writers of his day. When he was abused, he returned the compliment in kind, though it must be acknowledged that his vigorous words inspired the German nation, while his leaflets flew from one frontier to another, for never had German ears heard such a plain, such an eloquent, such a German appeal.

In accordance with the manner of his time, Martin Luther simply dubbed the papal decrees and decretals "excretals"; the bull referring to the Lord's Supper, he called the pope's "evening mash"; and the papists, "asses"; he desired every good Christian to spit on the papal coat of arms, and to throw mud at it for the glory of God; the Pope, his cardinals, and all that tribe, were to have their tongues torn out by the

roots, as punishment for their blasphemy, and to be strung to the gallows like the seals to the bulls; after which they might hold their conclaves on the gallows or among the devils in hell, as they might prefer; and he wanted the emperor to lash them all together and take them to Ostia: there was the right kind of bath for them, and, to make a good job of it, they were to be accompanied by the rock on which their Church was founded.

Such was Luther's way of being facetious at the expense of the papists. The Duke of Brunswick, however, he termed a "clown"; by consequence, he could scarce take it amiss if such names were bestowed on himself as "Wild Hog," "Doctor Swinish," "Doctor Muckmarten," etc.

And all of this was looked upon as the most exquisite satire.

—"*Demokritos.*"

Heinrich Zschokke

A Night-Watchman as Prince

PHILIP stalked majestically through the snow-covered streets of the capital, where as many people were still visible as in the middle of the day. Carriages were rattling in all directions; the houses were all brilliantly lighted. Our watchman enjoyed the scene. He sang his verses at ten o'clock, and blew his horn lustily in the neighborhood of St. Gregory's Church, with many a thought on Rose, who was then with her friend. "Now, she hears me," he said to himself; "now, she thinks of me, and forgets the scene around her. I hope she won't fail me at twelve o'clock at the church door." And when he had gone his round, he always returned to the dear house, and looked up at the lighted window. Sometimes he saw female figures, and his heart beat quick at the sight; sometimes he fancied he saw Rose herself; and sometimes he studied the long shadows thrown on the wall or the ceiling to discover which of them was Rose's, and to fancy what she was doing. It was certainly not a very pleasant employment to stand in frost and snow, and look up at a window; but what care lovers for frost and snow? And watchmen are as fiery and romantic lovers as ever were the knights of ancient ballads.

He only felt the effects of the frost when, at eleven o'clock, he had to set out upon his round. His teeth chattered with cold; he could scarcely call the hour or sound his horn. He would willingly have gone into a beer-house to warm himself at the fire. As he was pacing through a lonely by-street, he

met a man with a black half-mask on his face, enveloped in a fire-colored silken mantle, and wearing on his head a magnificent hat turned up at one side, and fantastically ornamented with a number of high and waving plumes.

Philip endeavored to escape the mask, but in vain. The stranger blocked up his path, and said, "Ha! thou art a fine fellow! I like thy phiz amazingly! Where are you going, eh? I say, where are you going?"

"To Mary Street," replied Philip. "I am going to call the hour there."

"Enchanting!" answered the mask. "I'll hear thee; I'll go with thee. Come along, thou foolish fellow, and let me hear thee, and mind thou singest well, for I am a good judge. Canst thou sing me a jovial song?"

Philip saw that his companion was of high rank and a little tipsy, and answered, "I sing better over a glass of wine in a warm room, than when up to my waist in snow."

They had now reached Mary Street, and Philip sang, and blew the horn.

"Ha! that's but a poor performance!" exclaimed the mask, who had accompanied him thither. "Give me the horn! I shall blow so well, that you'll half die with delight."

Philip yielded to the mask's wishes, and let him sing the verses and blow. For four or five times all was done as if the stranger had been a watchman all his life. He dilated most eloquently on the joys of such an occupation, and was so inexhaustible in his own praises, that he made Philip laugh at his extravagance. His spirits evidently owed no small share of their elevation to an extra glass of wine.

"I'll tell you what, my treasure, I've a great fancy to be a watchman myself for an hour or two. If I don't do it now, I shall never arrive at that honor in the course of my life.

Give me your greatcoat and wide-brimmed hat, and take my domino. Go into a beer-house and take a bottle at my expense; and when you have finished it, come again and give me back my masking-gear. You shall have a couple of dollars for your trouble. What do you think, my treasure?"

But Philip did not like this arrangement. At last, however, at the solicitations of the mask, he capitulated as they entered a dark lane. Philip was half frozen; a warm drink would do him good, and so would a warm fire. He agreed to give up his watchmanship for one half hour, which would be till twelve o'clock. Exactly at that time the stranger was to come to the great door of St. Gregory's and give back the greatcoat, horn, and staff, taking back his own silk mantle, hat, and domino. Philip also told him the four streets in which he was to call the hour. The mask was in raptures. "Treasure of my heart," he exclaimed, "I could kiss thee if thou wert not a dirty, miserable fellow! But thou shalt have naught to regret if thou art at the church at twelve, for I will give thee money for a supper then. Joy! I am a watchman!"

The mask looked a watchman to the life, while Philip was completely disguised with the half-mask tied over his face, the bonnet, ornamented with a buckle of diamonds, on his head, and the red silk mantle thrown around him. When he saw his companion commence his walk, he began to fear that the young gentleman might compromise the dignity of the watchman. He therefore addressed him once more, and said:

"I hope you will not abuse my good nature and do any mischief, or misbehave in any way, as it may cost me the situation."

"Hullo!" answered the stranger, "what are you talking about? Do you think I don't know my duty? Off with you

this moment, or I'll let you feel the weight of my staff! But come to St. Gregory's Church and give me back my clothes at twelve o'clock. Good-by. This is glorious fun!"

The new guardian of the streets walked onward with all the dignity becoming his office, while Philip hurried to a neighboring tavern.

Passing the door of the royal palace, he was laid hold of by a person in a mask who had alighted from a carriage. Philip turned round, and in a low, whispering voice asked what the stranger wanted.

"My gracious lord," answered the mask, "in your reverie you have passed the door. Will your Royal Highness——"

"What? Royal Highness?" said Philip, laughing. "I am no highness. What put that in your head?"

The mask bowed respectfully, and pointed to the diamond buckle in Philip's cap. "I ask your pardon if I have betrayed your disguise. But, in whatever character you assume, your noble bearing will betray you. Will you condescend to lead the way? Does your Highness intend to dance?"

"I? Dance?" replied Philip. "No; you see, I have boots on."

"To play cards, then?" inquired the mask.

"Still less. I have brought no money with me," said the assistant watchman.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mask. "Command my purse—all I possess is at your service!" Saying this, he forced a full purse into Philip's hand.

"But do you know who I am?" inquired Philip, as he rejected the purse.

The mask whispered, with a bow of profound obeisance, "His Royal Highness, Prince Julian."

At this moment Philip heard his deputy in an adjoining

street calling the hour very distinctly, and he now became aware of his metamorphosis. Prince Julian, who was well known in the capital as an amiable, wild, and good-hearted young man, had been the person with whom he had changed his clothes. "Now, then," thought Philip, "as he enacts the watchman so well, I will not shame his rank; I'll see if, for one half hour, I can't be the prince. If I make any mistake, he has himself to blame for it." He wrapped the red silken mantle closer round him, took the offered purse, put it in his pocket, and said, "Who are you, mask? I will return your money to-morrow."

"I am the Chamberlain Pilzou."

"Good! Lead the way, I'll follow."

The chamberlain obeyed, and tripped up the marble stairs, Philip coming close behind him. They entered an immense hall, lighted by a thousand tapers and dazzling chandeliers which were reflected by brilliant mirrors. A confused crowd of maskers jostled each other, sultans, Tyrolese, harlequins, knights in armor, nuns, goddesses, satyrs, monks, Jews, Medes, and Persians. Philip for a while was abashed and blinded. Such splendor he had never dreamed of. In the middle of the hall the dance was being carried on by hundreds of people to the music of a full band. Philip, who in the heat of the apartment recovered from his frozen state, was so bewildered with the scene that he could scarcely nod his head as different masks addressed him, some confidentially, others deferentially.

"Will you go to the card-table?" whispered the chamberlain, who stood beside him, and who Philip now observed was dressed as a Brahman.

"Let me get thawed out first," answered Philip; "I am an icicle at present."

"A glass of hot punch?" inquired the Brahman, and led him into the refreshment-room. The pseudo-prince did not wait for a second invitation, but emptied one glass after the other in a short time. The punch was good, and it spread its genial warmth through Philip's veins.

"How is it you don't dance to-night, Brahman?" he asked of his companion, when they returned into the hall.

The Brahman sighed, and shrugged his shoulders. "I have no pleasure now in dancing. Gaiety is distasteful to me. The only person I care to dance with—the Countess Bonau—I thought she loved me; our families offered no objection; but all at once she broke with me." His voice trembled as he spoke.

"What?" said Philip; "I never heard of such a thing."

"You never heard of it?" repeated the other. "The whole city is ringing with it. The quarrel happened a fortnight ago, and she will not allow me to justify myself, but has sent back three letters I wrote to her, unopened. She is a declared enemy of the Baroness Reizenthal, and had made me promise to drop her acquaintance. But think how unfortunate I was! When the queen mother made the hunting party to Freudenwald, she appointed me cavalier to the baroness. What could I do? It was impossible to refuse. On the very birthday of the adorable Bonau I was obliged to set out. She heard of it. She put no trust in my heart!"

"Well, then, Brahman, take advantage of the present moment. The new year makes up all quarrels. Is the countess here?"

"Do you not see her over there—the Carmelite on the left of the third pillar, beside the two black dominos? She has laid aside her mask. Ah, prince, your intercession would——"

Philip thought, "Now I can do a good work," and, as the

punch had inspired him, he walked directly to the Carmelite. The Countess Bonau looked at him for some time seriously, and with flushed cheeks, as he sat down beside her. She was a beautiful girl; yet Philip remained persuaded that Rose was a thousand times more beautiful.

"Countess," he said, and became embarrassed when he met her clear bright eye fixed upon him.

"Prince," said the countess, "an hour ago you were somewhat too bold."

"Fair countess, I am therefore at this present moment the more quiet."

"So much the better. I shall not, then, be obliged to keep out of your way."

"Fair lady, allow me to ask one question: Have you put on a nun's gown to do penance for your sins?"

"I have nothing to do penance for."

"But you have, countess! Your cruelties, your injustice to the poor Brahman yonder, who seems neglected by his goddess and all the world!"

The beautiful Carmelite cast down her eyes, and appeared uneasy.

"And do you know, fair countess, that in the Freudenwald affair the chamberlain was as innocent as myself?"

"As you, prince?" said the countess, frowning. "What did you tell me an hour ago?"

"You are right, dear countess; I was too bold. You said so yourself. But now I declare to you the chamberlain was obliged to go to Freudenwald by command of the queen mother—against his will was obliged to be cavalier to the hated Reizenthal——"

"Hated—by him?" interrupted the countess, with a bitter and sneering laugh.

"Yes, he hates, he despises the baroness. Believe me, he scarcely treated her with civility, and incurred the royal displeasure by so doing. I know it; and it was for your sake. You are the only person he loves; to you he offers his hand, his heart; and you—you reject him!"

"How comes it, prince, that you intercede so warmly for Pilzou? You did not do so formerly."

"That was because I did not know him, and still less the sad state into which you have thrown him by your behavior. I swear to you he is innocent; you have nothing to forgive him; he has much to forgive you."

"Hush!" whispered the Carmelite, "we are watched here. Come away!" She replaced her mask, stood up, and placing her arm within that of the supposed prince, they crossed the hall and entered a side-room. The countess uttered many bitter complaints against the chamberlain, but they were the complaints of jealous love. The countess was in tears, when the tender Brahman soon after came timidly into the apartment. There was a deep silence among the three. Philip, not knowing how to conclude his intercession better, led the Brahman to the Carmelite, and joined their hands together, without saying a word, and left them to fate. He himself returned into the hall.

Here he was hastily addressed by a Mameluke: "I'm glad I have met you, Domino. Is the rose-girl in the side-room?" The Mameluke rushed into it, but returned in a moment evidently disappointed. "One word alone with you, Domino," he said, and led Philip into a window recess in a retired part of the hall.

"What do you want?" asked Philip.

"I beseech you," replied the Mameluke, in a subdued yet terrible voice, "where is the rose-girl?"

"What is the rose-girl to me?"

"But to me she is everything!" answered the Mameluke, whose suppressed voice and agitated demeanor showed that a fearful struggle was going on within. "To me she is everything. She is my wife. You make me wretched, prince! I conjure you, drive me not to madness! Think of my wife no more."

"With all my heart," answered Philip dryly. "What have I to do with your wife?"

"Oh, prince, prince!" exclaimed the Mameluke, "I have made a resolve, which I shall execute if it cost me my life. Do not seek to deceive me a moment longer. I have discovered everything. Here! look at this! 'tis a note my false wife slipped into your hand, and which you dropped in the crowd, without having read it."

Philip took the note. It was written in pencil, and in a fine, delicate hand: "Change your mask. Everybody knows you. My husband is watching you. He does not know me. If you obey me I will reward you."

"Hm!" muttered Philip. "As I live, this was not written to me! I don't trouble my head about your wife."

"Death and fury, prince! do not drive me mad! Do you know who it is that speaks to you. I am the Marshal Blankenschwert. Your advances to my wife are not unknown to me, ever since the last rout at the palace."

"My Lord Marshal," answered Philip, "excuse me for saying that jealousy has blinded you. If you knew me well, you would not think of accusing me of such folly. I give you my word of honor I will never trouble your wife."

"Are you in earnest, prince?"

"Entirely."

"Give me a proof of this?"

"Whatever you require."

"I know you have hindered her until now from going with me to visit her relations in Poland. Will you persuade her to do so now?"

"With all my heart, if you desire it."

"Yes, yes! And your Royal Highness will prevent inconceivable and unavoidable misery.'

The Mameluke continued for some time, sometimes begging and praying, and sometimes threatening so furiously, that Philip feared he might make a scene before the whole assembly that would not have suited him precisely. He therefore quitted him as soon as possible. Scarcely had he lost himself in the crowd, when a female, closely wrapped in deep mourning, tapped him familiarly on the arm, and whispered:

"Butterfly, whither away? Have you no pity for the disconsolate widow?"

Philip answered very politely, "Beautiful widows find no lack of comforters. May I venture to include myself among them?"

"Why are you so disobedient? And why have you not changed your mask?" said the widow, while she led him aside, that they might speak more freely. "Do you really fancy, prince, that every one here does not know who you are?"

"They are very much mistaken in me, I assure you," replied Philip.

"No, indeed," answered the widow; "they know you very well, and if you do not immediately change your apparel, I shall not speak to you again the whole evening. I have no desire to give my husband an opportunity of making a scene."

By this Philip discovered whom he was talking with.

"You were the beautiful rose-girl; are your roses withered so soon?"

"What is there that does not wither? Not the constancy of man? I saw you when you slipped off with the Carmelite. Acknowledge your inconstancy; you can deny it no longer."

"Hm," answered Philip dryly, "accuse me, if you will; I can return the accusation."

"How, pretty butterfly?"

"Why, for instance, there is not a more constant man alive than the marshal."

"There is not, indeed! And I am wrong, very wrong, to have listened to you so long. I reproached myself enough, but he has unfortunately discovered our flirtation."

"Since the last rout at court, fair widow——"

"Where you were so reckless and persistent, pretty butterfly!"

"Let us repair the mischief. Let us part. I honor the marshal, and, for my part, do not like to give him pain."

The widow looked at him for some time in speechless amazement.

"If you have indeed any regard for me," continued Philip, "you will go with the marshal to Poland, to visit your relations. It is better that we should not meet so often. A beautiful woman is beautiful, but a pure and virtuous woman is more beautiful still."

"Prince!" cried the astonished lady, "are you really in earnest? Have you ever loved me, or have you deceived me all along?"

"Look you," answered Philip, "I am a tempter of a peculiar kind. I search constantly among women to find truth and virtue, and 'tis seldom that I encounter them. Only the true and virtuous can keep me constant, therefore I am true

to none; but no, I will not lie; there is one that keeps me in her chains. I am sorry, fair widow, that that one—is not you!"

"You are in a strange mood to-night, prince," answered the rose-girl, and the trembling of her voice and heaving of her bosom showed the working of her mind.

"No," answered Philip, "I am in as rational a mood to-night as I ever was in my life. I wish only to repair an injury; I have promised your husband to do so."

"How!" she exclaimed in a voice of terror; "you have revealed all to the marshal?"

"Not everything," answered Philip; "only what I knew."

The widow wrung her hands in the extremity of agitation, and at last said, "Where is my husband?"

Philip pointed to the Mameluke, who at this moment approached them with slow steps.

"Prince," said the marshal's wife in a tone of inexpressible rage—"prince, you may be forgiven this, but not by me! I never dreamed that the heart of man could be so deceitful; but you are unworthy of a thought. You are an impostor! My husband in the dress of a barbarian is a prince; you in the dress of a prince are a barbarian. In this world you see me no more!"

With these words she turned proudly away from him, and going up to the Mameluke, they left the hall in deep and earnest conversation. Philip laughed quietly, and said to himself, "My substitute, the watchman, must look to it, for I do not play my part badly; I only hope when he returns he will continue as I have begun."

He went up to the dancers, and was delighted to see the beautiful Carmelite standing up in a set with the overjoyed Brahman. No sooner did the latter perceive him, than he

kissed his hand to him, and in dumb show gave him to understand in what a blessed state he was. Philip thought, "'Tis a pity I am not to be prince all my life! The people would be satisfied then. To be a prince is the easiest thing in the world. He can do more with a single word than a lawyer with a four hours' speech. Yes, if I were a prince, my beautiful Rose would be—lost to me forever. No, I would not be a prince."

He now looked at the clock, and saw it was half past eleven. The Mameluke hurried up to him and gave him a paper. "Prince," he exclaimed, "I could fall at your feet and thank you in the very dust; I am reconciled to my wife! You have broken her heart; but it is better that it should be so. We leave for Poland this very night, and there we shall fix our home. Farewell! I shall be ready, whenever your Royal Highness requires me, to pour out my last drop of blood in your service. My gratitude is eternal. Farewell!"

"Stay!" said Philip to the marshal, who was hurrying away, "what am I to do with this paper?"

"Oh, that—'tis the amount of my loss to your Highness last week at cards. I had nearly forgotten it; but before my departure I must clear my debts. I have indorsed it on the back." With these words the marshal disappeared.

Philip opened the paper, and read in it an order for five thousand dollars. He put it in his pocket, and thought, "Well, it's a pity that I'm not a prince." Some one whispered in his ear:

"Your Royal Highness, we are both discovered. I shall blow my brains out!"

Philip turned round in amazement, and saw a negro at his side.

"What do you want, mask?" he asked in an unconcerned tone.

"I am Colonel Kalt," whispered the negro. "The marshal's wife has been blabbing to Duke Hermann, and he has been breathing fire and fury against us both."

"He is quite welcome," answered Philip.

"But the king will hear it all," sighed the negro. "This very night I may be arrested and carried off to a dungeon. I'll sooner hang myself!"

"No need of that," said Philip.

"What! am I to be made infamous for my whole life? I am lost, I tell you! The duke will demand entire satisfaction. His back is black and blue yet with the marks of the cudgeling I gave him. I am lost, and the baker's daughter too. I'll jump from the bridge, and drown myself at once!"

"God forbid!" answered Philip. "What have you and the baker's daughter to do with it?"

"Your Royal Highness banters me, and I am in despair! I humbly beseech you to give me two minutes' private conversation."

Philip followed the negro into a small boudoir dimly lighted up with a few candles. The negro threw himself on a sofa, quite overcome, and groaned aloud. Philip found some sandwiches and wine on the table, and helped himself with great relish.

"I wonder your Royal Highness can be so cool on hearing this cursed story. If that rascally Salmoni were here who acted the conjurer, he might save us by some contrivance, for the fellow was a bunch of tricks. As it is, he has slipped out of the scrape."

"So much the better," interrupted Philip, replenishing his

glass. "Since he has got out of the way, we can throw all the blame on his shoulders."

"How can we do that? The duke, I tell you, knows that you, and I, and the marshal's wife, and the baker's daughter, were all in the plot together, to take advantage of his superstition. He knows that it was you that engaged Salmoni to play the conjurer; that it was I that instructed the baker's daughter—with whom he is in love—how to inveigle him into the snare; that it was I that enacted the ghost that knocked him down and cudgeled him till he roared again. If I had only not carried the joke too far! I only wished to cool his love a little for my sweetheart. It was a devilish business! I'll take poison!"

"Rather take a glass of wine; it is delicious," said Philip, helping himself to another tart at the same time. "To tell you the truth, my friend, I think you are rather a white-livered sort of rogue for a colonel, to think of hanging, drowning, shooting, and poisoning yourself about such a ridiculous story as that. One of these modes would be too much, but as to all the four—nonsense. I tell you that at this moment I don't know what to make out of your tale."

"Your Royal Highness, have pity on me, my brain is turned! The duke's page, an old friend of mine, has told me this very moment that the marshal's wife, inspired by the devil, went up to the duke, and told him that the trick played on him at the baker's house was planned by Prince Julian, who opposed his marriage with his sister; that the spirit he saw was myself, sent by the princess to be a witness of his superstition; that your Highness was a witness of his descent into the pit after hidden gold, and of his promise to make the baker's daughter his mistress, and also to make her one of the nobility immediately after his marriage

with the princess. 'Do not hope to gain the princess. It is useless for you to try!' were the last words of the marshal's wife to the duke."

"And a pretty story it is!" muttered Philip. "Why, behavior like that would be a disgrace to the meanest of the people! I declare, there is no end to these deviltries."

"Yes, indeed. 'Tis impossible to behave more meanly than the marshal's lady. The woman must be a fury. My gracious Lord, save me from destruction!"

"Where is the duke?" asked Philip.

"The page told me he started up on hearing the story, and said, 'I will go to the king.' And if he tells the story to the king in his own way——"

"Is the king here, then?"

"Oh, yes, he is at cards in the next room with the archbishop and the minister of police."

Philip walked up and down the boudoir. The case required consideration.

"Your Royal Highness," said the negro, "protect me! Your own honor is at stake. You can easily make all straight; otherwise, I am ready, at the first intimation of danger, to fly across the border. I will pack up, and to-morrow I shall expect your final commands as to my future behavior."

With these words the negro took his leave.

"It is high time I was a watchman again," thought Philip. "I am getting both myself and my substitute into scrapes he will find it hard to get out of; and that makes the difference between a peasant and a prince. One is no better off than the other. Good heavens! what fine things these court lords are up to, which we do not dream of with lantern and staff in hand, or digging with a spade! We think they lead the lives of angels, without sin or care.

Pretty piece of business! Within a quarter of an hour I have heard of more rascally tricks than I ever played in my whole life. And—" But his reverie was interrupted by a whisper.

"So lonely, prince! I consider myself happy in having a minute's conversation with your Royal Highness."

Philip looked at the speaker. He was a miner, covered over with gold and jewels.

"Only an instant," said the mask. "The business is pressing, and deeply concerns you."

"Who are you?" inquired Philip.

"Count Bodenlos, the minister of finance, at your Highness's service," answered the miner, and showed his face, which looked as if it was a second mask, with its little eyes and copper-colored nose.

"Well, then, my Lord, what are your commands?"

"May I speak openly? I waited on your Royal Highness thrice, and was never admitted to the honor of an audience; and yet—Heaven is my witness—no man in all this court has a deeper interest in your Royal Highness than I have."

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Philip. "What is your business just now? But be quick!"

"May I venture to speak of the house of Abraham Levi?"

"As much as you like."

"They have applied to me about the fifty thousand dollars which you owe them, and threaten to apply to the king. And you remember your promise to his Majesty when last he paid your debts."

"Can't the people wait?" asked Philip.

"No more than the brothers Goldschmidt, who demand their seventy-five thousand dollars."

"It is all the same to me. If the people won't wait for their money, I must——"

"No hasty resolutions, my gracious Lord! I have it in my power to settle everything comfortably, if——"

"Well, if what?"

"If you will honor me by listening to me one moment. I hope to have no difficulty in redeeming all your debts. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up immense quantities of corn, so that the price is very much raised. A decree against importation will raise it three or four per cent higher. By giving Abraham Levi the monopoly, the business will be arranged. The house erases your debt, and pays off your seventy-five thousand dollars to the Goldschmidts, and I give you over the receipts. But everything depends on my continuing for another year at the head of the finances. If Baron Greifensack succeeds in ejecting me from the ministry, I shall be unable to serve your Royal Highness as I could wish. If your Highness will leave the party of Greifensack, our point is gained. For me it is a matter of perfect indifference whether I remain in office or not. I sigh for repose. But for your Royal Highness it is a matter of great moment. If I have not the shuffling of the pack, I lose the game."

For some time Philip did not know what answer to make. At last, while the finance minister, waiting his reply, took a pinch out of his snuff-box set with jewels, Philip said:

"If I rightly understand you, Sir Count, you would starve the country a little in order to pay my debts. Consider, sir, what misery you will cause. And will the king consent to it?"

"If I remain in office I will answer for that, my gracious Lord. When the price of corn rises, the king will, of course,

think of permitting importation, and prevent exportation by levying heavy imposts. The permission to do so is given to the house of Abraham Levi, and they export as much as they choose. But, as I said before, if Greifensack gets the helm, nothing can be done. For the first year he would be obliged to attend strictly to his duty, in order to be able afterward to feather his nest at the expense of the country. He must first make sure of his ground. He is dreadfully grasping!"

"A pretty project!" answered Philip. "And how long do you think a finance minister must be in office before he can lay his shears on the flock to get wool enough for himself and me?"

"Oh, if he has his wits about him he may manage it in a year."

"Then the king ought to be counseled to change his finance minister every twelve months, if he wishes to be faithfully and honorably served."

"I hope, your Royal Highness, that since I have had the exchequer, the king and court have been faithfully served."

"I believe you, count, and the poor people believe you still more. Already they scarcely know how to pay their rates and taxes. You should treat us with a little more consideration, count."

"Us? Don't I do everything for the court?"

"No; I mean the people. You should have a little more consideration for them."

"I appreciate what your Royal Highness says; but I serve the king and the court; the people are not to be considered. The country is his private property, and the people are only useful to him as increasing the value of his land. But this is no time to discuss the old story about the interests of the

people. I beg your Royal Highness's answer to my propositions. Am I to have the honor to discharge your debts on the above specified conditions?"

"Answer? No, never, never—at the expense of hundreds and thousands of starving families!"

"But, your Royal Highness, if, in addition to the clearance of your debts, I make the house of Abraham Levi present you with fifty thousand dollars in hard cash? I think it may afford you that sum. The house will gain so much by the operation, that——"

"Perhaps it may be able to give you also a mark of its regard."

"Your Highness is pleased to jest with me. I gain nothing by the affair. My whole object is to obtain the protection of your Royal Highness."

"You are very polite!"

"I may hope, then, prince?"

"Count, I will do my duty. Do you do yours."

"My duty is to be of service to you. To-morrow I shall send for Abraham, and conclude the agreement with him. I shall have the honor to present your Royal Highness with the receipt for all your debts, besides the gift of fifty thousand dollars."

"Go; I want to hear no more of it!"

"And your Royal Highness will honor me with your favor? For unless I am in the ministry it is impossible for me to deal with Abraham Levi, so as——"

"I wish to Heaven you and your ministry, and Abraham Levi, were all three on the Blocksberg! I tell you what, unless you lower the price of corn, and take away the monopoly from that infernal Jew, I'll go this moment and reveal your villainy to the king, and get you and Abraham Levi ban-

ished from the country. See to it—I'll keep my word!" Philip turned away in a rage, and proceeded to the ballroom, leaving the minister of finance petrified with amazement.

—"*Adventures of a New Year's Eve.*"

The Leg

In the autumn of 1782 the surgeon Louis Thévenet, of Calais, received an unsigned invitation requesting him to come on the following day to a country-house situated on the road to Paris, and to bring with him the instruments necessary for the performance of an amputation. Thévenet was widely known at that time as the most skilful practitioner of his art; it was not uncommon to summon him across the Channel to England for consultation. He had long served in the army, and had kept something brusk in his bearing, but his natural kindliness rendered him universally beloved.

Thévenet was surprised at the anonymous note. Time and place were indicated with the greatest exactitude; he was told where and when he was expected, yet, as has been said, a signature was lacking. "Some young fool," he thought to himself, "probably wants to send me on a wild-goose chase." And he did not go.

Three days later he received a similar invitation, more pressing still, and informing him that at nine o'clock on the next morning a carriage would stop at his house to fetch him. And in fact, next morning, at the stroke of nine, a handsome open carriage appeared. Thévenet hesitated no longer, but entered it.

Outside the city gate he asked the coachman, "To whom are you taking me?" The man answered, "I don't know, and it doesn't concern me." These words were spoken in English.

"You are a boor," replied Thévenet.

The carriage finally stopped before the country-house in question. "To whom am I to go? Who lives here? Who is ill?" Thévenet asked the coachman before he got out of the carriage. The latter gave his previous answer, to which the physician, too, replied as before. At the door of the house a handsome young man, about twenty-eight years old, met him, and led him up a flight of stairs into a large room. The young man's accent showed him to be an Englishman. Consequently Thévenet addressed him in that language, and received a friendly answer.

"You have summoned me here," said the surgeon.

"I am very grateful to you for having taken the trouble to come," answered the Englishman. "Will you not be seated? Here are chocolate, coffee, wine, in case you should care to take something before performing the operation."

"But, sir, I should first like to see the patient. I must examine the injury, to see whether an amputation is necessary."

"It is necessary, Mr. Thévenet. Kindly sit down. I have every confidence in you. Therefore, listen: I have in this purse two hundred guineas, which I design to pay you for performing the operation you are to undertake. More will be forthcoming if it is successfully done. If it turns out badly, or if you refuse to accede to my wishes—you see this loaded pistol, and you are in my power—I will shoot you down, so help me God!"

"Sir, I do not fear your pistol. But what do you desire?

Speak plainly, without preamble. What am I to do here?"

"You must cut off my right leg."

"With the greatest pleasure, and, if you wish it, your head too. Only, if I noticed rightly, the leg seems to be in perfectly good condition. You sprang up the stairs before me like a rope-dancer. What is the matter with the leg?"

"Nothing. I want to get rid of it."

"Sir, you are a fool!"

"That does not concern you, Mr. Thévenet."

"What sin has your admirable leg committed?"

"None. But have you made up your mind to rid me of it?"

"Sir, I do not know you. Produce witnesses to prove you otherwise sound and healthy in mind."

"Will you yield to my wishes, Mr. Thévenet?"

"Sir, as soon as you give me a reasonable ground for this mutilation."

"I cannot tell you the truth now; perhaps I may at the end of a year. But I am willing to bet that, after the space of a year, you yourself will confess that my reasons for getting rid of this leg were the noblest conceivable."

"I will not bet unless you tell me your name, your place of residence, your family, and your occupation."

"You shall know all that in the future, but not now. I beg you to consider me a man of honor."

"A man of honor does not threaten his physician with pistols. I have certain duties even toward you, who are unknown to me. If it will please you to become the murderer of the innocent father of a family, then shoot!"

"Very well, Mr. Thévenet," said the Englishman, taking up the pistol, "I will not shoot you, but, for all that, I will

force you to amputate my leg. What you will do neither as a favor to me, nor from desire of reward, nor for fear of a bullet, you will grant me out of pity."

"And how so?"

"I will shatter my own leg with a bullet, and that right here and now, before your very eyes."

The Englishman sat down, took the pistol, and pressed its muzzle close to his knee. Thévenet made a motion to jump up and prevent him.

"Do not move," said the Englishman, "or I shoot. Answer me this single question: Do you wish to prolong and intensify my pain unnecessarily?"

"Sir, you are a fool, but I will do as you wish. I will rid you of your confounded leg."

Everything was prepared for the operation. When the knife was set to the leg, the Englishman lit his pipe and swore that he would not let it go out. He kept his word. The dead leg lay on the floor. The Englishman continued to smoke.

Thévenet performed his task in a masterly way. By means of his skill, the sick man was healed in a comparatively short time. He rewarded his physician, whom he esteemed more highly every day, thanked him with tears of joy for the loss of his limb, and sailed off to England with a wooden leg.

About eighteen weeks after his departure Thévenet received a letter from England to the following effect:

"Enclosed you will find, as a proof of my profound gratitude, an order on M. Pachaud, the Paris banker, for two hundred and fifty guineas. By ridding me of a limb which stood in the way of my earthly happiness you have made me the happiest of mortals. Excellent man, you may now know

the reason for what you called my foolish whim. You declared that there could be no reasonable ground for such voluntary mutilation. I proposed to enter on a bet with you. You did well not to accept it.

"After my second return from India I became acquainted with Emily Harley, the most perfect of women. I adored her. Her fortune and connections pleased my family; I cared only for her beauty, for her angelic disposition. I became one of her crowd of admirers. Ah, my dear Thévenet, I was happy enough to become the unhappiest of all my rivals. She loved me, *me* before all men, made no secret of it, and yet for that very reason she repelled me. In vain did I beg for her hand; in vain did my parents and her friends beg for me. She remained unmoved.

"For a long time I could not discover the cause of her aversion to a marriage with me, whom, by her own confession, she loved to distraction. At last one of her sisters revealed the secret to me. Miss Harley was a marvelous beauty, but she had one defect—she was one-legged, and on account of this imperfection she feared to become my wife. She dreaded that I should despise her for it. My mind was immediately made up. I would share her misfortune. Thanks to you, my dear Thévenet, I became able to do it.

"I returned home with a deceptive wooden leg. The first thing I did was to visit Miss Harley. The news had gone abroad, and I myself had written to England to say that I had broken my leg by falling from a horse, and that it had been amputated. I was universally pitied. Emily fainted at our first meeting. For a long time she was inconsolable; but she became my wife. Not until the day after our marriage did I tell her the secret of the sacrifice that I had made in

order to win her. She loved me the more tenderly for it. Oh, excellent Thévenet, had I ten legs to lose, I would give them all, without pulling a face, for Emily!

"As long as I live I shall be grateful to you. Come to London, visit me, become acquainted with my adorable wife, and then still say, if you can, that I am a fool!

"CHARLES TEMPLE."

Thévenet communicated the story and the contents of the letter to his friends, laughing heartily as often as he related it.

"For all that, he remains a fool!" cried the doctor.

His reply to the letter ran as follows:

"SIR: I thank you for your valuable present. I call it thus, for I can hardly call it a reward for my small trouble.

"I wish you happiness on your marriage with the most charming of all Englishwomen. It is true, a leg is not much to give in exchange for a beautiful, virtuous, and tender wife, if only in the end one is not deceived in one's bargain. Adam had to pay a rib of his own body for the possession of a wife; many another man has paid as much, some even their head.

"Nevertheless you will permit me humbly to keep to my original opinion. To be sure, at this moment you are in the right. You now dwell in the paradise of love's springtide. But I, too, am right, with this difference, that the truth of my opinion, like every truth that one hesitates a long time to accept, will be slow to ripen.

"Sir, hear what I say. I fear that after two years you will regret having had your leg amputated above the knee. 'It would have done just as well below,' you will say to yourself. At the end of three years you will be convinced that the loss

of a foot would have been sufficient. At the end of four years you will declare that the sacrifice of the great toe would have been too much. At the end of five, you will assert the same of the little toe. When six years shall have passed, you will confess to me that the paring of the nails would have been quite enough.

"All this I say without trying to detract from the merits of your charming wife. Ladies can keep their beauty and their virtues more changeless than men their judgments. In my youth I would at any time have given my life for my beloved; in my life I should never have given a leg. The former sacrifice I would never have regretted, the latter always. For had I made it, I would have said to myself to this very day. 'Thévenet, you were a fool!' With which remark, I have the honor to be, sir, your humble servant,

"G. THÉVENET."

In the year 1793, during the Reign of Terror, having been brought into suspicion of aristocratic leanings by a younger colleague, Thévenet fled to London, in order to save his life from the leveling guillotine.

Either because time hung heavily on his hands, or because he wished to seek acquaintances, he went to see Sir Charles Temple.

He was directed to that gentleman's mansion. He was announced and received. In an armchair, over a pot of foaming porter, near the chimney, and surrounded by twenty newspapers, sat a stout gentleman, so unwieldy that he could scarcely rise.

"Ah, welcome, Mr. Thévenet!" cried the stout gentleman, who was no other than Sir Charles himself. "Don't take it ill that I remain seated, but the infernal wooden leg hin-

ders me in everything. My friend, I suppose you have come to see *whether the truth has ripened?*"

"I come as a refugee, seeking protection of you."

"You must be my guest, for, on my life, you are a wise man. You must console me. In truth, Thévenet, I might have been an admiral to-day, if this miserable wooden leg had not rendered me unfit for the service of my country. As it is, I read the papers, and curse myself blue in the face on account of my forced inactivity. Come, console me!"

"Your wife will be better able to console you than I."

"Not at all. Her wooden leg prevents her from dancing, and so she has taken to cards and gossip. There is no getting along with her. In other things she is an excellent woman."

"And so I seem to have been in the right?"

"Oh, entirely, my dear Thévenet; but let us be silent on that subject. I acted like an ass. Could I get my leg back, I would not give the paring of a toe-nail! Between you and me, I was a fool! But keep this information to yourself."

Wilhelm Müller

The Drunkard's Fancy

STRAIGHT from the tavern door
I am come here;
Old road, how odd to me
Thou dost appear!
Right and left changing sides,
Rising and sunk;
Oh, I can plainly see,
Road, thou art drunk!

Oh, what a twisted face
Thou hast, oh, moon!
One eye shut, t'other eye
Wide as a spoon.
Who could have dreamed of this?
Shame on thee, shame!
Thou hast been fuddling,
Jolly old dame!

Look at the lamps again;
See how they reel!
Nodding and flickering
Round as they wheel.
Not one among them all
Steady can go;
Look at the drunken lamps,
All in a row.

Wilhelm Müller

All in an uproar seem
  Great things and small;
I am the only one
  Sober at all.
But there's no safety here
  For sober men;
So I'll turn back to
  The tavern again.

Friedrich Schulze—"Friedrich Laun"

The Incognito

THE town council was sitting, and that in gloomy silence. Alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order, that morning received, which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one-half. At length the mayor arose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, and bolted the door. That worthy man, however, or, as he was more frequently styled, that worthy mace, was not so to be baffled; old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarreling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council, he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate, or not, at the risk of losing their places. Indeed, they were divided on every point except one; and that was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length, in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the panels of the door outside. "What presumption is this?" exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity. Ne-

cessity has no law; and any more reverential knocking could have had no chance of being heard. The person outside was Mr. Commissioner Pig; and his business was to communicate a despatch of urgent importance which he had that moment received by express.

"First of all, gentlemen," said the pursy commissioner, "allow me to take breath," and, seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead. Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grab at it—"Permit me, Mr. Pig." "No," said Pig; "it is the postscript only which concerns the council. Wait one moment, and I will have the honor of reading it myself." Thereupon he drew out his spectacles, and adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows:

"We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible. His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remote provinces of his new dominions immediately. He means to preserve the strictest *incognito,* and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, attended only by one gentleman of the bedchamber, *viz.,* the Baron von Hoax. The carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain English landau, the body painted dark blue, 'picked out' with tawny and white. As for his Highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course, we need scarcely suggest to you that, if the principal hotel of your town should not be in proper order, or for any reason not fully and unconditionally available, it will be proper in that

case to meet the illustrious traveler on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, among which your own is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honor of the new sovereign's first visit, and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all Germany turned upon you."

"Doubtless, most important intelligence!" said the chairman. "But who is your correspondent?"

"The old and eminent house of Wassermüller; and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay."

"To be sure, to be sure; and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service."

So said all the rest; for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old traditional fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favor. To make the best use of such an opportunity, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was on this pleasure that Commissioner Pig in his next sentence made known that he must be paid for his loyalty. However, there was no remedy, and his demands were acceded to; for not only was Pig-house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion, but it was also known to be so in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read—at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of "Treason!" was raised by a

member; and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an armchair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him, which under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the bowstring or instant impalement, and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first instalment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. This oath, at the suggestion of a member, was afterward administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, as also to the commissioner. Which done, the council adjourned.

"Now, my dear creatures," said the commissioner to his wife and daughter on returning home, "without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker; also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner; in one half hour let each and all be at work; and at work let them continue all day and all night."

"At work? But what for? What for, Pig?"

"And, do you hear, as quickly as possible," added Pig, driving them both out of the room.

"But what for?" they both repeated, reentering at another door.

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the commissioner went on, "And let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the——"

"The fiddlestick end, Mr. Pig. I insist upon knowing what all this is about."

"No matter what, my darling. Just do as I say."

"Hark you, Mr. Commissioner. Matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear, then, my fixed deter-

mination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, this haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me this secret, without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred!"

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr. Commissioner Pig; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His "morals" gave way before his "passions," and after binding his wife and daughter by an oath, he communicated the state secret. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of mystery adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale; for before nightfall not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to skepticism, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the commissioner's news. Of old he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality. Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the official news of the public journals. But still, on such occasions, the commissioner would exclaim, "What then? Who believes what newspapers say? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say." Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of pointblank contradiction, unceremoniously giving the lie

to each other, he persisted in siding with the former, peremptorily refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe had long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipsic, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimera of visionary politicians. "Pure hypochondriacal fiction!" says he. "No such affair ever could have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my private letters; they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at once—none whatever." Such being the character of the commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed, on reflection, to treat his recent communication as very questionable and apocryphal, among whom was the chairman or mayor; and the next day he walked over to Pig-house for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. "I protest to you," said he, "that as a private individual I am fully satisfied; it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town chest is miserably poor, and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council table upon a false alarm. Upon my honor, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the skeptics." The commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies. And, indeed, at this moment the mayor had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples; for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce that the blue landau and the "superb whiskers" had just passed through the north gate. Yes, Fitz-Hum and von Hoax were positively here—not coming, but come; and the profanest skeptic could no longer presume to doubt; for, while the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's

landau began to hum along the street. The mayor fled in affright, and with him fled the shades of unbelief.

This was a triumph, a providential *coup-de-théâtre,* on the side of the true believers. The orthodoxy of the Piggian epistolary intercourse was now forever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy, not perfectly happy; something was still left to desire, something which reminded him that he was mortal. "Oh, why," said he, "why, when such a mass of blessings is showered upon me, why must destiny ordain that it come one day too soon—before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast-room, before the—" At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door; a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig's soliloquy; the steps were audibly let down; and the commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately in order to do the honors of reception to his illustrious guest.

"No ceremony, I beg," said the Count Fitz-Hum. "For one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends!" So saying, he stretched out his hand to the commissioner; and though he did not shake Pig's hand, yet, as great men do, he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance; while Pig, on his part, sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension forever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum, and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.

The commissioner was beginning to apologize for the un-

finished state of the preparations, but the count would not hear of it. "Affection to my person," said he, "unseasonable affection, I must say it, has, it seems, betrayed my rank to you; but for this night at least, I beseech you, let us forget it." And upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that those dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign—"Ah, what?" said the count gaily; "my dear commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these." Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him; everything was right and delightful. Down went the little sofa-bed in a closet, which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high-breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and loyal affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose was, At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies; and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at eleven o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air, at the same time bowing to the ladies who sat on his right and left hand, and saying, "Where can one be better off than in the bosom of one's family?" At which words

tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honor and happiness which were thus descending upon his family, and finding nothing left to wish for but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to von Hoax, that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

"Tears, such as tender fathers shed," had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the commissioner; but before he retired to bed he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honored by a long private interview with the count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment—indeed, he must say his indignation—that merit so distinguished as that of Mr. Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. "I now see more than ever," said he, "the necessity there was that I should visit my states *incognito*." And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host.

Upon this Pig wept copiously, and upon retiring, being immediately honored by an interview with von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his Highness ever did these things by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace, the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labors, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By

this time it was universally known throughout the city who was sleeping at the commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute. The drums awoke the count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window, bowing repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of "Long live his Serene Highness!" ascended from the mob, among whom the count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below, that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service, the "balance of five," as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list, or, at least, not ready for "all work," though too loyal to decline a labor of love like the present. The count received the report of the commanding officer, and declared—addressing himself to von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer—that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of being accustomed to war. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words "early promotion" and "order of merit." In the transports of his gratitude, he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley. But this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and deep premeditation were required; a considerable "balance" of the gallant troops were not quite expert in the art of loading, and a considerable "balance" of the muskets not quite expert in the art of going off. Men and muskets being alike veterans, the agility of youth was not to be expected of them, and the issue was that only two guns did actually go off. "But in com-

mercial cities," as the good-natured count observed to his host, "a large discount must always be made on prompt payment."

Breakfast was now over, the bells of the churches were ringing, the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes, and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, etc., from the companies and gilds of the city, were forming into processions. First came the town council, with the mayor at their head. The recent order for the reduction of fees, etc., was naturally made the subject of a dutiful remonstrance, and great was the joy with which the count's answer was received:

"On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before; his signature must have been obtained by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council that, on his return to his capital, his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a measure, and to take such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honor and dignity of the nation."

The council were then presented *seriatim*, and all had the honor of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came the trading companies, each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness, if the selfishness of the iron trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all

men's shoe-soles. The hair-dressers were modest—indeed, too modest—in their demands, confining themselves to the request that, for the better encouragement of wigs, a tax should be imposed upon every man who presumed to wear his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things, only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations—a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hailstones was scandalously degenerating from its ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price, which was a base insinuation, all they wished for being that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite—"fulness of bread" being notoriously the root of Jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the devil they would be at; a course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors, the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his Highness would "lend him a thousand pounds." The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press, and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest

art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate cases; for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted, and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favor.

The corporate bodies were now despatched; but such was the report of the prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept crowding to the commissioner's house and pressing for the honor of an audience. The commissioner represented to the mob that his Highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In this emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a ruse. He sent round a servant from the back door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad dog was ranging about the streets and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered. The cry of "Mad dog!" was set up; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade in front of Pig-house was raised. Farewell now to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grandees of the place had been present; all had now departed, delighted with the condescensions of the count, and puzzled only on one point, *viz.*, the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive

homage in any other case, but not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here, then, was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Among these, spite of parental vanity, were the commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which, however, did but explain one riddle by another. The count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed such connections, but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested that, with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honor was too much for the commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason by harboring for one moment hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbibed fresh courage, and upon his reascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, *viz.,* in opposing the wishes of his sovereign, and he joyfully gave his consent. Upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company who witnessed it had the honor of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the commissioner's gate—a special messenger with despatches, no doubt, said the count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box, and from a great body of papers, which he said were "*merely* petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers," he drew out and presented

to the count a "despatch from the privy council." The count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.

"No bad news, I hope?" said the commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state affairs.

"No, no—none of any importance," said the count, with great suavity; "a little rebellion, nothing more," smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

"Rebellion!" said Mr. Pig, aloud. "Nothing *more!*" said Mr. Pig to himself. "Why, what on earth——"

"Yes, my dear sir, rebellion—a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe; truly unpleasant, and distressing to every well-regulated mind!"

"Distressing! I should think so, and very awful! Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of——"

"Oh, my dear sir," interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gaiety, "make yourself easy. Nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigor and well-placed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital. To-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field, so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay; for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient."

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by von Hoax, rolled up to the door. The count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were the words "truly distressing" and "every well-constituted mind"; smiled most graciously on the whole company; pressed the commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done

on his arrival; stepped into the carriage; and in a few moments "the blue landau," together with "the superb whiskers," had rolled back through the city gates to their old original home.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, the "rebellion" and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (fathers especially, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his Serene Highness was a great fool; but as to the rebellion, the gilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meantime, the commissioner presented his accounts to the council. They were of startling amount, and although prompt payment seemed the most prudent course toward the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the "rebellion" suggested arguments for demurring a little; and accordingly the commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted *ad deliberandum*. On returning home, the commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch which had fallen out of the pocket of von Hoax; this, he was at first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on recollecting himself, "No doubt," said he, "in times of rebellion ink is not safe; besides, *carte blanche*, simple as it looks, is a profound diplomatic phrase, implying permission to dictate your own stipulations on a wide champaign acreage of white paper, not hedged in right and left by rascally conditions, not intersected by fences that cut up all freedom of motion." So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by a mounted messenger, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime the newspapers arrived from the capital, but

they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion; and the longer the silence lasted, so much the more critical, it was inferred, must be the state of affairs, and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following disclosures:

"A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough town not a hundred miles from the little river P——. On the accession of our present gracious sovereign, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr. von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bedchamber to his late Highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new prince. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W—— & Co., he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who had betted largely against him. This agent bore the name of von Hoax; and, by his report, the wager has been adjudged to von Holster as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well; what follows, however, is still better. Some time ago a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital had met with Mr. von H——, and had clandestinely formed an acquaintance which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman, however, had no fortune, or none which corresponded

to the expectations of the lady's family. Under these circumstances, the lady, despairing in any other way of obtaining her father's consent, agreed that, in connection with his scheme for winning the wager, Fitz-Hum should attempt another, more interesting to them both, in pursuance of which arrangement he contrived to fix himself under his princely *incognito* at the very house of Mr. Commissioner P——, the father of his lady-love; and the result is that he has actually married her, with the entire approbation of her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto, remains, however, to be seen. Certain it is that for the present, until the prince's pleasure can be taken, Mr. von Holster has been committed to prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign."

Thus far the newspaper. However, in a few days all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr. von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had not personated his Serene Highness. On the contrary, he had given himself out both before and after his entry into the town of P—— for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum; and it was they, the good people of that town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince. If they *would* kiss his hand, was it for a humble individual of no pretensions whatever arrogantly to refuse? If they *would* make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself rudely to refuse their homage, when the greatest kings, as was notorious, always listened and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry, the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but when the narrator came to the final article of the "rebellion" (under which sounding title a friend of

von Holster's had communicated to him a general combination among his creditors for arresting his person), the good-natured prince laughed immoderately, and it became easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince, von H—— had established some claims upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis. Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favor to von H——, could not fail to pacify the "rebels" against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr. Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved. His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar; and there also it was, that, upon learning the total suppression of the insurrection, he drowned all his scruples for a second and a final time.

The town of M—— has, however, still occasion to remember the blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which must now and then be parried upon that subject. Dr. B——, in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered five hundred dollars to the man who should notify him of his appointment to the place of court physician, has been obliged solemnly to advertise in the gazette, for the information of the wits in the capital, "That he will not consider himself bound by his promise, seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment, that it would beggar him to pay for them at any such rate." With respect to the various petitioners, the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, etc., they all maintain that, though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment that he well deserved to have been a true one.

Wilhelm Hauff

Doctor Schnatterer Lectures upon the Devil

I LEFT the philosophers and went in search of the theologians. In order to become better acquainted with them I determined to visit one or two of them after Sunday morning service. I dressed in black, so as to look like a divinity student, and set out. I had been warned against coming to a too hasty conclusion in regard to the piety and purity of these worthy men, since, following the spirit of the Old Testament, they were given to a disregard of externals, and thus had a tendency to uncouthness.

Fortifying my heart with patience, I entered the study of the first theologian, Dr. Schnatterer. From out of a great cloud of blue smoke arose an elderly, stoutish man holding a great meerschaum pipe. He nodded curtly, and then looked at me, half inquiringly, half irritated. I explained to him how philosophy had failed to satisfy my deeper needs, and that hence I desired to hear lectures on theology. He murmured a few inaudible but, as it seemed, learned remarks, smiled in a pleased way, and walked up and down the room.

I assumed an invitation to accompany him on his promenade, and therefore walked beside him with a gait equally grave, listening for any utterance from his learned lips. In vain! He grinned a little now and then, but said nothing. At least, I heard nothing except indistinctly the words, "Have a pipe?" I inferred that he was offering me a smoke, but I could not avail myself of his offer. The brand of tobacco he smoked was too monstrously vile.

It is long since I have ceased to let anything embarrass

me, else had the professor's protracted silence made me lose my self-control completely. As it was, I calmly continued to walk up and down beside him, turned when he turned, and repeatedly counted the length of the room by paces. After I had sufficiently admired the old-fashioned furniture, the various odds and ends of clothes and linen on the chairs, and the extraordinary chaos of his desk, I fixed my attention on the professor himself. His appearance was most strange. A fringe of long hair surrounded his bald crown; his knitted nightcap he carried under his arm. His dressing-gown was torn at the elbow, and had numerous holes, which had evidently been burned into it. One of his lower members was clothed in a black silk stocking and a buckled shoe, the other protruded half bare from a yellowish sock and an old slipper. But before I was able to take full advantage of his mysterious silence for my observations, the door was torn open. A tall, scraggy woman, her cheeks red with rage, burst in.

"Now, this is a shame, Blasius!" she cried. "The sexton is here, and is hunting for you to come and administer Holy Communion. The deacon is already at the altar, and you are here in your dressing-gown!"

"I assure you, my dear," answered the doctor quite coolly, "it was sheer forgetfulness! But behold, one leg had I already equipped for the service of the Lord, when a thought occurred to me that will reduce the arguments of Dr. P—— to nothing."

Regardless of the fact that he was shedding almost everything that covered his body, he was about to throw off his dressing-gown in order to deck out the rest of his cadaver for the Lord's service. But with a quick turn his wife threw herself in front of him, and, spreading out her skirts, hid his nakedness.

"Your pardon, sir," she said, suppressing her rage. "He is so taken up with the zeal of office that you must excuse him. Give us the pleasure of your company another time. He must be off to church now."

Silently I took my hat, and left the doctor in care of his amiable Xantippe. "A fine beginning in theology!" I thought, and lost all desire to visit the other reverend gentlemen. Nevertheless I resolved to hear a few lectures, and this resolve I carried out next day.

Imagine a large, low hall, thronged with young men in the most extraordinary costumes. Caps of all shapes and colors, long flowing or clipped standing hair, long venerable beards and conceited little mustaches, fashionable frock coats, with large cravats next to old-fashioned jackets and large white baby collars. Thus the reverend young gentlemen sat in their lecture-hall. Each individual had before him a lot of writing-paper, ink, and pens, for the purpose of taking down the words of wisdom he was about to hear. "Oh, Plato and Socrates," thought I, "had the students of your academy but taken down your words, how much of profound, nay, sacred wisdom had not been uttered so vainly! How goodly a showing in many libraries would the majestic folios of Socrates's works make!"

All heads were bared. A short, stout figure made its way to the pulpit-like reading-desk. It was Dr. Schnatterer, whom I had visited the day before. He seemed to scan the assembly with rapture. He coughed a little, and began:

"Highly-to-be-respected-and-honored gentlemen!" (He meant those who paid him a fee of six Thaler.)

"Worthy gentlemen!" (He meant those who paid the regular fee.)

"Gentlemen!" (He meant those whom, on account of

their poverty, the university taught for a small fee—or none.)

And now he began his lecture, and the pens scratched and the paper rustled. He looked like the moon peeping from between rain-clouds.

I could not have come more opportunely, for the doctor was just discussing subjects under the heading of evil spirits, and I could hope for much information of a very personal kind. In truth, he did not keep me waiting long. "The devil," he said, "persuaded the first two human beings to sin, and is still an enemy to the race." After this sentence I expected to hear a philosophical disquisition upon the doctrine of the devil. Not so, however. The doctor stuck at the word "devil," and at the fact that the Jews had called me Beelzebub. With an exhibition of recondite learning such as I had certainly never expected to find under his cap, he threw the word Beelzebub about for three-quarters of an hour. Some, he declared, explained it as signifying "Master of Flies"; the Chaldeans and Syrians interpreted it as the "Accuser"; others, again, connected it with the Oriental expression for sepulcher. The pens of the students whirred and flew. Such learning is not often to be heard.

But the doctor had taken up most of his time now, for his citations from writings sacred and profane were endless. At first I had been amused to see dogma treated in this fashion, and myself so thoroughly analyzed, but at last I grew weary, and was about to move from my seat and leave the speaker to his endless twaddle, when he paused for a moment. The students blew their noses, changed the positions of their legs, and put new nibs into their penholders. "Now comes the crowning moment!" I thought.

It did.

The great theologian, having elucidated and appreciated the opinions of others, now set out, with dignity and unction, to give his own view of the matter.

All these explanations, he said, had little value, for they did not attach an appropriate meaning to the word. He himself could, however, offer an explanation which would surpass that of Michaelis and Döderlein. He read the Hebrew word as *Saphael*, which signifies mud, or dung. Hence the devil, or Beelzebub, is the lord of dung, the unclean—*pneuma akatharton*, the stinker; and, indeed, in popular stories the appearance of the devil is always accompanied by an evil odor.

I could hardly trust my ears. Never had I heard anything equally insulting. I was about to apply the same method to the orthodox exegetist which Dr. Luther (who really did not know how to take a joke) applied to me—that is, to pitch the nearest inkstand at him; but a better and more effective vengeance occurred to me. Hence I restrained my wrath.

Conscious of his dignity, the doctor closed his note-book, glanced all round him, and started to the door. The deep silence which had reigned in the hall gave place to a murmur of approval:

"What a learned man! What a deep thinker! What depths beneath depths of learning!" The students busily compared their note-books to make sure that they had lost none of the words of wisdom, and happy was he whose report of the lecture seemed complete. . . .

But I had sworn to be revenged on the doctor, and I was hardly one to forget my vow.—"*Memoirs of Satan.*"

M. G. Saphir

Love at First Sight

As my eyes were wandering about, I noticed a young woman who was gazing at me intently. "Aha, she's in love with me!" thought I. "I've certainly made a conquest there." It is well known that love is the work of a moment. How does love come, and how does it go? The sight of me came to this girl's eyes, passed thence to her heart, and now she might seek in vain to drive me from eye or heart.

From that moment on I was happy. I was beloved. I circled about the grove of the festive park in which she sat, circled about it like a restive ghost. She looked at me again, and yet again. I'm almost sorry that I am so attractive. Poor thing! I went aside into another path to consider how I might save her from despair.

Here, in this momentary place of refuge, I overheard a conversation that took place within me. I recognized the speakers by their voices. The conversation is worth recording. Self-Love, a healthy, buxom creature, with a penetrating voice, said:

"There is nothing so very surprising about all this. You have a fine figure, and a fine figure is the most important consideration in a man—next to money, of course. You have a very intellectual face and a certain charm which makes conquests easy."

An amiable person, this Self-Love. One could listen to her for hours. But a deep bass voice interrupted her. It was Reason, a strange fellow, for whom I have never had any great affection. He said:

"Surely you are not so stupid as to suppose that a young woman will fall in love with you at first sight? Have you never used a mirror?"

I could have killed the meddlesome fellow. But Self-Love was not so easily to be silenced:

"And why not? To be sure, your nose is not exactly Roman, but it is not so bad, for all that. And have you not a mouth that can speak for you, and that has about it an expression which is amiable and good-natured and piquant at once? Have you not a bold brow and a noble gait?"

I agreed with her entirely. A person of sense, evidently. But suddenly I heard yet another voice; it was penetrating, like that of an elderly woman. This was Experience:

"But have you not made an ass of yourself quite often enough? Will you never learn by what has happened in the past? Are you quite determined to be an ass again?"

"Just like an old woman," thought I; "nothing risked in love, nothing gained. It's mere envy that makes her talk that way."

Then came a voice like blended lutes and flutes, the most melodious of all voices. It was the voice of Vanity, and it said:

"Don't be taken aback. Have you not been successful often enough, and is it not possible that the young lady was also dazzled by your fame? Are you not a celebrity? Women have a passion for celebrities, just as they have for Brussels lace."

"Ah," said I to myself, when I heard this voice, "there is one soul that possesses true insight and comprehension."

But still another voice came, thin and fearsome. It was Prudence:

"Take care! Take care! You will not only make yourself

ridiculous, but also land yourself in all manner of difficulties."

"What spoil-sports there are in this world!" I was on the point of remarking, when a resonant and cheerful voice sounded within me. It was Humor, saying:

"Fiddlesticks! Take time by the forelock, and stop philosophizing. Adventures are good. And if in the end you have been made a fool of, what does it matter? You will have amused yourself for a couple of hours. Have not entire nations amused themselves for a few hours, and realized their folly later? Did they die of it?"

A splendid fellow is Humor, an old stager, tried and not found wanting. Thus Self-Love, Vanity, and Humor carried the day.

At that moment my charming young lady came up with her friend. She touched the latter's arm as I came in sight, in order to draw her attention to me. I noticed it, and grew more assured as to my first impression. I followed the two young girls at a distance into the refreshment-room.

On the way I met my friend H——, the editor. I took his arm. "Old fellow," said I, "I've made a conquest, and you must help me."

"How, when, of whom?"

"Ah, if only I knew! But come, I will point her out. Perhaps you will know. In that case you can introduce me. She is a beauty."

We entered the hall, and soon I saw my young lady. She was sitting at a table with her friend and an older lady. When she saw me she whispered something to the older lady, who regarded me attentively.

"Do you see?" I said to H——. "There can be no doubt about it."

H—— looked at the little group, and replied:

"I know them quite well. She is Julia, the daughter of the well-known merchant, N——. The lady is Julia's grandmother. I'll introduce you to them."

How happy I was! We approached the table. I now saw Julia from close quarters. She was exquisite! Her eyes were black as sloes, her lips like apple-blossoms. Dark locks fell upon her gleaming shoulders. We sat down. My friend H—— introduced me:

"Permit me to present to you Herr Saphir, of whom you must have heard."

"No, I have not had that pleasure." This from *her!*

"There you are!" said Reason to Vanity; "you said that she loves him because he is famous."

Self-Love fortunately came to my assistance:

"So much the more flattering is the whole affair. It is your personality alone that attracts her."

We started a conversation. My friend entertained the old lady, and I had Julia to myself. I told her that she had entranced me during the whole evening.

"I have been watching you too," she said.

I was overwhelmed with delight. "And how," I stammered, "how have I merited your attention?"

Her beautiful eyes looked at me ever so innocently, while she answered:

"Oh, you remind me so very much of my dead grandfather!"

I scrutinized the young thing more critically. She was not even moderately good-looking. First impressions are so deceptive!—*"My Memoirs."*

The Brothers Grimm

Hare and Hedgehog

It was a beautiful morning, about harvest-time; the buckwheat was in flower, the sun shining in the heavens, and the morning breeze waving the golden corn, while the lark sang blithely in the clear blue sky, and the bees were buzzing about the flowers. The villagers seemed all alive; many of them were dressed in their best clothes, hastening to the fair.

It was a lovely day, and all nature seemed happy, even to a little hedgehog, who stood at his own door. He had his arms folded, and was singing as merrily as little hedgehogs can do on a pleasant morning. While he thus stood amusing himself, his little wife was washing and dressing the children, and he thought he might as well go and see how the field of turnips was getting on, for as he and his family fed upon them, they appeared like his own property. No sooner said than done. He shut the house door after him and started off.

He had not gone farther than the little hedge bordering the turnip field when he met a hare who was on his way to inspect the cabbages, which he also considered belonged to him. When the hedgehog saw the hare he wished him "good morning" very pleasantly.

But the hare, who was a grand gentleman in his way, and not very good-tempered, took no notice of the hedgehog's greeting, but said, in a most impertinent manner, "How is it that you are running about the fields so early this morning?"

"I am taking a walk," said the hedgehog.

"Taking a walk!" cried the hare with a laugh. "I don't think your legs are much suited for walking."

This answer made the hedgehog very angry. He could bear anything but a reference to his bandy legs, so he said, "You consider your legs are better than mine, I suppose?"

"Well, I rather think they are," replied the hare.

"I should like to prove it," said the hedgehog. "I'll wager anything that if we were to run a race I should win!"

"That is a capital joke!" cried the hare. "To think you could beat me, with your bandy legs! However, if you wish it, I have no objection to trying. What will you bet?"

"A golden guinea and a bottle of wine."

"Agreed," said the hare; "and we may as well begin at once."

"No, no," said the hedgehog; "not in such a hurry as that. I must go home first and get something to eat. In half an hour I will be here again."

The hare agreed to wait, and away went the hedgehog, thinking to himself, "The hare trusts in his long legs, but I will conquer him. He thinks himself a very grand gentleman, but he is only a stupid fellow after all, and he will have to pay for his pride."

On arriving at home, the hedgehog said to his wife, "Wife, dress yourself as quickly as possible; you must go to the field with me."

"What for?" she asked.

"Well, I have made a bet with the hare of a guinea and a bottle of wine that I will beat him in a race which we are going to run."

"Why, husband," cried Mrs. Hedgehog with a scream, "what are you thinking of? Have you lost your senses?"

"Stop your noise, ma'am," said the hedgehog, "and don't

interfere with my affairs. What do you know about a man's business? Get ready at once to go with me."

What could Mrs. Hedgehog say after this? She could only obey and follow her husband, whether she liked it or not. As they walked along together he said to her, "Now, pay attention to what I say. You see that large field? Well, we are going to race across it. The hare will run in one furrow, and I in another. All you have to do is to hide yourself in the furrow at the opposite end of the field from which we start, and when the hare comes up to you, pop up your head and say, 'Here I am!'"

As they talked, the hedgehog and his wife reached the place in the field where he wished her to stop, and then went back, and found the hare at the starting-place, ready to receive him.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," replied the hedgehog; "I am quite ready."

"Then let us start at once," and each placed himself in his furrow as the hare spoke. The hare counted "One, two, three!" and started like a whirlwind across the field. The hedgehog, however, only ran a few steps, and then popped down in the furrow and remained still.

When the hare, after running at full speed, reached the end of the field, the hedgehog's wife raised her head and cried out, "Here I am!"

The hare stood still in wonder, for the wife was so like her husband that he thought it must be he. "There is something wrong about this," he thought. "However, we'll have another try." So he turned and flew across the field at such a pace that his ears floated behind him.

The hedgehog's wife, however, did not move, and when

the hare reached the other end the husband was there, and cried, "Here I am!"

The hare was beside himself with vexation, and he cried, "One more try, one more!"

"I don't mind," said the hedgehog. "I will go on as long as you like."

Upon this the hare set off running, and actually crossed the field seventy-three times; and at one end the husband said, "Here I am!" and at the other end the wife said the same. But at the seventy-fourth run the hare's strength came to an end, and he fell to the ground, and owned himself beaten.

The hedgehog won the guinea and the bottle of wine, and after calling his wife out of the furrow they went home together in very good spirits, to enjoy themselves together. And if they are not dead, they are living still.

The lesson to be learned from this story is, first, that however grand a person may think himself, he should never laugh at others whom he considers inferior until he knows what they can do; and, secondly, that when a man chooses a wife, he should take her from the class to which he himself belongs; and if he is a hedgehog, she should be one also.

—*"Popular Tales."*

Clever Grethel

THERE was once a cook named Grethel, who had shoes with red heels, and when she wore them out-of-doors she would draw herself up, and walk proudly, and say to herself, "I really am a handsome girl!" At home she would sometimes, in a frolic, drink a glass of wine, or, if she took

it into her head, she would eat up all the best things in the house till she was satisfied, and say to herself, "The cook ought to know the taste of everything."

One day her master said to her, "Grethel, I have invited some friends to dinner to-day; cook me some of your best chickens."

"That I will, master," she replied.

So she went out, and killed two of the best fowls and prepared them for roasting.

In the afternoon she placed them on the spit before the fire, and they were all ready, and beautifully hot and brown by the proper time, but the visitors had not arrived. So she went to her master, and said, "The fowls will be quite spoiled if I keep them at the fire any longer. It will be a pity and a shame if they are not eaten soon!"

Then said her master, "I will go and fetch the visitors myself," and away he went.

As soon as his back was turned Grethel put the spit with the birds on one side, and thought, "I have been standing by the fire so long that it has made me quite thirsty. Who knows when they will come? While I am waiting I may as well run into the cellar and have a little drop." So she seized a jug, and said, "All right, Grethel, you shall have a good draft. Wine is so tempting!" she continued, "and it does not do to spoil your draft." And she drank without stopping till the jug was empty.

After this she went into the kitchen, and placed the fowls again before the fire, basted them with butter, and rattled the spit round so furiously that they browned and frizzled with the heat. "They would never miss a little piece if they searched for it ever so carefully," she said to herself. Then she dipped her finger in the dripping-pan to taste, and cried,

"Oh, how nice these fowls are! It is a sin and a shame that there is no one here to eat them!"

She ran to the window to see if her master and the guests were coming; but she could see no one. So she went and stood again by the fowls, and thought, "The wing of that fowl is a little burned. I had better eat it out of the way." She cut it off as she thought this, and ate it up, and it tasted so nice that when she had finished it she thought, "I must have the other. Master will never notice that anything is missing."

After the two wings were eaten, Grethel again went to look for her master, but there were no signs of his appearance.

"Who knows?" she said to herself; "perhaps the visitors are not coming at all, and they have kept my master to dinner, so he won't be back. Hi, Grethel! there are lots of good things left for you; and that piece of fowl has made me thirsty. I must have another drink before I come back and eat up all these good things."

So she went into the cellar, took a large draft of wine, and returning to the kitchen, sat down and ate the remainder of the fowl with great relish.

There was now only one fowl left, and as her master did not return, Grethel began to look at the other with longing eyes. At last she said, "Where one is, there the other must be; for the fowls belong to each other, and what is right for one is also fair and right for the other. I believe, too, I want some more to drink. It won't hurt me."

The last draft gave her courage. She came back to the kitchen and let the second fowl go after the first.

As she was enjoying the last morsel, home came her master.

"Make haste, Grethel!" he cried. "The guests will be here in a few minutes."

"Yes, master," she replied. "It will soon be all ready."

Meanwhile the master saw that the cloth was laid and everything in order. So he took up the carving-knife with which he intended to carve the fowl, and went out to sharpen it on the stones in the passage.

While he was doing so, the guests arrived and knocked gently and courteously at the house door. Grethel ran out to see who it was, and when she caught sight of the visitors she placed her finger on her lips, and whispered, "Hush! Hush! Go back again as quickly as you came! If my master should catch you it would be unfortunate. He did invite you to dinner this evening, but with no other intention than to cut off both the ears of each of you. Listen; you can hear him sharpening his knife."

The guests heard the sound, and hastened as fast as they could down the steps, and were soon out of sight.

Grethel was not idle. She ran screaming to her master, and cried, "You have invited fine visitors, certainly!"

"Hi! Why, Grethel, what do you mean?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "they came here just now, and have taken my two beautiful fowls from the dish that I was going to bring up for dinner, and have run away with them."

"What strange conduct!" said her master, who was so sorry to lose his nice dinner that he rushed out to follow the thieves. "If they had only left me one, or at least enough for my own dinner!" he cried, running after them. But the more he cried to them to stop the faster they ran; and when they saw him with the knife in his hand, and heard him say, "Only one! only one!"—he meant, if they had left him "only one fowl," but they thought he spoke of "only one

ear," which he intended to cut off—they ran as if fire were burning around them, and were not satisfied till they found themselves safe at home with both ears untouched.

—*"Popular Tales."*

The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage

THERE were once a little mouse, a little bird, and a sausage, who formed a partnership.

They had set up housekeeping, and had lived for a long time in great harmony together. The duty of the little bird was to fly every day into the forest and bring home wood; the mouse had to draw water, to light the fire, and lay the table-cloth; and the sausage was cook.

How often, when we are comfortable, we begin to long for something new! So it happened one day that the little bird had met on his road another bird, to which he had boasted of their happiness and friendship at home.

The other bird replied scornfully, "What a poor little simpleton you are, to work in the way you do, while the other two are enjoying themselves at home! When the mouse has lighted the fire and drawn the water, she can go and rest in her little room till she is called to lay the cloth. The sausage can sit by the stove while he watches to see that the dinner is well cooked, and when dinner-time arrives he devours four times as much broth or vegetables as the others, till he quite shines with salt and fat."

The bird, after listening to this, came home quite discontented, and, laying down his load, seated himself at the table, and ate so much, and filled his crop so full, that he slept till

the next morning without waking, and thought this was a happy life.

The next day the little bird objected to go and fetch wood, saying that he had been their servant long enough, and that he had been a fool to work for them in this way. He intended at once to make a change, and to seek his living in another way.

After this, although the mouse and the sausage were both in a rage, the bird was master, and would have his own way. So he proposed that they should draw lots; and the lots fell so that the sausage was to fetch the wood, the mouse to be cook, and the bird to draw the water. Now, what was the consequence of all this? The sausage went out to get wood, the bird lighted the fire, and the mouse put on the saucepan, and sat down to watch it till the sausage returned home with the wood for the next day. But he stayed away so long that the bird, who wanted a breath of fresh air, went out to look for him. On his way he met a dog, who told him that, having met with the sausage, and considering him as his lawful prey, he had devoured him.

The bird complained greatly against the dog for his conduct, and called him a cruel robber, but it did no good.

"For," said the dog, "the sausage had false papers with him, and therefore his life was forfeited to society."

The little bird, full of sorrow, flew home, carrying the wood with him, and related to the mouse what he had seen and heard. They were both very grieved, but quickly agreed that the best thing for them to do was to remain together.

From that time the bird undertook to prepare the table, and the mouse to roast something for supper, and to put the vegetables into the saucepan, as she had seen the sausage do;

but before she had half finished her task the fire burned her so terribly that she fell down and died.

When the little bird came home, expecting to find something to eat, there was no cook to be seen, and the fire was nearly out. The bird, in alarm, threw the wood here and there, cried out, and searched everywhere, but no cook could be found.

Meanwhile, a spark from the fire fell on the wood and set it in a blaze, so that there was danger of the house being burned. The bird ran in haste to the well for water. Unfortunately, he let the pail fall into the well, and being dragged after it, he sank into the water and was drowned.

And all this happened because one little bird listened to another who was jealous of the happy little family at home, and from being discontented and changing their arrangements they all met with death.—"*Household Tales.*"

Widow Fox's Suitors

Once upon a time there lived an old fox, who, strange to say, had nine tails, which did not, however, make him either wiser or better. He had a snug home near a wood, yet he was not happy, for he was jealous of his wife, and thought she was not true to him. At last he could bear it no longer, and he determined to find out by a cunning stratagem; and foxes, as we know, are very cunning.

So one day he lay down on a bench, stretched himself out at full length, held his breath, and kept as motionless as a dead mouse. When Mrs. Fox came into the room she thought he was dead, so she locked herself in a room with

her maid, a young cat, and was very unhappy for a little while. But presently Mrs. Fox began to feel hungry, so she sent her young maid, pussy, down-stairs to cook something nice for supper.

The news of poor old fox's death soon spread in the neighborhood, and even before the funeral several lovers came to sue for the hand of Widow Fox.

The young cat was busy frying sausages when she heard a knock at the door, so she went out to see who it could be, and there stood a young fox.

"Oh, it is you, Miss Kitty?" he said. "Are you asleep, or awake, and what are you doing?"

"Oh," she replied, "I'm wide awake, never fear; and do you want to know what I'm doing? Well, I'm getting supper ready, and warming some beer with a piece of butter in it for my mistress. Will you come in, sir, and have supper with me?"

"Thank you, my dear," said the fox; "but what is Widow Fox doing?"

"Oh," replied the cat, "she does nothing but sit in her room all day and cry her eyes out, because Mr. Fox is dead."

"Then go and tell her that a young fox is here, who wishes to become her suitor."

"Very good, young sir," said the cat, as she turned away to go to her mistress.

She tripped up-stairs, and, opening the room door, exclaimed, "Are you there, dear Mother Fox?"

"Yes, little puss; what is the matter?"

"There is a suitor come already."

"Nonsense, child! What is he like?"

"Oh, he is a handsome young fox, with a bushy tail, and such whiskers!"

"Ah!" sighed the widow. "But has he nine beautiful tails, like my poor old husband had?"

"No," answered the cat; "he has only one."

"Then I won't have him!" replied the widow.

The young cat went down and gave the message to the suitor, and sent him away. But soon after there came another knock at the door, and when the cat opened it there stood a fox who wished to court Widow Fox. He had two tails, but had no better success than the first.

And so they kept coming, one after the other, each with one tail more, till at last a fox made his appearance who had nine tails, like the widow's dead husband. The cat ran upstairs to tell the widow, who asked, "Has the gentleman white stockings and a pointed nose?"

"No," answered the cat.

"Ah, then he won't do for me," she said.

By and by came a wolf, a dog, a stag, a bear, and even a lion; but she would have nothing to do with any of them. By this time the old fox began to think that he had made a mistake about his wife; and, indeed, he was getting so hungry that he could hardly lie still and sham being dead any longer. He opened his eyes, and was just going to spring up and say, "Dear old wife, I'm not dead at all!" when in came the cat.

"Oh, Madam Fox!" she exclaimed, "there's a young gentleman fox down-stairs, and he's so handsome! He has nine tails, a scarlet tongue, white stockings, and a pointed nose, and he wants to become a suitor."

"That is just the husband for me, pussy," said Widow Fox; "and we'll have such a splendid wedding! But first, open all the doors and windows, and throw the old fox out and bury him."

At these words the old fox could stand it no longer. Up he started from his place under the bench, gave the whole party a good thrashing, turned the young cat and all the other servants and suitors out of the house, and Widow Fox after them. So he had the place all to himself, and made a firm resolve never to die again, if he could help it.

—*"Household Tales."*

Friedrich Rückert

Artist and Public

The dumb man asked the blind man:
"Canst do a favor, pray?
Could I the harper find, man?
Hast seen him pass to-day?
I take, myself, small pleasure
In harp-tones—almost none—
Yet much I'd like a measure
Played for my deaf young son."

The blind man quick made answer:
"I saw him pass my gate;
I'll send my lame young man, sir,
To overtake him straight."
At one look from his master,
Away the cripple ran,
And faster, ever faster,
He chased the harper-man.

The harper came, elated,
And straight to work he went;
His arms were amputated;
His toes to work he bent.
All hearts his playing captured;
The deaf man was all ear;
The blind man gazed, enraptured;
The dumb man shouted, "Hear!"

The lame boy fell to dancing,
  And leaped with all his might;
The scene was so entrancing,
  They stayed till late at night.
And when the concert ended,
  The public, justly proud,
The artist's powers commended,
  Who, deeply grateful, bowed.

August Kopisch

The Great Crab of Lake Mohrin

In the town of Mohrin they never sleep,
But day and night in the lake they peep;
May no good Christian e'er live to see
The day when the monstrous crab gets free!
He's fastened in the lake there
With fetters down below,
Else would he work the country
A dreadful, dreadful wo!

The creature's miles in length, they say,
And oft turns over, and wo's the day
When once he gets loose—yes, once on land,
No power that can his march withstand!
For, as advancing backward
'S the way with crabs, you know,
Why backward, willy-nilly,
All things with him must go.

Such going backward that will be!
The meat you put in your mouth—d'ye see?—
Will not stay there, but straightway trot
Back to the plate, and then to the pot.
The bread will turn to wheat again,
The meal will turn to corn,
And everything will be just what
It was before 'twas born.

The timber from the house'll get free,
Go back to the woods, a rustling tree;
The tree will creep back to a shoot as of yore;
The mortar will turn to lime once more.
The ox will be a calf again,
The calf go back to the cow,
And the cow again, in her turn,
Be what the calf is now.

Back to the flower will go the wax;
The shirt being worn will turn to flax,
The flax to linseed change, and then
Under the ground be buried again.
And then the city's mayor
Will alter quite, they say;
The people all shall see him
A sucking babe that day;

And after him the aldermen,
And all the magnificent copyists then;
And the corporation stripped shall be
Of its corporate capacity.
The master on the school-bench
Will sit, a scholar small—
In short, the world grow back
To children, one and all.

All shall return to earth's green sod,
And each, with Adam, be a clod.
The feathered folk will longest exist,
And then, like the rest, will cease to resist.

August Kopisch

The hen will be a chicken,
  And into the egg crawl back,
Which the great crab instanter
  With his long tail will crack.

Heaven grant we never so far may get!
The world is living and thriving yet;
Good care is observed by the powers that be
That the exiled old crab shall never be free.
  Just think how my poor ditty
    Would come to a wretched fate,
  Drawn through Fame's trumpet's mouthpiece,
    Back to the inkhorn straight!

Heinrich Heine

The Town of Göttingen

The town of Göttingen, famous by reason of its university and its sausages, belongs to the kingdom of Hanover, and contains 999 fire-stations, divers churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, an academic prison, a library, and an underground tavern—where the beer is excellent. The brook that flows past the town is called the Leine, and serves for bathing in summer; the water is very cold, and at some places the brook is so wide that one cannot jump across it without some exertion. The town is very handsome, and pleases me best when my back is turned to it. It must be very old, for I remember that when I matriculated (and was soon afterward rusticated), five years ago, it had the same gray, ancient appearance, and was as thoroughly provided, as it is now, with poodle dogs, dissertations, laundresses, anthologies, roast pigeon, Guelph decorations, pipe-bowls, court councilors, privy councilors, and silly counts. . . .

In general, the inhabitants of Göttingen may be divided into students, professors, Philistines, and cattle. The cattle class is numerically the strongest. To place on record here the names of all professors and students would take me too far afield, nor can I even, at this moment, remember the name of every student; while among the professors there are many who have as yet made none. The number of Philistines in Göttingen must be like that of the sands—or rather the mud—of the sea. Truly, when they appear in the morning with their dirty faces and their white bills at the gates

of the academic court, one wonders how God could have had the heart to create such a pack of scoundrels!

More thorough information concerning Göttingen is easily obtainable by reference to the "Topography" of the town, by K. F. H. Marx. Although I am under the deepest obligations to the author, who was my physician and did me many kindnesses, I cannot praise his work without reserve. I must blame him for not having opposed in terms sufficiently strong the heresy that the ladies of Göttingen have feet of spacious dimensions. I have been engaged for a long time upon a work which is to destroy this erroneous idea once and forever. For this purpose I have studied comparative anatomy, have made excerpts from the rarest books in the library, and have for hours and hours observed the feet of the passing ladies in Weender Street. In my learned treatise I intend to deal with the subject as follows:

1. Of Feet in General.
2. Of the Feet of the Ancients.
3. Of the Feet of Elephants.
4. Of the Feet of the Fair Inhabitants of Göttingen.
5. Summing up of Opinions delivered upon Feet in Göttingen Taverns.
6. Connection and Comparison of Feet with Calves, Knees, etc.
7. Facsimile Charts (if sheets of paper sufficiently large are obtainable) of Specimen Feet of Göttingen Ladies.

—*"Journey in the Hartz," in "Travel Pictures."*

The Disrespectful Guillotine

THE carriage's jolting woke me up
From my dream, yet vainly sought I
To keep awake, so I slumbered again,
And of Barbarossa thought I.

Again we went through the echoing halls,
And talked of great and small things;
He asked me this, and he asked me that,
And wished to know about all things.

He told me that not one mortal word
From the world above had descended
For many a year—in fact, not since
The Seven Years' War had ended.

With interest he for Karschin asked,
For Mendelssohn (Moses the glorious),
For Louis the Fifteenth's mistress frail,
The Countess du Barry notorious.

"Oh, Emperor," cried I, "how backward thou art!
Old Moses is dead and forgotten,
With his Rebecca; and Abraham, too,
The son, is dead and rotten.

"This Abraham, and Leah his wife, gave birth
To Felix, who proved very steady;

His fame through Christendom far has spread,
He's an orchestra leader already.

"Old Karschin likewise has long been dead,
And Klenke, her daughter, is dead too;
Helmine Chezy, the granddaughter, though,
Still lives—at least she is said to.

"Du Barry lived merrily, keeping afloat,
For Louis the Fifteenth screened her
As long as he lived, but when she was old
They cruelly guillotined her.

"King Louis the Fifteenth died in his bed,
By the doctors attended and seen to;
But Louis the Sixteenth was guillotined,
And Antoinette, the queen, too.

"The queen the greatest courage displayed,
And died like a monarch, proudly;
But Madame du Barry, when guillotined,
Kept weeping and screaming loudly."

The emperor suddenly came to a stand,
And stared, as if doubting my meaning,
And said, "For the sake of Heaven, explain
What is meant by that word guillotining?"

"Why, guillotining," I briefly replied,
"Is a method newly constructed,
By means of which people of every rank
From life to death are conducted.

"For this purpose, a new machine is employed"—
I continued, while closely he listened—
"Invented by Monsieur Guillotin,
And 'guillotine' after him christened.

"You first are fastened to a board;
'Tis lowered; then quickly they shove you
Between two posts; meanwhile there hangs
A triangular ax just above you.

"They pull a string, and downward shoots
The ax, quite lively and merry;
And so your head falls into a bag,
And nothing remains but to bury."

The emperor here interrupted my speech:
"Be silent! May Heaven confuse it,
That foul machine! And God forbid
That I should ever use it!

"The king and queen! What—to a board
Both fastened! What a position!
'Tis contrary to all respect,
And etiquette in addition!"

—*"Germany."*

Hirsch's Honesty

"I AM a man, doctor, who has no vanity, but if I cared to be vain of anything, it would be of this, that I am an honest man. I will tell you a noble trait of mine, and you will be astonished—I tell you, you will be astonished, so sure as I am an honest man.

"There lives a man in Hamburg, and he is a greengrocer, and his name is Klotz. And this man's wife, Madame Klotz, could never bear to have her husband play in my lottery. So when he wanted to play, I never came with the lottery tickets to his house, but he would always tell me on the street, 'I want to play on such and such a number, and here is the money for it, Hirsch.' And I, when I got home, would put up the number for him, and write on the envelope, in German script: 'On account of Christian Heinrich Klotz.' And now listen and marvel:

"It was a beautiful spring day, and the trees at the exchange were green, and the breezy air was pleasant, and the sun shone in the sky, as I stood by the Bank of Hamburg. And behold, Klotz comes with his stout Madame Klotz, and greets me, and speaks of the beauty of God's springtide, makes some patriotic remarks about the militia, and asks me how business is, and so in the course of conversation says to me, 'Last night I dreamed that number 1,538 will win the first prize'; and at the same moment, while Madame Klotz was contemplating the town hall, he presses thirteen good, full-weighted louis d'or into my hand—I feel them there to this day—and, even before Madame Klotz turns round, says I, 'All right, Klotz!' Then, away I go, straight to the main lottery office, and get number 1,538, and put it in an envelope; and as soon as I get home, I write on the envelope, 'On account of Christian Heinrich Klotz.' And what does God do? A fortnight later, in order to put my honesty to the test, He lets the number 1,538 turn up and win fifty thousand Thaler. But what does Hirsch do—the identical Hirsch who stands before you now? This same Hirsch puts on a clean little white dickey and a clean white neckerchief, and takes a cab and gets the fifty thousand Thaler from the

main office. As Klotz sees me coming, he asks, 'Hirsch, why are you dressed up so to-day?' I, however, answer not a word, but put the large surprise-package on the table, and say solemnly, 'My dear friend, Christian Heinrich Klotz, number 1,538, which you had the kindness to play in my lottery, has had the good fortune to win fifty thousand Thaler. I have the honor of presenting you with the money in this bag, and I take the liberty of asking for a receipt.' When Klotz heard that, he began to weep. When Madame Klotz heard the story, she wept, the red-headed servant-girl wept, the squinting clerk wept, the children wept. And I? A man of feeling like myself could not even weep at first; but I fell into a swoon, and only afterward the tears came out of my eyes like a river, and I wept for three hours."

The voice of the little man shook as he related this, and solemnly he pulled a little parcel out of his pocket, unwound from it the faded pink ribbon, and showed me the signed acknowledgment of Christian Heinrich Klotz for the receipt of fifty thousand Thaler. "When I die," said Hirsch, with a tear in his eye, "let them put this receipt into my grave, and when the time comes, on the Day of Judgment, for me to render an account of my actions, then will I step before the throne of the Almighty with this receipt in my hand. And when my bad angel begins to read the list of the bad deeds which I did in this world, and my good angel the list of my good deeds, I will say calmly, 'Be silent. All I want to know is, Is this receipt genuine? Is this the handwriting of Christian Heinrich Klotz?' Then comes a tiny angel a-flying, and says, 'I know Klotz's handwriting quite well,' and he relates at the same time the story of the remarkable honesty which I once perpetrated. The Creator of eternity, however, the All-Knowing One Who Knows

Everything, remembers the story, and praises me in the presence of sun and moon and stars, and immediately computes in His Head, that if all my evil deeds be subtracted from fifty thousand Thaler's worth of honesty, there will yet remain a considerable balance in my favor, and so He says, 'Hirsch, I appoint thee as an angel of the first rank, and thou mayest wear wings with white and red feathers!'"

—*"The Baths of Lucca," in "Travel Pictures."*

Marchese di Gumpelino

"You have no idea, doctor," said the Marchese di Gumpelino, "how much money I am obliged to spend, though I manage to do with a single servant, and have a private chaplain only when I am in Rome. I see there comes Hyacinth."

The little figure which just then emerged from a crease in the hillside would rather have deserved the name of Fire-Lily. It was a capacious scarlet coat sown with gold tresses, on which the sun gleamed, and out of this glaring magnificence sweated a little head that nodded to me familiarly. And, to be sure, when I took a nearer view of the pallid, anxious little face and the clever, twinkling little eyes, I recognized some one whom I would sooner have expected to find on Mount Sinai than on the Apennines, for it was none other than Herr Hirsch, of Hamburg, who was not only known as an honest collector of lottery tickets, but who also possessed unusual skill in the handling of corns and jewels, so that he could not only distinguish the former from the latter, but could operate on the corns and estimate the value of the jewels.

"I hope," he said, as he approached, "that you still know me, although my name is no longer Hirsch. My name now is Hyacinth, and I am Herr Gumpel's valet."

"Hyacinth!" cried the latter in astonishment at his servitor's indiscretion.

"Never mind, Herr Gumpel, or Herr Gumpelino, or Marchese, or Excellenza. We need not be embarrassed on account of this gentleman; he knows me, has played in my lottery, and, I believe, still owes me a trifling sum. I am indeed glad to see you, doctor. Are you here, too, on the pleasure-hunting business? There is nothing else to be done in this heat, in which one has to climb mountains all day. I am as tired here at night as if I had walked twenty times from the Altona Gate to the Stone Gate at Hamburg, without earning a penny for my trouble."

"Heavens!" cried the marchese, "keep still! I must get another servant!"

"Why should I keep still?" said Hirsch-Hyacinth. "I am glad to be able to speak good German to some one whom I used to know in Hamburg; for when I think of Hamburg——"

And at the memory of his little stepfatherland the man's eyes shimmered suspiciously, and sighing, he said:

"What is man, after all? You take a pleasant walk beyond the Altona Gate on the Hamburg Hill, and look at all the sights—the lions, the pigeons, the cockatoos, the monkeys, the people; you ride on the merry-go-round, or buy an electric shock, and you think, how fine it must be in a country two hundred miles from here, where the oranges and lemons grow—in Italy! What is man? Put him at the Altona Gate, and he would like to be in Italy; put him in Italy, and he longs for the Altona Gate! Oh, if I were only there, and

could see the clock on St. Michael's tower with the golden numbers on its dial, that used to gleam at me in such friendly fashion in the afternoon sun that I should often have liked to kiss them! Now I am in Italy, where the oranges and lemons grow, and when I see them grow I wish I were on the Stone Road at Hamburg, where you see whole wagons full of them, and can eat them in comfort, without climbing all these dangerous mountains and suffering all this fiery heat. As sure as I stand here, marchese, if it were not for the sake of honor and culture, I would never have followed you here. But it is not to be denied that honor is done one in your service, and that one gets culture."

"Hyacinth," said Gumpelino, pacified by this flattery, "Hyacinth, you are now to go——"

"I know——"

"I tell you that you do not know, Hyacinth!"

"I tell you, Herr Gumpel, that I know. Your Excellency is going to send me to Lady Maxfield. I don't need orders. I know all your thoughts—even those that you have not thought yet, and perhaps never will think. You won't easily get another man like me, and I do it all for the sake of honor and culture, for one gets both in your service." And the little man wiped his nose with a large, snowy handkerchief.

"Hyacinth," said the marchese, "you are now to go to Lady Julia Maxfield, to my Julia, and give her this tulip. Be careful of it, for it cost five paoli, and say to her——"

"I know——"

"You know nothing! Say, 'To other flowers is the tulip'——"

"I know. You want to tell her something by means of the flower. Often and often I have written mottoes on my lottery tickets."

"I tell you, Hyacinth, I don't want a motto! Take this flower to Lady Maxfield, and say to her:

"'To other flowers is the tulip
What to other cheese is *strachino;*
But more than flowers or cheese,
Adores thee Gumpelino.'"

"May God give me all good gifts, but that is fine!" cried Hyacinth. "Don't make signs at me, marchese; what you know, I know, and I know what you know.—Good-by, doctor! Don't worry about that little debt." He went down the hill murmuring continually, "Gumpelino—*strachino;* Gumpelino—*strachino.*"

"He is a faithful fellow," said the marchese, "and for that reason I keep him. His deficiency in etiquette is dreadful. Before you that does not matter, of course. You understand. How did you like his livery? It has forty Thaler's worth more of gold lace on it than the livery of Rothschild's servants. I take pleasure in seeing the man grow to the height of perfection under my care. Now and then I give him instruction in culture. I often say to him, 'What is money? Money is round, and rolls away; but culture remains.' Yes, doctor, if I—which God forbid!—were to lose my money, I would still be a great connoisseur of painting, music, and poetry. You may bind my eyes, and take me to the gallery in Florence, and before every painting I will tell you the painter's name, or, at least, the school to which he belonged. Music? Stuff cotton in my ears, and I hear every discord. Poetry? I know every actress in Germany, and the poets I know by heart. And as for nature? I traveled two hundred miles, day and night, to see a single mountain in Scotland.

But Italy surpasses everything. How do you like this scenery? Look at the trees, the hills, the sky, and the water down there! Is it not as if it were painted? Did you ever see it better done on the stage? One becomes a poet here! Verses float into one's soul one knows not whence!"

And the marchese smiled his most rapturous smile of delight upon the laughing, sunlit valley below.

—*"The Baths of Lucca," in "Travel Pictures."*

Moses Lump's Religion

Yes, it is undeniably true that in culture I have made strides like a giant. I really hardly know what to do, or with whom to associate, when I return to Hamburg. But as far as religion is concerned, I do know what I shall do. For the present I can find satisfaction at the new Israelite temple—I mean the pure Mosaic service, where they have orthographic German hymns, and moving sermons, and a few of the other emotionalities necessary to every religion. As true as I live, I ask for no better religion, and it deserves every one's support. When I return to Hamburg I shall go there every Saturday. There are, unfortunately, people who have given this new Israelite service a bad name, and have asserted that it would—saving your presence—give rise to a schism. But you may take my word for it, it is a good, cleanly religion, perhaps rather too advanced for the common man, who gets on very well with the old-fashioned Jewish faith. For the common man must enjoy some form of stupidity to make him happy. An old Jew with an unkempt beard and a tattered coat, who cannot speak correct German,

is probably happier in his soul than I with all my culture.

In Hamburg, for instance, there lives in the Bakers' Broad Walk a man named Moses Lump. This man runs about the whole week, in wind and weather, with his pack on his back, to earn a few Thaler. But when he comes home on Friday night he finds the seven lights burning, and the table covered with a fair white cloth; he puts away his pack and his cares; sits down at the table with his crooked wife and crookeder daughter; eats fish cooked in tasteful white garlic sauce; sings the splendid songs of King David, rejoicing in his heart over the deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt; rejoicing, too, that all villains who wished them ill—Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus—are dead, while he, Moses Lump, is still alive, and eating fish with his wife and child. And I tell you, the fish is delicious, and the man is happy. He needs not to worry over culture. Right cheerfully he sits here in his religion and his green coat, like Diogenes in his tub, and looks complacently at the seven candles, which he does not even snuff himself. I tell you, should the lights burn low, and the Gentile women not be at hand to snuff them, and Rothschild the Great should enter with all his agents, brokers, cashiers, and head clerks, and were to say, "Moses Lump, ask a favor, and whatever you desire is yours"—I am convinced that Moses Lump would say, "Snuff those candles for me!" Then Rothschild the Great would marvel deeply, and say, "If I were not Rothschild, I should wish to be Moses Lump!"

—*"The Baths of Lucca," in "Travel Pictures."*

Equality of Man and Beast

Would that I, alas! could once more
Lick thy well-belovèd muzzle,
My dear Mumma, which so sweetly
Stroked me over, as with honey!

Would that I again could snuffle
That sweet smell, thy own peculiar,
Oh, my dear and swarthy Mumma,
Charming as the scent of roses!

But, alas! my Mumma's pining
In the fetters of those rascals,
Who, the name of men adopting,
Deem themselves creation's masters.

Death and hell! these men unworthy,
Aristocracy's arch-emblems,
Look down on the an'mal kingdom
Proudly and disdainfully;

Take away our wives and children,
Fetter us, ill-treat us, even
Kill us, for the sake of selling
Our poor hide and our poor carcass!

And they think themselves permitted
Wicked deeds like this to practise
'Gainst us bears especially;
And the "rights of man" they call it!

"Rights of man," indeed! Fine rights, these!
Tell me who bestow'd them on you?
Nature certainly ne'er did so,
For she's not unnatural!

"Rights of man," indeed! Who gave you
This great privilege, I wonder?
Reason certainly ne'er did so,
For she's not unreasonable!

Men, pray, are ye any better
Than we others, just for eating
All your dinners boil'd or roasted?
In a raw state we eat ours;

Yet is the result the same
To us both. No, food can never
Make one noble; he is noble
Who both nobly feels and acteth.

Men, pray are ye any better
Just because the arts and science
With success ye follow? We, now,
Never give ourselves the trouble.

Are there not such things as learnèd
Dogs, and horses too, who reckon
Just like councilors of commerce?
Do not hares the drum play finely?

Are not many beavers adepts
In the art of hydrostatics?
Were not clysters first invented
By the cleverness of storks?

Heinrich Heine

Write not asses criticisms?
Are not apes all good comedians?
Is there any greater mimic
Than Batavia, long-tail'd monkey?

Are not nightingales good singers?
And is Freiligrath a poet
Who can sing of lions better
Than his countryman the camel?

I myself the art of dancing
Have advanced as much as Raumer
That of writing. Writes he better
Than I dance—yes, I, the bear?

Men, why are ye any better
Than we others? Upright hold ye,
It is true, your heads, but in them
Low-born thoughts are ever creeping.

Men, pray are ye any better
Than are we, because your skin is
Smooth and glist'ning? This advantage
Ye but share with every serpent.

Human race, two-leggèd serpents!
Well I see the reason why ye
Breeches wear; with foreign wool ye
Hide your serpent-nakedness!

Children, guard yourselves against those
Hairless and misshapen creatures!
My dear daughters, never marry
Any monster that wears breeches!

. . . . .
If each bear but thought as I do,
If all beasts but thought so too,
With united forces would we
Take up arms against the tyrants.

Then the bear would form alliance
With the horse, the elephant
Twine his trunk in loving fashion
Round the valiant ox's horn.

Bear and wolf of every color,
Goat and monkey, e'en the hare,
For a time would work in common,
And our triumph would be certain.

Union! union is th' essential
Requisite. Alone, we're conquered
Easily, but, joined together,
We would overreach the tyrants.

Union! Union! And we'll triumph,
And monopoly's vile sway
Be o'erthrown, and we'll establish
A just kingdom for us beasts.

Full equality for all, then,
Of God's creatures, irrespective
Of their faith, or skin, or odor,
Be its fundamental maxim!

Strict equality! Each donkey
Be entitled to high office;
On the other hand, the lion
Carry to the mill the sack.

As respects the dog, indeed he
Is a very servile rascal,
Since for centuries has man
Like a dog ne'er ceased to treat him.

Yet in our free state we'll give him
Once again his olden rights,
His prescriptive birthright, and he
Soon again will be ennobled.

Yes, the Jews shall then enjoy, too,
All the rights of citizens,
And by law be made the equals
Of all other sucking creatures.

Only, dancing in the market
For the Jew shall not be lawful;
This amendment I insist on
In the interest of my art.

For a sense of style, of rigid
Plastic art in motion's wanting
To that race, who really ruin
What there is of public taste.

—*"Atta Troll."*

Linguistic Education

NEXT day the world was going on as usual, and, as usual, we had to repair to school and learn things by heart—the kings of Rome, dates, then Latin nouns and verbs, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, arithmetic—I grow dizzy when

I think of it; all had to be learned by heart. Serious consequences arose from this fact; for had I not known by heart the names of the kings of Rome, I would have cared little whether Niebuhr had disproved their existence or not; and had I not known those dates, how could I later on have found my way about in the great city of Berlin, where one house is as much like the next as a drop of water or a grenadier is like another? And so I tried to connect every acquaintance of mine with some historical event the date of which was identical with the number of his house. Thus, whenever I saw my friends, the great epochs of history came to my mind. For instance, when I saw my tailor, I always thought of the battle of Marathon; the sight of the sleek banker, Christian Gumpel, reminded me of the destruction of Jerusalem; and the judge of the academic court called up the death of Haman. . . .

As far as Latin is concerned, you have no idea how complicated it is. If the Romans had been obliged to learn it, they would never have had time left to conquer the world. Those happy people knew from their very cradles which nouns take *im* for their accusative. But I had to learn the list in the sweat of my brow. Still, it is well that I knew them; for when, in 1825, at Göttingen, I delivered a public disputation in Latin—it was well worth hearing—had I then said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim,* the freshmen might have noticed it, and I would have been disgraced forever. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*—these words have created so much stir in the world because they formed a class by themselves, and yet remained exceptions; for that reason I respect them, and in many dreary hours of life it has been a profound consolation to me that I know them in case of emergency. The irregular verbs are distin-

guished from the regular verbs by the number of floggings which accompany them. They are terribly hard. . . .

I do not care to say anything about Greek; I should lose my temper if I did. The monks of the Middle Ages were not altogether wrong in asserting Greek to be an invention of the devil. I had better luck with Hebrew. Indeed, I have always been fond of the Jews, though they crucify my fair fame to this very day. Yet I could never make such progress in Hebrew as my watch did, which, being personally acquainted with many pawnbrokers, ended by adopting a number of Jewish customs, and would never run on Saturday. It also learned the sacred language even to the precise conjugation of verbs, and often, of a sleepless night, I would hear it tick thus, to my profound astonishment: *katal, katalta, katalti—kittel, kittalta, kittalti—pokat, pokadeti—pikat—pik—pik*——

The German language, which is not as easy as it looks, I understood far better. . . .

But most proficient I was in the French classes of the Abbé d'Aulnoi. Still, even French had its difficulties. I remember very distinctly how I made the acquaintance of *la religion* in a very unpleasant manner. Six times the teacher said, "Henri, what is the French word for *faith?*" And six times, and even more, tearfully I answered *le crédit.* The seventh time, the master, red in the face, cried, "It is *la religion!*" and blows showered down upon me, while my comrades laughed. From that day to this I cannot hear the word *la religion* but my back grows pale with fright and my cheeks red with shame. I must acknowledge, to be frank, that all through my life *le crédit* has been of more use to me than *la religion.*—"*The Book le Grand.*"

Rewards Hereafter

HEGEL'S conversation was usually a kind of monologue, sighed forth in a toneless voice. The grotesqueness of his expressions often struck me, and several of them have remained in my memory. One beautiful, starry evening we both stood at a window, and I, a young man of twenty-two, having just eaten and drunk well, spoke with enthusiasm of the stars, and called them the abodes of souls. The master growled:

"The stars—the stars are only blotches of white leprosy on the face of heaven."

"For mercy's sake!" I cried, "do you not believe in some fair habitation above, where virtue will receive its ultimate reward?"

He looked at me with his dim eyes, and said sneeringly:

"Aha! You want to be paid a fee for having nursed your sick mother, and for not having poisoned your brother?"

He then looked about suspiciously, lest his excitement should have been noticed. An acquaintance stepped up, and asked him to take a hand at whist.—"*Confessions.*"

Observations

MY mother told me that, shortly before I was born, she had a great desire for a beautiful apple in a stranger's garden, but would not take it for fear her child might become a thief. All my life have I had a secret desire after beau-

tiful apples, but always combined with respect for the property of others and a horror of theft.

I am the most peaceable of mortals. My wishes are: A modest dwelling, a thatched roof, but a good bed, good fare, milk and butter (the latter very fresh), flowers at the window, and a few fine trees before my gate. And if the Lord would fill the cup of my happiness, He would let me live to see the day when six or seven of my enemies are hung on the trees. With softened heart I would then forgive them all the evil they have done me. Yes, one must forgive one's enemies, but not before they are hung.

A. If I were of the race of Christ, I should boast of it, and not be ashamed.

B. So would I, if Christ were the only member of the race. But so many miserable scamps belong to it that one hesitates to acknowledge the relationship.

Gervinus, the literary historian, set himself the following problem: To repeat in a long and witless book what Heinrich Heine said in a short and witty one. He solved the problem.

Servants who have no master are not therefore free men; servility is in the soul.

It seems to be the mission of the Germans who live in Paris to keep me from being homesick.

De mortuis nil nisi bene. One should speak only evil of the living.

Wise men discover new ideas, and fools spread them.

Ascension

THE body lay on the bier of death,
While the poor soul, when gone its breath,
Escaping from earth's constant riot,
Was on its way to heavenly quiet.

Then knocked it at the portal high,
And spake these words with a heavy sigh:
"Saint Peter, give me inside a place,
I am so tired of life's hard race.
On silken pillows I fain would rest
In heaven's bright realms, and play my best
With charming angels at blind man's buff,
Enjoying repose and bliss enough!"

A clatter of slippers ere long was heard,
A bunch of keys appeared to be stirred,
And out of a lattice, the entrance near,
Saint Peter's visage was seen to peer.

He spake: "The vagabonds come again,
The gipsies, Poles, and their beggarly train,
The idlers and the Hottentots—
They come alone, and they come in knots,
And fain would enter on heaven's bright rest,
And there be angels, and there be blest.
Hullo! Hullo! For gallows' faces
Like yours, for such contemptible races,

Were never created the halls of bliss!
Your portion's with Satan, far off from this.
Away, away, and take your flight
To the black pool of endless night!"

The old man thus growled, but hadn't the heart
To continue to play a blustering part,
So added these words, its spirits to cheer:
"Poor soul, in truth thou dost not appear
To that base troop of rogues to belong;
Well, well, I'll grant thy desire so strong,
Because it is my birthday to-day,
And I feel just now in a merciful way.
But meanwhile tell me the country and place
From whence thou comest; and was it the case
That thou wast married? It happens sometimes
A husband's patience atones for all crimes;
A husband need not in hell to be stewed,
Nor need we him from heaven exclude."

The soul replied: "From Prussia I came.
My native town is Berlin by name;
There ripples the Spree, and in its bed
The young cadets jump heels over head;
It overflows kindly, when rains begin.
A beautiful spot is indeed Berlin!
I was a private tutor when there,
And much philosophy read with care.
I married a canoness; strange to say,
She quarreled frightfully every day,
Especially when in the house was no bread.
'Twas this that kill'd me, and now I am dead."

Saint Peter cried: "Alack, alack!
Philosophy's but the trade of a quack;
In truth, it is a puzzle to me
Why people study philosophy.
It is such tedious and profitless stuff,
And is, moreover, godless enough;
In hunger and doubt their votaries dwell,
Till Satan carries them off to hell.
Well thy Xantippe might make exclamations
Against the thin and washy potations
From whence upon her, with comforting gleam,
No eye of fat could ever beam.
But now, poor soul, pray comforted be!
The strictest commands are given to me,
'Tis true, that each who, while he did live,
To philosophy used his attention to give,
Especially to the godless German,
Should be driven away from hence like vermin.
Yet 'tis my birthday to-day, as I
Have said, so there is a reason why
I'll not reject thee, but ope for a minute
The gate of heaven. Quick—enter within it
With utmost speed!
Now all is right!
The whole of the day, from morn's first light
Till late in the evening, thou canst walk
Round heaven at will, and dreamily stalk
Along its jewel-paved streets so fair;
But mind, thou must not meddle, when there,
With any philosophy, or I shall be
Soon compromised most terribly.

When angels thou hearest singing, assume
A face of rapture, and never of gloom;
But if an archangel sings a song,
Be full of inspiration strong,
And say that Malibran ne'er pretended
To have a soprano so rich and splendid;
And ever applaud each tuneful hymn
Of cherubim and of seraphim.
Compare them all with Signor Rubini,
With Mario and Tamburini;
Give them the title of Excellencies,
And be not sparing of reverencies.
The singers in heaven, as well as on earth,
Have all loved flattery since their birth.
The world's great Choirmaster on high,
E'en He is pleased when they glorify
His works, and delighteth to hear adored
The wonders of God, the mighty Lord,
And when a psalm to His glory and praise
In thickest incense clouds they raise.
Forget not me. Whenever to thee
The glory of heaven causes *ennui*,
Then hither come, and at cards we'll play;
All games alike are in my way;
From doubledummy to faro I'll go.
We'll also drink. But, *à propos*,
If thou shouldst meet, when going from hence,
The Lord, and He should ask thee from whence
Thou com'st, let no word of Berlin be said,
But say from Vienna or Munich, instead."

—"*Latest Poems.*"

The Song of Songs

FAIR woman's body is a song
  Inscribed by our great Maker
In Nature's mighty album erst,
  When moved to life to wake her.

Ah, yes, propitious was the hour
  When thus He show'd compassion!
The coy, rebellious stuff he worked
  In true artistic fashion.

Yes, woman's body is, 'mongst songs,
  The song most sweet and tender,
And wondrous strophès are her limbs,
  So snowy-white and slender.

And then her neck, her glistening neck—
  Oh, what a godlike notion!—
Where the main thought, her little head,
  Rocks with a graceful motion.

Like polished epigrams one loves
  Her bosom's rosebuds dearly;
Enchanting the *cæsura* is
  That parts her breasts severely.

The song has flesh, ribs, hands, and feet—
  No abstract poem this is!
With lips that rime deliciously,
  It smiles and sweetly kisses.

Heinrich Heine

True poetry is breathing here;
  Grace shines in each direction;
The song upon its forehead bears
  The stamp of all perfection.

I'll praise thee, Lord, and in the dust
  Will humbly kneel to show it;
Bunglers are we compared with Thee,
  Thou glorious heavenly Poet.

Before the splendor of Thy song
  I'll bow in adoration,
And to its study day and night
  Pay closest application.

Yes, day and night I'll study it,
  No loss of time admitting;
So shall I soon with overwork
  Be thinner than befitting.

—*"Latest Poems."*

An Asinine Election

Being tired of freedom for some time past,
  The beasts' republic decided
To be with a single ruler at last
  As its absolute head provided.

Each kind of beast prepared for the strife;
  Electoral billets were written;
Intrigues on every side were rife;
  With party zeal all were bitten.

By long-eared gentry at its head
The asses' committee was aided;
Cockades, whose colors were black, gold, and red,
They boastfully paraded.

A small party there was of friends of the horse,
Who yet were afraid of voting,
So greatly they dreaded the outcry coarse
The long-eared party denoting.

But when one of them ventured the horse to name
As a candidate, greater and greater
Waxed the noise, and an old long-ear, to his shame,
Shouted out, "Thou art only a traitor!

"A traitor art thou! in thy veins doth not flow
One drop of asses' blood proper.
No ass art thou, and I almost know
That a foreign mare was thy dropper!

"From the zebra perchance thou art sprung; thy striped hide
Quite answers the zebra's description;
The nasal twang of thy voice is allied
To the Hebrew as well as Egyptian.

"And if not a stranger, thou art, thou must own,
A dull ass, of an intellect paltry;
The depths of ass-nature to thee are unknown;
Thou hear'st not its mystical psalt'ry.

"But with sweet stupefaction my soul drinks in
That sound which all others surpasses;
An ass am I, and each hair in the skin
Of my tail the hair of an ass is.

"I am not a papist, I am not a slave;
A German ass am I solely—
The same as my fathers, who all were so brave,
So thoughtful, demure, and so holy.

"They were not addicted to doing ill,
Or practising gallantry gaily,
But trotted off with the sack to the mill
In frolicsome fashion daily.

"Our fathers still live. In the tomb only lie
Their skins, their mortal covering;
Their happy spirits, high up in the sky,
Complacently o'er us are hovering.

"Ye glorified asses, ye need not doubt
That we fain would resemble you ever;
And from the path that duty points out
We'll swerve a finger's breadth never.

"Oh, what a delight an ass to be,
From such long-eared worthies descended!
From every housetop I'd fain shout with glee,
'An ass I was born—how splendid!'

"The noble jackass who gave me birth
Was of genuine German extraction;
From my mother, a German ass of worth,
I sucked milk with great satisfaction.

"An ass am I, and fully intend,
Like my fathers, who now are departed,
To stand by the asses—yes, stand to the end
By the asses, so dear and true-hearted.

"And since I'm an ass, I advise you all round
To choose your king from the asses;
A mighty ass-kingdom we thus will found,
They being the governing classes.

"We all are asses. Hee-ha! Hee-ha!
As ostlers we will not demean us;
Away with the horses! Long live, hurrah,
The king of the asinine genus!"

Thus spake the patriot. Through the hall
The asses cheered him proudly;
They all, in fact, were national,
And with their hoofs stamped loudly.

An oaken wreath on the orator's head
They put as a decoration;
He wagged his tail (though nothing he said)
With evident gratification.

—"*Latest Poems.*"

Whims of the Amorous

Upon the hedge the beetle sits sadly,
He has fallen in love with a ladyfly madly.

"Oh, fly of my soul, 'tis thou alone
Art the wife I have chosen to be my own!

"Oh, marry me, and be not cold,
For I have a belly of glistening gold.

"My back is a mass of glory and show;
There rubies glitter, there emeralds glow."

"Oh, would that I were a fool just now!
I'd never marry a beetle, I vow.

"I care not for emeralds, rubies, or gold;
I know that no happiness riches enfold.

"'Tis toward the ideal my thought soars high,
For I am in truth a haughty fly."

The beetle flew off, with a heart like to break;
The fly went away, a bath to take.

"Oh, what has become of my maid, the bee,
That she, when I'm washing, may wait on me;

"That she may stroke my soft hair outside?
For I am now a beetle's bride.

"In truth, a splendid party I'll give,
For handsomer beetle never did live.

"His back is a mass of glory and show;
There rubies glitter, there emeralds glow.

"His belly is golden, and noble each feature;
With envy will burst full many a creature.

"Make haste, Miss Bee, and dress my hair;
And lace my waist; use perfumes rare;

"With attar of roses rub me o'er,
And lavender oil on my feet then pour—

"That I may not stink, or nastily smell,
When I in my bridegroom's arms shall dwell.

"Already are flitting the dragonflies blue,
As maids of honor to wait on me too.

"Into my bridal garland they'll twine
The blossoms white of the orange so fine.

"Full many musicians are asked to the place,
And singers as well, of the grasshopper race.

"The bittern, drone, hornet, and gadfly all come,
To blow on the trumpet and beat the drum.

"They're all to strike up for the glad wedding-feast.
The gay-wingèd guests, from greatest to least,

"Are coming in families dapper and brisk,
The commoner insects among them frisk.

"The grasshoppers, wasps, and the aunts and the cousins
Are coming, while trumpets are blowing by dozens.

"The pastor, the mole, in black, dignified state,
Has also arrived, and the hour grows late.

"The bells are all sounding ding-dong, ding-a-dong—
But where's my dear bridegroom ling'ring so long?"

Heinrich Heine

Ding-dong, ding-a-dong, sound the bells all the day,
The bridegroom, however, has flown far away.

The bells are all sounding ding-dong, ding-a-dong—
"But where's my dear bridegroom ling'ring so long?"

The bridegroom has meanwhile taken his seat
On a distant dunghill, enjoying the heat.

Seven years there sits he, until his forgotten
Poor bride has long been dead and rotten.

—*"Latest Poems."*

Fritz Reuter

Water-Cure

SPRING was gone and summer had come, when one Sunday morning Hawermann received a letter from Bräsig, dated from Warnitz, in which his friend requested him to remain at home that day, for he had returned, and intended to call on him that afternoon. When Bräsig arrived, he sprang from his saddle with so much force that one might have thought he wanted to go through the road with both legs.

"Oho!" cried Hawermann, "how brisk you are! You're all right now, aren't you?"

"As right as a trivet, Karl. I've renewed my youth."

"Well, how have you been getting on, old boy?" asked Hawermann, when they were seated on the sofa and their pipes were lighted.

"Listen, Karl. Cold, damp, watery, clammy—that's about what it comes to. It's just turning a human being into a frog, and before a man's nature is so changed, he has such a hard time of it that he begins to wish he had come into the world a frog. Still, it isn't a bad thing! You begin the day with the common packing, as they call it. They wrap you up in cold, damp sheets, and then in woolen blankets, in which they fasten you up so tight that you can't move any part of your body except your toes. In this condition they take you to a bath-room, and a man goes before you ringing a bell to warn the ladies to keep out of your way. Then they put you, just as God made you, in a bath, and dash three pails of water over your bald head, if you happen to have one,

and after that they allow you to go away. Well, do you think that that's the end of it? No, Karl, there's more to follow: but it's a good thing, all the same. Now you've got to go for a walk in a place where there's nothing on earth to do. I've been accustomed all my life to walking a great deal, but then it was doing something—plowing or harrowing, spreading manure or cutting corn—and there I'd no occupation whatever. While walking, you are expected to drink ever so many tumblers of water, ever so many. Some of the people were exactly like sieves; they were always at it, and they used to gasp out, 'What splendid water it is!' Don't believe them, Karl, it is nothing but talk. Water applied externally is bad enough, in all conscience, but internally it's still more horrible. Then comes the sitting-bath. Do you know what a bath at four degrees below zero is like? It's very much what you would feel if you were in hell, and the devil had tied you down to a glowing iron chair, under which he kept up a roaring fire. Still, it's a good thing! Then you've to walk again till dinner-time. And now comes dinner. Ah, Karl, you have no idea what a human being goes through at a water-cure place! You've got to drink no end of water. Karl, I've seen ladies, small and thin as real angels, drink each of them three decanters as large as laundry-pails at a sitting. And then the potatoes! Good gracious! as many potatoes were eaten in a day as would have served to plant an acre of ground! These water-doctors are much to be pitied; their patients must eat them out of house and home. In the afternoon the water-drinking goes on as merrily as before, and you may now talk to the ladies, if you like; but in the morning you may not approach them, for they are not then dressed for society. Before dinner some of them are to be seen running about with wet

stockings, as if they had been walking through a field of clover; others have wet bandages tied round their heads, and all of them let their hair hang down over their shoulders, and wear a Venus's girdle round their waists, which last, however, is not visible. But in the afternoon, as I said, you may talk to them as much as you like, but will most likely get short answers, unless you speak to them about their health, and ask them how often they have been packed, and what effect it had on them; for that is the sort of conversation that is most approved of at a water-cure establishment. After amusing yourself in this way for a little, you must have a *touche,* that is, a great rush of ice-cold water—and that's a good thing too. Above all, Karl, you must know that what every one most dislikes, and whatever is most intensely disagreeable, is found to be wholesome and good for the constitution."

"Then you ought to be quite cured of your gout," said Hawermann, "for, of all things in the world, cold water was what you always disliked the most."

"It's easy to see from that speech that you've never been at the water-cure, Karl. Listen; this is how the doctor explained the whole thing to me. That confounded gout is the chief of all diseases—in other words, it is the source of them all, and it proceeds from the gouty humor which is in the bones, and which simply tears one to pieces with the pain; and this gouty substance comes from the poisonous matter one has swallowed as food—for example, Kümmel, or tobacco, or medicine from the apothecary's. Now you must understand that any one who has gout must, if he wishes to be cured, be packed in damp sheets till the water has drawn all the tobacco he has ever smoked, and all the Kümmel he has ever drunk, out of his constitution. First the poisonous

matter goes, then the gouty matter, and last of all the gout itself."

"And has it been so with you?"

"No."

"Why didn't you remain longer, then? I should have stayed on, and have got rid of it once for all, if I had been you."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Karl. No one could stand it, and no one has ever done it all at once. But now let me go on with my description of our daily life. After the *touche*, you are expected to walk again, and by the time that is finished it has begun to grow dusk. You may remain out later, if you like, and many people do so, both gentlemen and ladies; or you may go into the house and amuse yourself by reading. I always spent the evening in studying the water-books written by an author named Franck, who is, I understand, at the head of his profession. These books explain the plan on which the water-doctors proceed, and give reasons for all they do; but it's very difficult to understand. I could never get farther than the first two pages, and these were quite enough for me, for when I'd read them I felt as light-headed and giddy as if I had been standing on my head for half an hour. You imagine, no doubt, Karl, that the water in your well is water? He does not think so. Listen. Fresh air is divided into three parts: oxygen, nitrogen, and black carbon; and water is divided into two parts: carbon and hydrogen. Now, the whole water-cure the'ry is founded on water and air. And listen, Karl, just think of the wisdom of nature: when a human being goes out into the fresh air, he inhales both black carbon and nitrogen through his windpipe, and as his constitution cannot stand the combination of these two dreadful things, the art of curing by water steps

in, and drives them out of his throat. And the way that it does so is this: the oxygen grapples with the carbon, and the hydrogen drives the nitrogen out of your body. Do you understand me, Karl?"

"No," said Hawermann, laughing heartily; "you can hardly expect me to do that."

"Never laugh at things you don't understand, Karl. Listen: I have smelt the nitrogen myself, but as for the black carbon, what becomes of it? That is a difficult question, and I didn't get on far enough with the water-science to be able to answer it. Perhaps you think that Parson Behrens could explain the matter to me; but no, when I asked him yesterday he said that he knew nothing about it. And now, Karl, you'll see that I've still got the black carbon in me, and that I shall have that beastly gout again."

"But, Zacharias, why didn't you remain a little longer, and get thoroughly cured?"

"Because"—and Bräsig cast down his eyes, and looked uncomfortable—"I couldn't. Something happened to me. Karl," he continued, raising his eyes to his friend's face, "you've known me from childhood; tell me, did you ever see me disrespectful to a woman?"

"No, Bräsig, I can bear witness that I never did."

"Well, then, just think what happened. A week ago last Friday the gout was very troublesome in my great toe—you know it always begins by attacking the small end of the human wedge—and the water-doctor said, 'Mr. Bailiff,' he said, 'you must have an extra packing; Dr. Strump's colchicum is the cause of this, and we must get rid of it.' Well, it was done. He packed me himself, and so tight that I had hardly room to breathe, telling me for my comfort that water was more necessary for me than air, and then he

wanted to shut the window. 'No,' I said, 'I understand the the'ry well enough to know that I must have fresh air, so please leave the window open.' He did as I asked, and went away. I lay quite still in my compress, thinking no evil, when suddenly I heard a great humming and buzzing in my ears, and when I could look up, I saw a swarm of bees streaming in at my window, preceded by their queen. I knew her well, Karl, for, as you know, I am a bee-keeper. One spring the schoolmaster at Zittelwitz and I got fifty-seven in a field. I now saw that the queen was going to settle on the blanket which the doctor had drawn over my head. What was to be done? I couldn't move. I blew at her, and blew and blew till my breath was all gone. It was horrible! The queen settled right on the bald part of my head—for I had taken off my wig, as usual, to save it—and now the whole swarm flew at my face. That was enough for me. Quickly I rolled out of bed, freed myself from the blanket, wriggled out of the wet sheets, and reached the door, for the devil was at my heels. I got out at the door, and striking out at my assailants blindly and madly, shrieked for help. God be praised and thanked for the existence of the water-doctor! His name is Ehrfurcht. He came to my rescue, and, taking me to another room, fetched me my clothes, and so after a few hours' rest I was able to go down to the dining-room —*salong,* as they call it; but I still had half a bushel of bee-stings in my body. I began to speak to the gentlemen, and they did nothing but laugh. Why did they laugh, Karl? You don't know, nor do I. I turned to one of the ladies, and spoke to her in a friendly way about the weather. She blushed. What was there in the weather to make her red? I can't tell, nor can you, Karl. I spoke to the lady who sings, and asked her very politely to let us hear the beautiful

song which she sings every evening. What did she do, Karl? She turned her back upon me! I now busied myself with my own thoughts, but the water-doctor came up to me, and said courteously:

"'Don't be angry with me, Mr. Bailiff, but you've made yourself very conspicuous this afternoon.'

"'How?' I asked.

"'Fräulein von Hinkefuss was crossing the passage when you ran out of your room, and she has told every one else in strict confidence.'

"'And so,' I said, 'you give me no sympathy, the gentlemen laugh at me, and the ladies turn their pretty backs upon me. No, I didn't come here for that! If Fräulein von Hinkefuss had met *me*, if half a bushel of bee-stings had been planted in *her* body, I should have asked her every morning, with the utmost propriety, how she was. But let her alone! There is no market where people can buy kind-heartedness! Come away, doctor, and pull the stings out of my body.'

"He said he couldn't do it.

"'What!' I asked, 'can't you pull bee-stings out of a man's skin?'

"'No,' he said; 'that is to say, I *can* do it, but I dare not, for that is an operation such as surgeons perform, and I have no diploma for surgery from the Mecklenburg government.'

"'What?' I asked, 'you are allowed to draw gout out of my bones, but it is illegal for you to draw a bee-sting out of my skin? You dare not meddle with the outer skin, which you can see, and yet you presume to attack my internal maladies, which you can't see? *Thank* you!'

"Well, Karl, from that moment I lost all faith in the water-doctor, and without faith they can do nothing, as they

themselves tell you when it comes to the point. So I went away quietly and got old Metz, the surgeon at Rahnstädt, to draw out the stings. That was the end of the water-cure. Still, it's a good thing. One gets new ideas in a place like that, and even if one's gout is not cured, one gains some notion of what a human being can suffer. And now, Karl, this is a water-book I have brought you; you can read it in the winter evenings."—*"My Farming Days."*

Gustav Freytag

Preparing for Publication

BOLZ, *Editor;* MÜLLER, BELLMAUS, *and* KÄMPE, *Assistants.*

Bolz. Well, Müller, what about the proofs for the evening edition? Have I seen them all?

Mül. Not quite—all except this (*handing proof*), for the "Miscellaneous" column.

Bolz. Let's see it. (*Reads.*) "Garments Stolen from Clothes-Line." "Birth of Triplets." "Concert." "Concert." "Lodge Meeting." "Theatrical Performance"—quite so, quite so!—"Invention of a New Locomotive." "The Great Sea-Serpent"— Confound him, dishing up that old sea-serpent of his again! I'd like to see the beast served up as a jelly, and himself obliged to eat it cold!—Bellmaus, you fiend, what's the meaning of this?

Bell. Why, what's the matter? What are you so excited about?

Bolz (*very solemnly*). Ah, Bellmaus, when we conferred the honor upon you of entrusting you with the manufacture of bric-à-brac for this newspaper, our intention was not that the great serpent should wind itself everlastingly through our columns. By the way, how the deuce did you come to stick that old yarn in again?

Bell. Oh, it just happened to fill up six lines that were wanting.

Bolz. An excuse, to be sure, but not the best. You must invent your own stories, my dear chap. What are you a

journalist for? Make up some "Voluntary Contribution," such as "General Considerations upon Human Existence," or "Dogs on the Public Highways." As an alternative, you might select a blood-curdling tale, perhaps "Murder in the First Degree from Sheer Politeness," or else, "Six Sleeping Children Slain by a Stoat," or something of the kind. There are so many things which happen all the time, and so many more which don't, that the most conscientious journalist need never be at a loss for news.

Bell. All right! Give me the proof; I'll change it at once.

(*Goes to table, cuts out piece from a newspaper, and pastes it on proof.*)

Bolz. That's the way, my boy! I'm glad to see you are improving.

Käm. What do you want me to supply for to-morrow?

Bolz. Hanged if I know! I might possibly induce some one to write the leading article. However, you had better be ready with something, in case of an emergency.

Käm. Very well; but what?

Bolz. Oh, you can write about emigration to Australia. That subject won't call forth disapproval from anybody.

Käm. Agreed! And am I to speak for, or against, emigration to Australia?

Bolz (*enthusiastically*). Against—by all means, against! All willing hands we want in our own country. Describe Australia as a terrible place; paint it in its true colors, you know, but as black as possible. Say how the kangaroo, rolling itself up into a ball, flies at the colonist's head with irresistible ferocity, while the duckbill tweaks at his calves from behind; how the gold-digger is compelled to stand up to his neck in salt water all through the winter, while he never gets a drop to drink for three months in the summer;

how the emigrant, if he survives these horrors, at last is eaten up by the thievish natives. Make it all very graphic, and at the end give the latest quotations of Australian wool from the *Times*. You'll find the necessary books in the library.—*"The Journalists."*

Viktor von Scheffel

Temporal Power

"WHERE were we insulted in the person of our servant?" asked the duchess.

"Out upon the fields, by the circle of rocks. They caught him, dragged him to the grave of the Huns, and would have slain him."

"In the very center of our domain!" The voice of the duchess rang out. "That is too much! Where is our chamberlain? Sir Spazzo, you will ride!"

"We will ride!" said the chamberlain grimly.

"And this very day you will demand tribute, fine, and apology from the Abbot of Reichenau. The temporal power shall not be interfered with by monkish insolence!"

"Not be interfered with by monkish insolence!" repeated Sir Spazzo, waxing still more wroth.

No pleasanter commission could have come to him. He stroked his beard. "We will ride, Sir Abbot!" he said, and went to equip himself.

He did not take his velvet doublet, nor his embroidered cloak. He put on a shabby leather jerkin, buckled on his greaves and heavy spurs, with which he had ridden to battle, and tested the clank of his tread. An iron cap with three large feathers he set upon his head, and girt his great sword about his middle.

Thus he came into the courtyard.

"Consider me a moment, oh, lovely Praxedis!" he said to

the duchess's Greek maid. "What kind of face have I to-day?"

"A most insolent one, Sir Chamberlain," answered the girl.

"Good!" cried Sir Spazzo, and sprang upon his horse. He rode out of the gate with a flying of sparks, filled by the joyous thought that, for once, insolence and duty were identical.

He practised manners on the way. A fallen fir-tree blocked his path. "Out of the way, monkish clod!" The clod did not move. Sir Spazzo drew his sword. "Forward, Falada!" The horse jumped the tree. Sir Spazzo made the twigs fly with his sword.

An hour and a half and he was at the convent gate. Sir Spazzo swung down from his horse. . . .

Across the court he came to the inner door. The gong was sounding for the midday meal. Swiftly one of the friars crossed the yard. Sir Spazzo grasped the monk's habit, and that not gently.

"Call me down the abbot!" he commanded.

The monk, surprised, glanced at the stranger's shabby apparel. "It is meal-time. If you are invited, but——"

A fist flew into the brother's face; the brother flew to the ground, and the sunlight shone upon his tonsure.

The abbot had heard that his men had laid violent hands upon the duchess's serf. He heard the tumult in the cloister court, saw pious Brother Yvo gyrating in the sun, and drew conclusions. "Happy is he," sings Vergil, "who understands the hidden causes of things." Abbot Wazmann discerned these causes. He had seen the nodding plumes of Spazzo's head-gear from afar.

"Call down the abbot!"

The resonance of the voice made the windows rattle. The soup grew cold, but they in the refectory determined at last to eat without the abbot.

Shyly a monk came to the abbot's chamber.

"You are to come down," he said softly. "The man below rages and storms."

The abbot turned to Rudimann, the cellarer:

"'Tis vile weather at the castle. I know the chamberlain. He is the duchess's weather-cock. If she smiles, he laughs; when the clouds gather on her forehead, he thunders and lightens——"

"And strikes," added Rudimann.

A heavy tread sounded in the passage.

"No time to be lost," said the abbot. "Rudimann, gird your loins. Go to the castle, and convey our apology to the duchess. Take silver pence from our treasury as a present for the injured man, and say that we will pray for his recovery."

"It will not be easy," said Rudimann; "she is very violent."

"Take her a present," said the abbot. "Women and children are easily dazzled."

The door flew open, and Sir Spazzo appeared.

"By the life of my duchess!" he cried, "has the abbot lead in his ears, or gout in his feet? Why did you not come out to receive your guest?"

"We were taken by surprise," said the abbot. "You are welcome!" He raised his hand in blessing.

"I need no welcome," answered Sir Spazzo. "The devil is this day's patron saint. We have been injured, mightily injured! We require a fine—two hundred silver marks at least. Let us have it! Death and damnation! The tem-

poral power shall not be interfered with by monkish insolence! We are here as ambassador!"

His spurs rang on the floor.

"Your pardon," said the abbot, "a leather jerkin hardly revealed the ducal ambassador."

"By the dress of camel-hair worn by John the Baptist! had I come in my shirt I should have been all too fine for your cowls."

He put on his helmet. The plumes nodded. "Pay, that I may depart! The air is bad here—bad, very bad!"

"Permit me," said the abbot, "we let no one depart in wrath. You are severe, being empty. Partake of our repast. After that, business."

To be invited to dinner as a reward for one's rudeness made some impression on the chamberlain. He took his helmet off. "The temporal power shall not be interfered with by monkish insolence." The abbot pointed through an open door. A rosy boy was turning a spit, and smacked his lips, for the rich scent of the roast made his mouth water. Covered dishes stood mysteriously in the background. A monk came from the cellar bearing a huge tankard. The sight was too alluring. Sir Spazzo forgot his official frown and accepted the invitation.

At the third dish his insolence grew milder. The red Meersburger wine conquered any remnants of it. The red Meersburger was good. . . .

The red Meersburger was good. Sir Spazzo considered it no light matter to sit over his wine. He drank with obduracy, sat on his bench as though cast of iron, drank like a man—not with the carelessness of youth, but seriously and deep.

"This wine is the most sensible thing about the convent,"

he had said when the first tankard showed bottom. "Presumably you have more." This was an overture of peace. The second tankard came. He drank to the abbot. "The temporal power shall not be interfered with!"

"It shall not," said the abbot, with a side glance.

The fifth hour of afternoon came, and a little bell rang in the cloister. "Your pardon," said the abbot, "it is the vesper hour. Will you pray with us?"

"I prefer to await you here." In the tankard's deep cavity the wine stood high.

Another hour passed. Sir Spazzo tried to recall the reason of his presence in the convent, and failed.

The abbot returned. "How did you pass the time?"

"Well!" said Sir Spazzo. The tankard was empty.

"I do not know—" began the abbot.

"Surely!" said Sir Spazzo, and nodded vigorously. Then came another tankard.

The red wine shone like fiery gold. An aureole glimmered about the abbot's head, Sir Spazzo thought. "By the life of the duchess," he said, "who are you?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the abbot.

The chamberlain recognized the voice. "Aha!" his fist thundered on the table, "the temporal power shall not be interfered with by monkish insolence!"

"Of course not," said the abbot.

The chamberlain felt a shooting pain in his forehead. He called it his "wakener." It came with wine; once, and his tongue was paralyzed; twice, and he lost his power of movement. Sir Spazzo rose. "The monks shall not see the tongue or legs of a ducal servant conquered by their wine," said he to himself. He stood squarely on his feet.

"Hold!" said the abbot, "a stirrup-cup!"

Still another tankard came. As Sir Spazzo tried to put it down, he stood it up serenely in mid-air. The tankard smashed down upon the floor. He clutched at the abbot's goblet, and emptied that.

A sweet smile enwreathed the chamberlain's lips. He embraced the abbot.

"Friend, brother, beloved old wine-barrel, how would you like me to poke you in the eye?" His tongue struggled, stammered, refused to move. He hugged the abbot closely, treading, booted and spurred, as he was, upon reverend toes.

The abbot had been about to offer Sir Spazzo shelter for the night. The embrace changed his purpose. . . .

Sir Spazzo's horse stood in the courtyard. He mounted, then slipped off. At last he sat in the saddle. He pressed his helmet on his head, and grasped his reins. He fought his helpless tongue. For a moment he recovered his power of speech, and, dashing through the gate, he roared:

"The temporal power shall not be interfered with by monkish insolence!"—"*Ekkehard.*"

Students' Songs

Pope and Sultan

THE Pope he leads a happy life;
He fears not married care nor strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

CHORUS

He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then, all happy's not his life;
He has not maid nor blooming wife,
Nor child has he to raise his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me;
His is a life of jollity;
His wives are many as his will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man;
He must obey his Alcoran;
And dares not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

So, then, I'll hold my lowly stand,
And live in German fatherland;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
I'll think that I the Sultan be;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

Credo

For the sole edification
Of this decent congregation,
Goodly people, by your grant
I will sing a holy chant,
    I will sing a holy chant.
If the ditty sound but oddly,
'Twas a father, wise and godly,
    Sang it so long ago.
Then sing as Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long!"

He, by custom patriarchal,
Loved to see the beaker sparkle;
And he thought the wine improved,
Tasted by the lips he loved,
    By the kindly lips he loved.
Friends, I wish this custom pious
Duly were observed by us,
    To combine love, song, wine,
And sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long!"

Students' Songs

Who refuses this our *Credo,*
And who will not sing as we do,
Were he holy as John Knox,
I'd pronounce him heterodox,
    I'd pronounce him heterodox,
And from out this congregation,
With a solemn commination,
    Banish quick the heretic,
Who'll not sing as Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long!"

Gustav von Moser

An Exacting Uncle

MACDONALD *and* MRS. DICKSON.

Mac. (*an old gentleman, loud-voiced, brusk, self-opinionated*). Good morning! (*He looks about.*)

Mrs. Dick. What can I do for you, sir?

Mac. Does young Mr. Macdonald live here, eh?

Mrs. Dick. Certainly; but he has just gone out.

Mac. Aha, so much the better. You, I presume, are the elderly landlady, eh?

Mrs. Dick. (*Aside.*) What an extraordinary person!

Mac. My name, madam, is Macdonald. I am that young man's uncle.

Mrs. Dick. Heaven have mercy on us!

Mac. Aha! You seem to be frightened! That doesn't show a quiet conscience, eh? That nephew of mine is a good-for-nothing, no doubt?

Mrs. Dick. Oh——

Mac. Answer, woman!

Mrs. Dick. Heaven forbid! What makes you imagine such things? Your nephew is a most proper young man.

Mac. Pah! Proper! I'm sorry to hear it—mighty sorry! (*He looks about.*)

Mrs. Dick. (*Aside.*) This person is not in his right mind.

Mac. (*smiling*). Cards on the table! Ha-ha-ha! So the boy gambles!

Mrs. Dick. Bless me, no! I was just playing a little game of solitaire.

Mac. Pooh! You might have been better employed! Well, what does he do? Does not play, you say? Does he drink?

Mrs. Dick. Oh, bless me, no! He's the properest young man imaginable—home-loving, industrious, studying is his dearest pleasure.

Mac. Indeed! Has he any debts?

Mrs. Dick. Oh, bless me, no! (*Aside.*) God forgive me that fib!

Mac. According to your description he must be an unmitigated ass!

Mrs. Dick. He deserves your doing something for him.

Mac. D'you think I'm crazy, eh?

Mrs. Dick. (*Aside.*) Well, I should say so!

Mac. I've been in India for twenty years. How does the boy look?

Mrs. Dick. He's a very handsome young fellow.

Mac. Old women have curious tastes.

Mrs. Dick. So gentle and modest.

Mac. In other words, a milksop. (*Strides up and down the room.*) I don't change my principles. A young man must sow his wild oats. He won't be a man until I've pulled that soft skin over his ears.

Mrs. Dick. Won't you take a seat?

Mac. Thank you. Don't want to see the boy at all, as things are. Ink—paper! I'll write.

Mrs. Dick. Here's everything.

Mac. Tell him I'll come back when he has improved.

Mrs. Dick. But, Mr. Macdonald——

Mac. Stop your howling, old woman! Go!

Mrs. Dick. Oh, I'm going, I'm going! (*Exit.*)

Mac. Go to the— Yes, I mean well by the boy. If the old frump had told me that he drinks a bit, has jolly friends, debts, and so on, I could have hugged the old thing. But a milksop! Pah! Pooh!—"*The Private Secretary.*"

Wilhelm Raabe—"Jacob Corvinus"

Hans at School

WHEN he was five years old Hans Unwirrsch was a clumsy little fellow going about in a pair of breeches cut and intended for him to grow into. He looked merrily out on the world and the Kröppelstrasse from his bluish-gray eyes; his nose was not as yet definitely characteristic; his mouth promised to grow very large—and kept its promise. The boy's yellow hair curled naturally, and was his handsomest feature. His stomach was in all respects perfect, as it is with all people destined to be hungry oftener than they like. The two women—his mother and his cousin—of course did their utmost to spoil him; they honored him as crown prince, hero, and world's wonder, so that it was well that the government interfered, and declared him old enough to go to school. So Hans set foot on the lowest rung of the ladder standing against the tree of knowledge, the door of the poor-school opened to him, and Silberlöffel, the schoolmaster, promised Cousin Schlotterbeck at the door that her "precious boy" should be neither murdered by himself nor the hundred and sixty good-for-nothings subject to his rule. . . .

The girls sat on the right-hand side, and the boys on the left. Between the two divisions ran a passage from the door to the teacher's desk, and up and down this passage Silberlöffel would walk, coughing at every step, without thereby exciting the least sympathy from the brats under his charge. The poor fellow was long, lean, and lank; if he looked very

melancholy into the bargain, he had cause enough. Any other teacher in his place would have kept warm in the damp, chill schoolroom by lustily whipping the boys. His faint attempts to preserve discipline by that means were taken as an amusing joke; his authority was below zero. A pitiful reproach to all well-dressed people were the clothes of this worthy man, the hat especially acting a complete tragedy with its wearer. The point at issue between the two was which should survive the other, and the hat appeared to know that it would carry the day. A diabolical taunt seemed to grin from out of its boils and scratches.

Hans Unwirrsch joined the crowd of pauper school-children without any particularly sentimental feelings. After having conquered his first surprise and embarrassment, after having made himself at home in his new surroundings, he proved himself not a whit better than any other among the young scapegraces, and took part in the pleasures and pains of that noble public institution like the rest of them. He soon found friends and enemies among the boys; congenial spirits attached themselves to him, the uncongenial tried to pull him out of his views of life by the hair of his head; and in single combat, as in general skirmishes, he often came to grief, which, however, he bore like a manly urchin, without seeking refuge behind the teacher. His manliness at that stage of his life also inspired a healthy aversion toward the female sex on the right-hand benches. He was fond of putting cobblers' wax on the girls' seats, and of coupling them together in loving pairs by firmly twisting the ends of their pigtails together in close knots. He looked upon the girls with sovereign disdain as inferior creatures who knew no other means of defense than shrieking, and through whom the master was better informed of the doings of the left

half of his school than that half altogether approved. At first there was not the slightest trace of chivalrous feeling in his bosom, but its first awaking dawn was not far distant, and soon there was *one* little person on the other side of the room who made her influence felt on Hans. There came a time when he could not bear to see *one* little fellow pupil cry, and when a nameless longing would sometimes take possession of him—not in the direction of the slices of bread and butter and cake that he saw other children nibbling in the street. For the present, however, he stuck his fists impudently into the baggy pockets of his breeches, spread his short legs far apart, planted himself firmly on his feet, and sought to emancipate himself as far as possible from the tyranny of womankind.

No longer did he now sit quietly and patiently at the knee of Cousin Schlotterbeck, and listen reverently to her teachings and exhortations, fairy tales, almanac stories, and Bible readings. To the great dismay of the good old lady did he manifest a more and more critical spirit. The almanac stories he knew by heart; no sooner did the cousin begin a fairy tale, than he would interrupt her to suggest improvements and ask impertinently ironical questions; to her well-meant moral counsel he would offer confusing objections, which more than once made the worthy dame quite angry. When, as was her habit, the good soul became entangled in a breathless row of biblical names, Hans took a fiendish pleasure therein, so that at last she would clap the book to in her wrath, and call her erstwhile "little lamb" a "saucy young rascal." Behind her back he would play all sorts of tricks; he even went so far as to caricature her person before a select audience in the Kröppelstrasse, consisting of people of his own age. In short, Hans Unwirrsch had now

reached that stage of his existence at which his loving relations with sinister looks and warning finger-shakes prophesied to the young hopeful a dark future, the beggar's staff, the lockup, the galleys, and finally, as an agreeable conclusion, his untimely despatch at the hands of the public executioner.—*"The Infant Prodigy."*

Wilhelm Busch

Gunpowder as Tobacco

'An old saw runs somewhat so:
"Man must learn while here below."
Not alone the A, B, C,
Raises man in dignity;
Not alone in reading, writing,
Reason finds a work inviting;
Not alone to solve the double
Rule of Three shall man take trouble,
But must hear, with pleasure, sages
Teach the wisdom of the ages.
Of this wisdom an example
To the world was Master Lämpel.
For this cause, to Max and Maurice
Lämpel was the chief of horrors;
Since a boy who loves bad tricks
Wisdom's friendship never seeks.
With the clerical profession
Smoking always was a passion;
And this habit without question,
While it helps promote digestion,
Is a comfort no one can
Well begrudge a good old man,
When the day's vexations close,
And he sits to seek repose.
Max and Maurice, flinty-hearted,
On another trick have started:

Thinking how they may attack a
Poor old man through his tobacco.
Once, when Sunday morning breaking,
Pious hearts to gladness waking,
Poured its light where, in the temple,
At his organ sat Herr Lämpel,
These bad boys, for mischief ready,
Stole into the good man's study,
Where his darling meerschaum stands.
This, Max holds in both his hands,
While young Maurice (scapegrace born!)
Climbs, and gets the powder-horn;
And with speed the wicked soul
Pours the powder in the bowl.
Hush, and quick! Now, right about!
For already church is out.
Lämpel closes the church-door,
Glad to seek his home once more;
All his service well got through,
Takes his keys, and music too,
And his way, delighted, wends
Homeward to his silent friends.
Full of gratitude he there
Lights his pipe and takes his chair.
"Ah!" he says, "no joy is found
Like contentment on earth's round!"
Fizz! Whizz! Bang! The pipe is burst,
Almost shattered into dust.
Coffee-box and water-jug,
Snuff-box, inkstand, tumbler, mug,
Table, stove, and easy chair,
All are flying through the air

Wilhelm Busch

In a lightning powder-flash,
With a most tremendous crash.
When the smoke-cloud lifts and clears,
Lämpel on his back appears,
God be praised! still breathing there,
Only somewhat worse for wear.
Nose, hands, eyebrows (once like yours),
Now are black as any moor's;
Burned the last thin spear of hair,
And his pate is wholly bare.
Who shall now the children guide,
Lead their steps to wisdom's side?
Who shall now for Master Lämpel
Lead the service in the temple,
Now that his old pipe is out,
Shattered, smashed, gone up the spout?
Time will heal the rest once more,
But the pipe's best days are o'er.

—*"Max and Maurice."*

Julius Stinde

In Society

As our invitation to the Lehmanns' party was for half past eight o'clock, we started a little before ten, and arrived in very good time; for the grander an evening is to be, the more abominably late the guests appear. We were far from being the last to arrive, but his old Excellency was already there, and, to a certain extent, formed the brilliant center of light, owing to his bald head and his numerous decorations. We were presented to him at once, and his Excellency expressed himself as being very pleased to have the privilege of making our acquaintance. Whereupon I replied, with the most formal of courtesies and visible solemnity, that the privilege was all on our side. By so doing I wished him to see that, although we belonged only to the middle class, we were by no means overawed by Excellencies. His Excellency then entered upon a long talk with my Karl about business in general, which I considered wanting in tact, as he might have known that ladies took no great interest in such subjects. I moved away, therefore, with a less deep but well-measured courtesy, and amused myself by watching the other guests. The number of persons the Lehmanns had invited was endless. To remember them all one would need to have been born with a memory the size of an omnibus.

The only people I knew were the Hamburg doctor and his charming young wife, who was dressed in gray silk dotted over with rose buds, and cut *à la* Marie Antoinette, which suited her to perfection. Betti had been at once taken posses-

sion of by two lieutenants, and was engaged in conversation with them. Emmi, on the other hand, felt drawn to the wife of the Hamburg doctor, and I must confess that, although young girls may be charming, young wives are far more bewitching. There seems so much depth of feeling about them.

After a time I found myself near the seats of honor, namely, round about the sofa where the elderly and most voluminous ladies made a solemn impression by their very dignified appearance and the brand-new ribbons of their caps. Tea was taken without so much as the whisper of a word, and with it there were handed round a fruit tart and small narrow knives to eat it with.

What was there to talk about? All of us being perfect strangers to one another, none, of course, cared to open their mouths with a remark about the weather; then one doesn't seem to know enough about the theaters; and household affairs are naturally too inferior a subject for the occasion. Guests were, moreover, still coming in, and the crush was so great one might have supposed the Lehmanns had annexed the waiting-room of a railway station, and that some official would presently be ringing a bell and calling out, "Take your seats, please!" I kept thinking to myself, "I wonder what's to happen next. If we had been in the Landsberger Strasse we should all long since have been sitting round the supper-table, and would have known why we had been invited."

The room was now crammed full, and I was secretly beginning to denounce the season and these fashionable gatherings, when some one began to play on the piano. The Lehmanns had managed to secure the services of a youth from one of the conservatories; he wore huge linen cuffs, three pairs to the dozen. The youth attacked Mozart, and

the audience, too, with a terrific banging. This roused the canary out of its sleep, and it forthwith began singing at the top of its voice, and utterly drowned the music that followed. In fact the musical entertainment could not be continued till the bird's cage had been covered over. A young lady then rose and filled the room with her shouting. Of harmony, in my opinion, there was no trace, but the effect was all the more melancholy. As soon as the applause ceased, she commenced a second performance. It was of the same doleful color, enough to give a drill-sergeant the blues. When the accompanist had wrung out a few dire chords by way of conclusion, I said to the lady on my right:

"There, now, the second child's dead too!"

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked.

"Oh," I replied, "that's what we say when a mournful piece of music comes to an end."

"It was my daughter that was singing," she retorted with asperity, and turned her back upon me.

In order to show her that her behavior had left me perfectly cool and indifferent, I turned to the lady on my left, and endeavored to start a conversation with her. I began by speaking of a flaxen-haired youth, above life-size, who had at that moment entered the room, and seemed a fitting subject for remark.

"What kind of genius is that, I wonder?" said I.

"Whom do you refer to?" replied the lady.

"That very long young man standing there at the door," said I; "you just wait and see if he doesn't make some mischief."

"I am not aware that my son has given you any reason for such a remark," she answered snappishly.

"Pardon me for ever being born," I replied, remember-

ing that what one calls out into a wood, the echo brings back.

I vowed to myself not to utter a single word more, as I could not possibly know in what relation all these people, whom the Lehmanns had collected in honor of his Excellency, stood to one another; so I allowed my thoughts to speculate about the ways of fashionable society. From these gloomy reflections I was fortunately aroused by supper being announced.

In the next room, which had been kept locked all the evening, a side table had been arranged with all possible kinds of eatables, and presented a very inviting appearance when the doors were thrown open. The gentlemen hurried in, and gallantly attended to the ladies. Those ladies, however, who had no special gentlemen to attend to them, and who did not choose to push themselves forward, got nothing. I was among the last to reach the table, and succeeded only in snatching hold of a small dessert-plate and a knife and fork; at the same time I saw that all such dainties as caviare, goose-liver paste, and chicken had already vanished. Of the turkey nothing was left but the skeleton, and of the fillet of veal only the mark on the dish where it had been. There was, however, still some Italian salad to be had, also some cold sliced meat, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be American tinned meat and Brunswick sausage. The jellies, too, had scarcely been touched. I took a small helping of what was left, and while eating it in discomfort in the midst of a standing crowd, it struck me that one needed experience in this kind of stand-up supper, as not a soul thought of inviting one to take anything; in fact, the whole proceeding seemed to me a kind of murderous attack, and so I secretly envied the sublieutenants who had been in front

of the battle. Betti told me afterward that her lieutenant had brought her a delicious bit of chicken breast, while he had preferred venison with a goodly supply of caviare. The younger folks had, it seemed, been making engagements with one another, as there was to be dancing later. The Lehmanns thought it better taste to let his Excellency depart first, so there was a little delay. Wine and punch were handed round, and this brought more life into the conversation. His Excellency was meanwhile standing beneath the chandelier, holding a kind of audience.

Earlier in the evening I had stated that that unusually tall young man would be likely to create trouble, and I proved to be right. When I have a presentiment of anything, it always comes true, and, moreover, so precisely like what I imagine, that I should assuredly have been anointed a prophet had I lived in the Old Testament times.

All of a sudden a fluttering, flapping noise passed through the rooms, and it very soon turned out that the canary had escaped. The young man just mentioned, having nothing better to do, no doubt meant merely to amuse himself with the little creature, but his huge, awkward hands must have so bent the cage-door that it would not close again.

What a fuss they made trying to catch that bird! Several brooms and a pair of steps were fetched, and an endeavor was made to drive the creature into the adjoining room so as to catch it if it were to settle on the cornice. The bird, however, would neither go into the next room nor on to the cornice. The chase became more and more eager and determined, and the bird became the more bewildered. The young man who had caused the mischief took part in the chase, and in this way tried to make up for his awkwardness; but just as he was about to make a very vehement thrust with

a broom, as if he were playing billiards in the air, he accidentally struck the glass chandelier beneath which his Excellency was standing, and fragments of glass came pouring down upon his Excellency's shining pate.

Although his Excellency was in no way injured, he at once intimated a wish to withdraw, and thus left the company which harbored so dangerous an individual. This greatly distressed the Lehmanns, who seemed quite to lose their heads. They accompanied his Excellency to the door, and the Hamburg doctor meanwhile caught the bird, and the dancing commenced. The young people enjoyed themselves immensely, as usual on such occasions, but I did not breathe freely till we were on our way home in a second-class cab, leaving the stifling heat, the badly arranged refreshments, and the host of people to whom we were utterly indifferent, behind us.

When we reached home, my Karl said, "Wilhelmine, if you feel as I do, you'd butter us some bread, and let us have a couple of bottles of wine. I'm quite hungry."

"That's just how I feel," I answered.

So there we sat down, at three o'clock of a dark winter's morning, in a cold room with ice on the windows, and refreshed ourselves after all the hardships we had endured.

—"*The Buchholz Family.*"

Eduard Pötzl

Art Criticism

One Sunday morning, in very early spring, Herr Nigerl and his better half honored the Corso, Vienna's great show promenade, with their presence. Although the worthy couple had determined to avoid arousing any curiosity, it nevertheless happened that the looks of the passers-by fell upon them repeatedly. Frau Nigerl whispered to her husband, "It's not to be believed how many people know one." As a matter of fact, the amused curiosity of all those people was aroused by the extraordinary spring costumes of the worthy pair. While others were trying to protect themselves against the icy wind and occasional flurries of snow by heavy wraps and furs, Herr Nigerl was wearing light plaid trousers and a short yellow overcoat, his wife proudly disporting herself in a pink silk gala dress, a hat with great nodding plumes, and a shawl of black lace, all of which she thought to be in the height of fashion. The Nigerls looked with a certain contempt on the people who were wrapped up in winter coats and cloaks, suspecting that this was due to their lacking money for proper spring apparel.

When they had walked along for a while, Nigerl pointed to a building with placarded doors, and said, "Aha, there it is!"

"Where all those people are going in?"

"Certainly. Karl described the place and its situation exactly. If I had not forgotten my spectacles on account of your fussiness, I could even read the placards. But that is

not necessary. Come, now, and keep close by me, so that we may not be separated in the crowd. I must explain the famous painting to you, or you will not know why it is called 'The Dream of Rapture.'"

Soon after Herr and Frau Nigerl stood in the rather crowded hall in which the paintings were on exhibition. Those present spoke in subdued tones, exchanging impressions and criticisms. A solemn, almost devout, atmosphere prevailed. Frau Nigerl pressed her husband's arm; she hardly dared to breathe, and stared open-mouthed at the work of art which so many people had come to see. Completely in the dark as to what her opinion ought to be, she glanced at her husband's face, but noted with pleasure that his jaw, too, was hanging, and that here at last his oft-tried wisdom seemed to fail. Again and again Herr Nigerl inspected the picture and the ceiling by turns. At last he gave his better half the anxiously desired cue:

"That's a fine picture."

"I believe it," said Frau Nigerl. "One does not see that kind every day. Look at the handsome colors on it. No doubt they're the most expensive to be had."

"Well, what do you suppose? An artist like that would not paint with bluing. But that's the least part of it. The naturalness of it! One could touch it."

"Yes, but don't do it; it seems to be forbidden."

"And there you learn again," said Nigerl, "that one must examine everything with one's own eyes. One doesn't get the right idea from other people's talk. And Karl is an ass; at this moment I am sure of it."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He must have taken a drop too much when he was here. He told me about the picture of a woman who looks as if

she were in love with some one, and that is 'The Dream of Rapture.' Now look at the picture. The young woman is in love, but her lover is with her, and they're kissing each other. And as a sign that they are united for life, they are tied together with a rope. You understand now?"

"What do you take me for? Who wouldn't understand, after such an explanation? But they've gone to the lakeside to bathe, I suppose."

"What nonsense! Don't you know how all lovers go to lake- and brook-sides because it is more secret there? But let's catch the train. I want to tell Karl what an idiot he is."

It took Karl's infinite patience to persuade the obstinate Nigerl that the picture he had seen was the famous "Suicide," and not "The Dream of Rapture."—"*Herr Nigerl.*"

Ludwig Fulda

Connubial Bliss

HERMINE *and* FELIX.

Her. Felix, it is high time for you to put on your evening clothes.

Fel. If I can find them I'll gladly put them on. But considering the conditions existing here, I think they are probably in the cellar.

Her. You seem to be in a delightful humor!

Fel. The humor of despair, my dear. But, by the way, we have not seen each other all day. So I thought——

Her. We shall see enough of each other before the evening is over.

Fel. No doubt, from a distance and in a crowd.

Her. Why, have you no conception of your duties as a host?

Fel. Of course I have. But there are other duties, and it is on their account that I wanted to chat with you for a few moments.

Her. Chat with me? Now? There's no time. To-morrow.

Fel. But to-morrow you are going to the races.

Her. Well, then, the day after to-morrow.

Fel. Hm! The day after to-morrow morning is the performance for the benefit of the sufferers from the fire, and in the afternoon come the living pictures for the benefit of those who suffered from the flood. What is the name of the picture in which you are to pose?

Her. Domesticity.

Fel. Domesticity! Aha! A very promising title. You see, my dear, there is no immediate prospect of our having time for that chat of ours. We have now been married four months, and though we have had a great deal of time for others, we have had none at all for ourselves.

Her. Felix, I still have a hundred things to attend to. I beg of you to dress, and be ready in time.

Fel. No one will be here for half an hour yet, and you know the lightning speed with which I can change my clothes.

Her. Very well, then, for Heaven's sake, tell me quickly what you have to say! Otherwise I shall never get rid of you.

Fel. Hermine, can things go on this way much longer?

Her. What things?

Fel. Merely that you and I associate with each other at a distance; that my marital dignity seems to consist in taking you to balls and escorting you home again; in sitting behind you in the box at the theater; in holding your spy-glass at the races, your fan and flowers at dances; that everywhere you are courted and flattered, and that it is my business to stand aside with a vacant face. I am like some silent character on the stage, who never takes part in the action, and people regard me as the model of a silent husband. For, since you consider it ill-bred for me to sit next to you at dinners, or dance with you at balls——

Her. Of course it is ill-bred. Married people are together quite enough at home. Hence, in society——

Fel. At home? But, my dear child, when are we at home? Home is to us a purely geographical term; it is a sort of base of operations from which we make our excursions into society.

Her. How you exaggerate! Have we not the whole morning to ourselves?

Fel. In the morning you sleep.

Her. And when I get up——

Fel. Then I have my office hours.

Her. And when they are over——

Fel. You have gone driving, or are receiving company—the very best people, I grant you. They are all people of merit, at least they all have the merit of being voluble on subjects of which their ignorance is complete. Then, at dinner, we usually have guests again, or we dine out.

Her. Didn't we have a charming time the other evening at the Chinese ambassador's?

Fel. Oh, most charming! The mind of the lady next to me at table must also have been surrounded by a kind of Chinese wall. I made desperate efforts to entertain her, and she only replied, "How funny!" At last, having exhausted every other conceivable subject, I explained to her the latest method of curing hydrophobia, and she said, "How funny!"

Her. It's probably your own fault. I had a very interesting talk.

Fel. With von Walheim?

Her. A most entertaining man.

Fel. What did you talk about?

Her. Of—of—oh, I forget!

Fel. Yes, that is usually what one talks about in society—nothing.

Her. You do not know what the subject of our conversation was.

Fel. Neither do you, and von Walheim still less.

Her. But then, we have the afternoon to ourselves.

Fel. In the afternoon you go shopping, or receive ladies at five-o'clock teas. At night, finally——

Her. How you exaggerate!

Fel. At night, finally, we usually do not come home till morning.—"*In Private.*"

George S. Viereck

(German-American)

The Modern Guinea-Pig

RECENTLY—oh, quite recently—there lived a most delightful little guinea-pig. It wore a snow-white little shirt and a little brown coat. Its little eyes peeped knowingly out into the wide world. Its little white mustache was carefully waxed; its little snout was very pointed indeed. In its left fore paw it carried a curiously carved little cane. This was a symbolic little cane, meant to represent either Universal Wo or Eternal Longing. Some people thought the carving a portrait, others took it for a landscape. The artist who had carved it could offer no solution to the problem. The little guinea-pig flourished its little cane in an enterprising manner, as if to say, "Am I not a splendid fellow?" Between the toes of its little right fore paw, however, it held a burning cigarette, from which it occasionally blew round rings of smoke into the air, taking pains, all the while, to look thoughtful. It smoked only cigarettes, on principle, for it was a very modern guinea-pig.

Now, late one evening, this very guinea-pig was walking along the street, and it was the street that leads to literary fame. Upon the same street were walking not only the water-rat and the newt, but a complete menagerie from the zoo of the Lord. The beasts were crowding one another like ants in an ant-hill. Each sought to overtake the other, and then to give it a good push. All evil demons were let loose here. Every one crowded, every one pushed, to reach the same goal—fame.

There were lightning-bugs, which emitted one spark, and then subsided into darkness. But they could never be brought to believe that their little lamps had long been extinguished, and so they complained of the neglect of the great world. There was a whole flock of jay-birds wearing green clothes, and twittering continually. But no one took any notice of them, except the other jay-birds, who wore on their necks a little sign whereon was printed these letters in gold (that is to say, in red printers' ink), S. M. A. These were the members of the Society for Mutual Admiration. They had opened an office which they called I. F. —*i.e.*, Immortality Factory—and thence they sent notices to all the newspapers.

To the membership of this society belonged likewise a flock of young and old geese which cackled uninterruptedly, and flapped their wings. They spoke of the deprivation of woman of her rights, and of the general nefariousness of man. Their watchword was "Freedom from Masculine Bondage," and the extremists among them were wont to agitate for the complete abolition of man, and were convinced only with great difficulty that, for certain reasons, man is a necessary evil. They attracted much notice by means of their "reform costumes" and their striking assertions. . . .

In the midst of the crowd stamped a great elephant, whose amusement it was to blow out red ink, right and left, and who would now and then accidentally trample some little beast to death. But he was soon lost to sight. A gray donkey looked after him longingly, and muttered, "How unmannerly of that great boor to go by without so much as saying good day!" A mite of a monkey had bitten his teeth deep into the elephant's back. Later on he became the elephant's biog-

rapher, and was dragged along into immortality—as has occurred before.

Then followed smaller beasts of all kinds. There was a rooster, who had stolen some peacock's feathers, and hence thought himself a peacock. At that he was so pleased that he crowed, "Kikiriki!" And then all knew that he was only a rooster, after all.

Through this region, too, flowed the great River of Ink, and here dwelt all kinds of beasts. There was a glittering dragon-fly which wrote "Flashes of Wit" for an evening paper. There was a goose, which made up the advertising columns, and quacked and quacked. There was an inkfish that was a leader-writer, and a crocodile that was a critic. At several places, shunned by the most decent animals, the river became a swamp. There dwelt the yellow journalists. They were mosquitoes, insolent as bedbugs, but not so good-natured.

Then there came a beastie which used a great deal of perfume; but all the perfume could not conceal the fact that it belonged to the tribe of skunks. It was a young female skunk, belonging to the producers of a certain kind of novels usually forbidden by the police, even when tricked out in the white robes of psychological study.

Grasshoppers were there, and crickets. They rubbed their little legs together and made a hideous noise, which they called music; but the world was of another opinion. These creatures were in favor of the abolition of singing birds, and if, at times, a modest little robin or a jubilant nightingale was heard, they said, "How old-fashioned! What bad taste! The fellow is positively trying to compose melody!" And they whetted their little legs anew in righteous indignation.

Then came a harmless mite of a female kitten which pretended to be a tiger-cat, and wrote lyric poems in which she expressed a preference for burying her teeth in the breasts of youths. There were some who thought her genuine. Those were the greenhorns. Others could distinctly hear the *mi-au* in her songs, and noticed that she was really a common domestic cat. These were the wise ones. The sly and wary smiled, and said, "Every beastie must have its feastie!"

So each wore a mask, some mummery not its own by nature. Only a few wore no clothes, and ran about stark naked. These were the pigs. They came in hordes, trod on every little flower, and poked their snouts into every gutter. The gutter, indeed, was their favorite abiding-place, and they loved to wallow in the swamps. But if at times a water-lily raised her argent front majestically to the sun, they made a long circuit around her, and said, "Flowers do not exist." And when they had wallowed in the mire to their hearts' content, they lifted their trunks, and proclaimed, "We are realists; we describe things as they really are." And there were those who believed them, and had their appetite spoiled in consequence.

And thus they passed on in an endless procession. They crawled and trampled, jumped, crowed, mewed, neighed, whined, roared, hummed, and buzzed. And they all pressed forward along that street. And at the end of the street was the night, and beyond the night dwelt Fame. . . .

Along this street walked our modern little guinea-pig. And on this very day it felt the weight of the ages upon its little guinea-pig's back. It was in a frame of mind to welcome any diversion; and thus it turned round at once when it heard behind it a soft, half-beseeching, half-yearn-

ing clucking. It then saw a funny little guinea-chicken. This creature wore a gray coat with little black dots. It tried in vain to preserve its accustomed dignity, for it seemed to be very tired. Its weary wings were drooping; out of its clever little gray eyes great tears were falling to the earth, tears whose traces it made haste to destroy. By this grief the guinea-pig was deeply moved. So our guinea-pig said to the guinea-chicken:

"What ails you, dear guinea-chicken?"

"Dear guinea-pig," said the guinea-chicken to the guinea-pig, "I am so un-hap-py!"

"But why are you so unhappy, dear guinea-chicken?"

"Ah, dear guinea-pig," sighed the little guinea-chicken, as with a little gray cloth it wiped a tear from its eye, "I should *so* like to be famous—as famous as you. But I can't get on at all; not even the S. M. A. will have me."

"You poor little guinea-chicken!" replied the guinea-pig, sympathetically scratching a piggy-wiggy ear with a little piggy-wiggy paw, "and what have you done toward becoming famous?"

"Oh, dear," was the answer, "I have written poems!"

"Yes, but what kind of poems have you written, my good guinea-chicken?"

"Ah, sweetest guinea-pig," piped birdie, "I followed in the footsteps of Goethe and Schiller and the poets in my 'Anthology of the Classics.' And the nasty old critics abused me till there was not a single chicken-roost where I could hide my weary guinea-head."

"You poor, poor little guinea-chicken!" squeaked the piggie compassionately; "I believe that the wicked critics poked fun at you. But why did you not rather write modern poems?"

"Oh, you precious piggie!" said the guinea-chicken disconsolately, "I have no idea how that is done!"

Thereupon the guinea-pig grinned a grin. Delicately it stroked its mustache with its manicured paws. It drew a volume out of its little satchel, and handed it to the guinea-chicken with all the pride of authorship.

The guinea-chicken took the volume carefully in its claws, and with open bill read this title:

MURMURING MONODIES OF A GURGLING GUINEA-PIG.

At that it was deeply astonished, and said:

"But, dear piggie, that's quite crazy!"

The guinea-pig smiled a superior smile, took the cigarette out of its little snout, and said:

"You are mistaken, my little friend; it is not crazy, it is modern."

The guinea-chicken looked very mournful, and sighed:

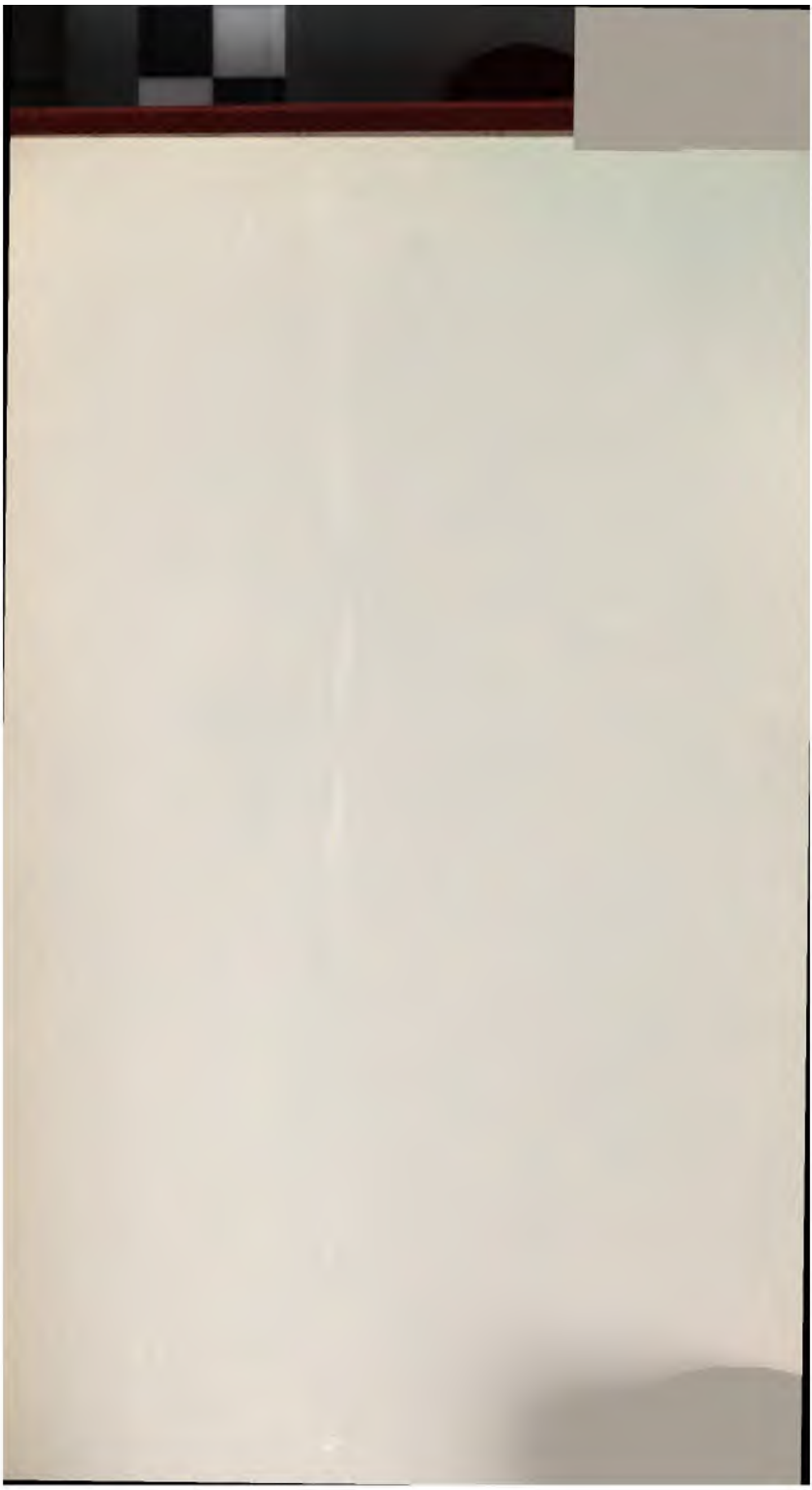
"I shall never succeed at that, dear piggie!"

"Do not be sad, charming guinea-chicken," answered the guinea-pig; "I will take you under my tuition. Come with me."

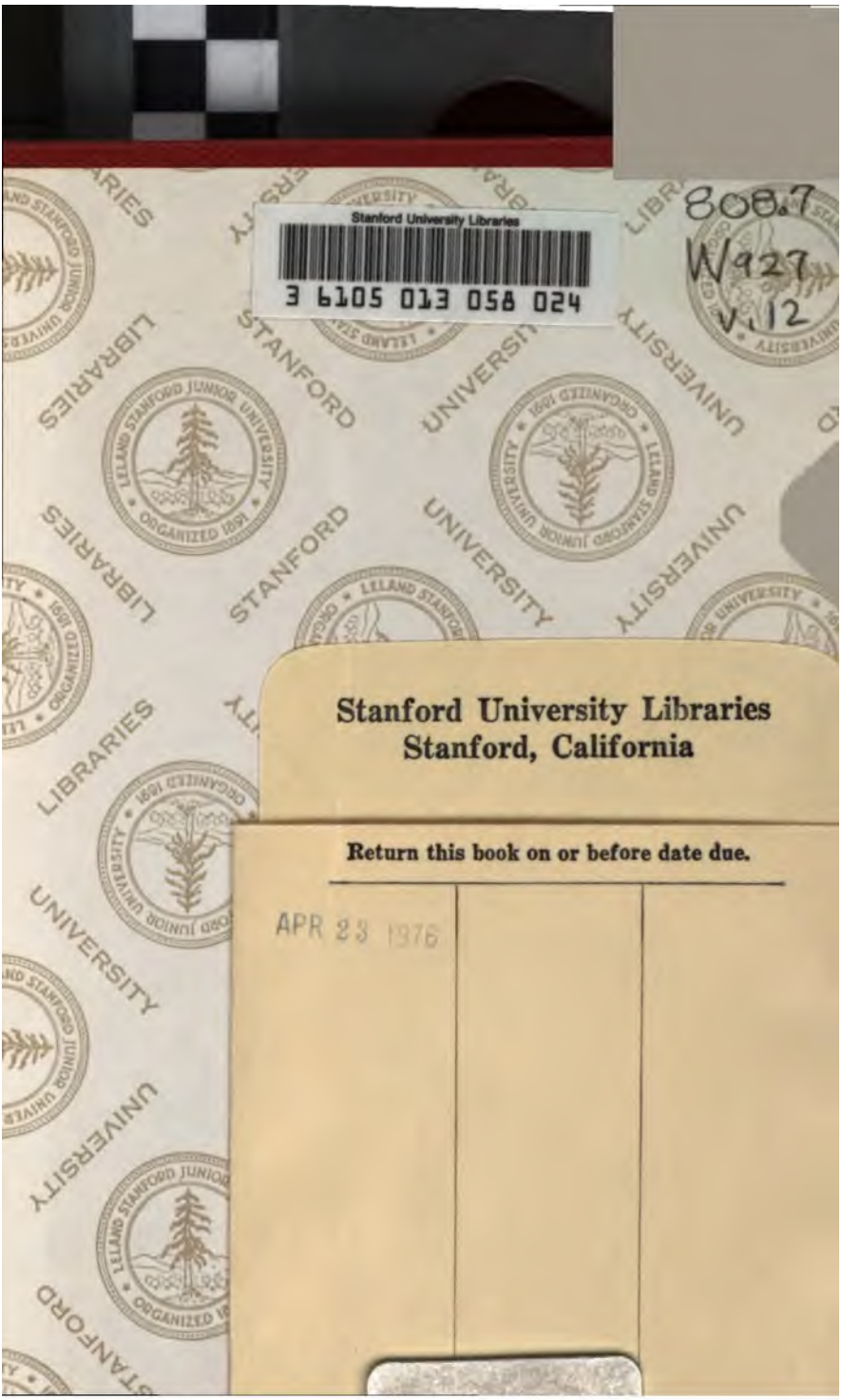
"Oh, you darling of a prize piggie!" cried the guinea-chicken.

And they fell into each other's arms.

—*The New York "Staats-Zeitung."*



LIBRARIES
UNIVERSITY
STANFORD
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
ORGANIZED 1891


Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 013 058 024
808.7
W927
v.12
Stanford University Libraries
Stanford, California
Return this book on or before date due.
APR 23 1976